LOUIS-ETTORE FIGHT PICTURES

25 CENTS

DECEMBER

The RING

The Ring Book Shop

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets

Books for the Boxer, Trainer, Promoter, Second, Boxing, Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu Fan.

BIOGRAPHY, FICTION, HISTORY

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—The story of the greatest fighter of recent years. Revised Edition to 1936.—By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.25

Sins of New York. While they last. Only a few copies left. Famous pictures from old Police Gazette and stories of the Bare-Knuckle Days. By Ed Van Every — Our Special Price $4.00

Sins of America—By Ed Van Every. With many old time Police Gazette pictures—Our Special Price—Only a few left $4.00
The two for $7.00

The Solid Man of Sport—The Life of William Muldoon.—By Ed Van Every. Regular Price $3.00. Our price $2.00

Joe Louis, Man and Superman. By Ed Van Every. (Highly recommended.) Price $1.00

Joe Louis, The Brown Bomber. By Gene Kessler. Price.....35 cents

The Roar of the Crowd. By James J. Corbett $1.25

"Wise Guy." By Marcus Griffin. Regular price $2.00. Our price $1.00

"Fighting For Fun." By Eddie Eagan—A splendid fight story. Price $2.50. Our Special price $1.50

"Champions off Guard."—The thrilling story of ring champions. By William O. Inglis. Price $3.00. Our Special price.....$1.50

Gene Tunney, The Enigma of the Prize Ring—by Nat Fleischer. Cloth bound, many photographs. Price.....75 cents

The "Set-up." A thrilling fight story in verse. By Joseph Moncure Marsh. Regular Price $2.50. Our Special Price 75 cents. Add 10 cents for postage.

Ten and Out—(A History of Boxing)—By Alexander Johnston. Regular $3.50—Our price, $2.50.

Young Griffo, The Will-o'-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—By Nat Fleischer ....25 cents

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Regular Price $1.50. Our Special Price $1.00

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson). By Jack Johnson. Regular Price $2.00. Our Special Price.....$1.00

Black Prince Peter, the life of the great Peter Jackson. By A. G. Hales. Price.....$1.50

Bohun Lynch's Prize Ring—De Luxe, Limited Edition. Each numbered. Regular Price $30.00. Our price $7.00 and 50 cents for postage.

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price 69 cents

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Post Boxing Record for 1936. By John J. Romano. Price 35 cents and 40 cents by mail.

1936 Everlast Record Book. Price 30 cents by mail.

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1926—Price $12.00. 1928-1929—Price Each $10.00. 1930-1931—Price Each $9.00. 1932-1933-1934—Price Each $8.00. 1935—Price $7.00. No other years available.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

From Milo to Londos—(The story of wrestling through the ages—from 2000 B.C. to 1936.) Limited, autographed Edition—Price $3.00 plus 25 cents for postage and insurance.—By Nat Fleischer.

Revised—New Second Edition—Modern Wrestling, Its Methods and Its Holds. By Jack Curly and Nat Fleischer. With special chapters on "Training Hints by George Bothner" and Frank Gotch's Famous Holds illustrated and Explained. Price.....$1.00

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full-page illustration. $1.65

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price .....50 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents

Text Book of Wrestling. By Ernest Gruhn. Price $1.00

The Text Book of Jiu Jitsu, as practiced in Japan. By S. K. Uyenishi .....Price $1.75

Jiu Jitsu and other methods of self-defense. By Percy Longhurst.....Price 75 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Art of Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, and 15 cents for postage.

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

The Way to Live in Health and Physical Fitness—By George Hackenschmidt.....$1.15

Thomas Inch's Book on Strength with special Chapters on Weight Lifting.....Price $1.40

Muscle Control. By Maxick. Price.....$1.50

Feats of Strength. By Sid Harmer $1.00

"Muscle Building." By Earle Liederman. Price $2.00, plus 15 cents for postage.

Simple Strength Tests.....75 cents

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $2.00. Our Price.....$1.25

Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Regular Price, $3.00. Our Price.....$2.00

Super Physique, Body Building Bar-bell Course. By Siegmund Klein. Highly illustrated....$1.00

Maxick's Muscle Control. Price.....$1.50

Weight Lifting. By W. A. Pullum.....$1.50

BOXING BOOKS

Bag Punching. By Seeback. Price 25 cents.

Scientific Blocking and Hitting and Other Methods of Defense. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00

How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price...$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll $1.00

Ring Strategy and Tactics.....$1.00

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns $1.00

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price $1.15

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price $1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells $1.00

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price $1.00

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price .....$..00

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll....$1.40

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll.....$1.00

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll.....$1.00

Prof. Attila's 5-pound Dumb-Bell Exercises. Price .....15 cents

My Methods. By Georges Carpentier.....$1.15

How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight. By Nat Fleischer $1.00

The Technique on How to Become Scientific in the Art of Self-Defense. By Eddie Toy. Price 75 cents.

No Books Send C.O.D.
Don't send cash. Send money order.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

Endorsed by the greatest critics of boxing, the stars of the roped square, men who know all there is to be known about boxing, training and seconding.

The New "TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

Containing the following chapters not in the old training book: 1—Your body and how to care for it. 2—Muscle tensing. 3—How to Gain Weight. 4—What a Trainer should know. 5—Sound advice to the beginner. 6—What a boxer should do on the day of a fight. What he should eat before a fight. 7—How to strengthen the skin of the hands and face. 8—How to overcome heart stitches, pains in the groin. 9—How to build up endurance. 10—How to make mixtures for rub downs. All for only $1.00.

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do, with heaps of photographs.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full-page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing," and specially posed pictures by James J. Corbett. Price $1.00.

There are many books on the market on boxing and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } Money Order for { } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer"
"How to Box" "Training for Boxers"

Please mark books desired.
No books sent C.O.D.

Name .....
(Print)

Street Number .....

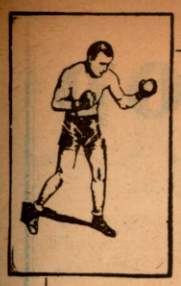
City ..... State .....

REVISED EDITION

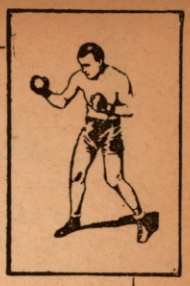
"How to Second a Boxer and How to Manage a Boxer"

(The American Way) with a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first-aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know. Also all a fight manager should know.



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1936—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. XV **DECEMBER, 1936** **No. 11**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

CONTENTS

LOUIS MAKES GOOD	Nat Fleischer	2
HOT SHOTS IN THE FIRST ROUND (Photos)		5
DISTRESSING MOMENTS (Photos)		6
THE THRILLING FOURTH (Photos)		7
THE MAGIC EYE SEES THE FINISH (Photos)		8
ACTION APLENTY! (Photos)		9
GERMAN'S LAUGHTER BEFORE FIGHT, UNNERVED NEGRO	Hype Igoe	10
THE LAST OF THE BARE KNUCKLE DAYS	Bill Doherty	12
PICKED AT RANDOM (Photos)		13
THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER	Daniel M. Daniel	14
CANZONERI'S LAST STAND	Nat Fleischer	16
SAD! BUT TRUE! (Photos)		17
FROM ROAD KID TO "THE BRUISER"	Frank Scully	18
SHIP CAPTAIN "LOGS" BOXERS	Harry B. Smith	19
THEY LOVED TO FIGHT	Bob Edgren	20
PACKEY MCFARLAND, MASTER SCIENTIST	George T. Pardy	22
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		26
PLAYBOY OF THE RING	Ted Carroll	29
EASY COME, EAST GO	T. W. McNiel	30
LAMB STEW HE DID NOT EAT COST FITZ TITLE	Joe Humphreys	32
BOSHTER BILL'S FAILURE	Joe Waterman	34
TIGER DAULA	Bernice Sandboe	35
JUST RASSLIN'	Edward Merrill	36
DEAN DETTON WINS CROWN	Alex Sullivan	40
GETTING ACQUAINTED	Nat Frank	42
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		47
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	48

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	49
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	50
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA		51
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	John S. Sharpe	52
AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES	Herb McHugh	53
IN SYRACUSE RINGS; LOUISIANA AND VICINITY; HOLYOKE		54
SOUTHERN OHIO JABS AND ROCHESTER NEWS; BUFFALO		55
KANSAS AND VICINITY, MISSOURI AND IN THE COAL FIELDS		56
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS, IN THE NORTHWEST		57
SIOUX CITY, IOWA	Bill Hawkins	58
CANADIAN TOPICS AND ONTARIO CANADA NEWS		59
BOXING IN FLORIDA AND BILLINGS, MONTANA		60
NEWS OF TEXAS AND MARYLAND, VIRGINIA		61
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA AND IN SAN FRANCISCO		62
BOXING GOSSIP FROM GREATER BOSTON, HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN, UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES		63
NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA, JAMAICA AND HAWAII		64

In Our Next Issue

The rise of Harry Balsamo, Eric Seelig, Freddy Steele, Joe Louis and others in recent months, has revived an interest in great sockers of the past. Where Jack Dempsey held the field all by himself when he was in his prime, just as Joe Louis heads the list now, it wasn't always thus. During the Horton Law Days, when America boasted of stars in each division, the field was full of terrific punchers. Let Hype Igoe, New York's best boxing writer, tell you something about historic socking parties in the next issue.

The Negro race is furnishing its contingent of top notch fighters both in the amateurs and in the professional field. Who were the greatest Negroes of modern Pugilism? You'll find the answer in "Fighting Sons of Ham," by George T. Pardy.

And another interesting contribution by one of America's leading writers, Jim Tully. The man whose books have rated among the best sellers for several years, contributes, "Fistic Ramblings".

These features, in addition to news from all parts of the world, photographs of the month's most stirring fights and wrestling matches, and articles by Nat Fleischer, Daniel M. Daniel, T. W. McNiel and others of our staff of stars.

Don't miss this issue. Place your order in advance. The last four issues have been close to a sell out.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription, Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co. Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

Louis Makes Good

Brown Bomber's Victories Over Ettore and Brescia Keep Him in Spotlight—Still Bothered by a Right Cross—Philadelphia Proves Its Right to Big Shot Bouts

By NAT FLEISCHER

BACK in 1925, the late Tex Rickard stood in the lobby of the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia surrounded by several New York scribes, and made a remark that has become famous:

"I never seed nothing like it."

Tex was referring to the tremendous ticket sale for the first Tunney-Dempsey fight at the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium, a sale that so far surpassed the highest estimates when the fight was arranged, that it was amazing. Having been a member of Rickard's publicity staff at the time, I happen to know that Tex would have been highly pleased with a million-dollar gate had he been able to stage the fight in New York. In fact, I know that he would have been satisfied had the fight grossed $900,000, the figure which he had set as the high mark in private talks with his friends.

When the fight was banned in New York and Tex accepted the offer of the Philadelphia mayor to stage the show as part of the Sesqui-Centennial program, considerable argument had to be made before he could be persuaded to make the shift to the City of Brotherly Love. In fact, he remarked to me a few days before his acceptance of the offer:

"Philadelphia! Huh! The deadest city in America! Won't draw flies there and I'm figurin' on a million-dollar gate."

But a delegation of Philadelphians, headed by Mayor Kendrick, called upon Rickard, and with the assurance of the State Athletic Commission of Pennsylvania that Tex would have full freedom to carry on, without the least semblance of interference from that body, and a similar assurance and promise from the Board of Trade, the City Council and the Hotel Men's Association of Philadelphia that they would go the limit to promote the bout in conjunction with Rickard, Tex accepted their proposition with the remark:

"I'll shift the fight to Philadelphia, but gentlemen, let me tell you I'm doing this at a great sacrifice. I accept your offer."

* * *

ALTHOUGH Rickard was a great gambler, I'm sure that, had anyone come to the front immediately after the agreement was signed and said to the famed promoter: "I'll offer you $750,000 for the fight," Rickard would have wasted little time in accepting it.

Yet two weeks later, when Hype Igoe, Ike Dorgan and myself were standing with Tex in the hotel, he uttered the sentence that has become so famous:

"I never seed nothing like it."

At the time his ticket sale had reached beyond the million-dollar mark and in the end, when the final count was recorded, new high figures for fight gate receipts had been established—$1,895,733—and the City of Brotherly Love, the so-called Sleepy City of Philadelphia, had proved to the world of sports its right to recognition as a big fight center.

But despite the fact that Philadelphia and Chicago have produced the two greatest fight gates in world fistic history, both found it extremely difficult to obtain additional contests of such proportions since the last Tunney-Dempsey bouts in those cities. But ten years ago to the day that Tunney won the title from Dempsey in the Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia again took its place in the boxing world by the fine manner in which it handled the Louis-Ettore fight, the biggest boxing match, both from a point of view of national interest and financial returns, staged in the Quaker City since 1926.

And now that the affair is over, I doubt that that city will have any more difficulty in convincing sports promoters of its right to big athletic events. The firm of Gunnis and Taylor, even minus its head, Bobby Gunnis, who passed into the Great Beyond only a week before the fight, convinced those who control the fistic activities of Louis that an Ettore-Louis bout was a natural, and as things turned out, it was. Even Mike Jacobs, who by this time is accustomed to being at the head of half a million dollar gate attractions, chuckled as he stood in the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium yesterday and viewed the throng. I'll venture to say that the words of Rickard must have come back to Jacobs and he probably repeated:

"I never seed nothing like it."

And well should he have thought that way, for when the smoke of battle was over and the official count showed that a total of 40,407 persons had paid $215,579.80 to see Louis batter his way to victory, a new high mark has been set for a non-championship fight for the City of Brotherly Love. Jacobs beamed with delight as he realized that another huge success had been promoted by him.

And to add to his delight, Louis, his promotorial ace, was still the Brown Bomber. The Michigan Assassin of White Hopes, working like a careful, confident craftsman, waited until he could shift his opponent into proper range and position and then, quick as a flash, he let go two corking left hooks that carried dynamite and followed with a vicious right uppercut that travelled about a foot and down went Al Ettore to be counted out. The punches came so rapidly that it was with difficulty the eyes could follow them.

* * *

LOUIS had in a jiffy become the lightning bomb thrower, and with accurate sharpshooting, he annihilated Philadelphia's contender for heavyweight honors. But with all that, the Brown Bomber was far from being the great fighter he appeared prior to his knockout at the hands of Max Schmeling.

That the German has left his mark on Louis is evident if that Philly battle is a criterion, yet Joe convinced the critics and the fight fans who packed the Philadelphia Stadium that he is still the best heavyweight parading before the public, with the exception of Schmeling. He showed a vast improvement over what he had exhibited in his fight with Jack Sharkey, but not enough to merit me going into ecstasies over him.

He held his left low, not quite so low as he did when he fought Schmeling, but sufficiently low to enable a smart, cagy opponent to crash through with deadly effect. The path that Schmeling had found and charted was again in evidence, but Ettore, with a style made to order for the Detroit slugger, was unable to shoot his punches clear through for the kill. Twice Ettore's right uppercuts snapped back Louis' head and once Joe was actually rocked by a left hook that caught him on the chin, but the power behind the Philadelphian's most effective blows lacked the force of Schmeling's wallops and failed to check Joe's advance.

For days before the fight, Ettore's mentors kept impressing on him that Louis couldn't fight any more. They said that his punch was only a myth, as was evident by the shellacking he

received at the hands of Schmeling. They even told him that Louis was afraid to stand up against anybody who forced a fight and since Ettore was that type fighter, it would be a cinch for him. They went a step further and made him believe that the bomber was broken and wracked in body and mind as well as in spirit because of that recent knockout.

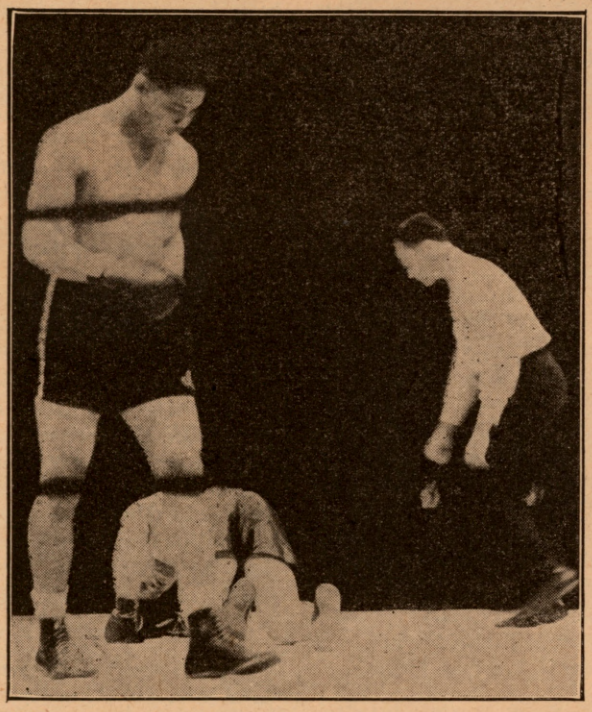
They drilled and drilled this into Ettore's head until he became so cocky that at the weighing-in ceremonies at Station WCAU, at which I officiated, when asked whether he still thought his chances were bright, Ettore, facing Louis, acclaimed to the world his conviction that he would knock out the Bomber in five rounds. Of course, that statement brought a grin from Louis, who simply replied with his customary "Huh, mebbe." As things turned out, there was a five-round K.O., but the blond Philadelphia Italian, not the Bomber, was the victim.

* * *

ETTORE'S cocksureness was exemplified in the very first round, when at the clang of the bell, he drove fearlessly into his opponent. But Joe was ready for that type of milling. He mixed it with the Italian and seemed to enjoy the swapping of punches. After staggering Al with several hard knocks, Joe let up until the opportunity for the final drive presented itself.

Then with tigerlike agility, Louis shot over two thudding left hooks and as Al's knees sagged and he was going down, a short right jolted him to a posture with his knees resting on the canvas, one hand holding the upper and one the middle strand and his teeth resting on the middle rope. The knockout came in 1.28 of the fifth round and so fast were the three final punches landed, that it was difficult for the eyes to follow them. In fact, ninety-nine per cent of the scribes insisted that two left hooks alone did the trick, yet it was a right that ended the fight after the lefts had started Al on the road to his doom.

Those two lefts and the lethal right finished a fusillade of previous fistic explosives and put an end to the aspirations of Ettore. Al, twice down in the earlier rounds, fell partially paralyzed, his face scraping the ropes. At the count of nine, the gallant young Philadelphian tried to rise, but the strength was gone and he pitched through the ropes, completely out.



The end of the battle. Here we see Al Ettore toppling through the ropes as he collapsed after being counted out.

* * *

"A SET-UP," some said after the fight, but let no one convince you that such was the case. Ettore, hailed as No. 4 man among the heavyweights in THE RING Magazine, rated that fight, and his performance was without a flaw. He fought without fear, put up a stand-up battle, and never backed away under punishment. He took plenty, but also gave plenty. He raised a lump over Joe's left eye, and as I've already said, he jolted Louis on three occasions.

That he was courageous none could doubt, but courage alone is insufficient when the legs are gone and the thud of gloves becomes too great. Those final punches of Ettore were real haymakers and I doubt that even Schmeling could have stood up under the attack. They came in lightninglike rapidity and as they landed, there came a hush as the 50,000 persons held their breath, awaiting further developments. As Al hung on the ropes, his eyes glazed, mouth wide open, blood streaming from his mouth, and his brain numb, he presented a sorry spectacle. The crowd then sensed that Philadelphia's heavyweight, the man who had helped Joe Louis set a new high for receipts for a non-championship fight in the Quaker City, was through.

Like a true soldier, Ettore went down fighting. Never need he feel the shame of defeat nor make any apologies. He was beaten by a bigger and better man in a fight of thrills.

In Philadelphia they blamed the K.O. on Al's insistence in changing from his usual style to one best suited for a Louis attack. Yet I doubt that any kind of a style would have saved Ettore from the fate he met, even though he gave Joe a hard fight, the best Louis has had at any time, excepting in the Schmeling encounter.

Ettore went down for a count of three in the first round after a left and right had left their imprint on his jaw. In the fourth, he was knocked down again by a series of jarring punches to the chin.

The handwriting was then on the wall, so far as the crowd could see. But bold and willing, Al came rushing out of his corner to answer the fifth round gong. Louis sensed the end. He circled around Al, watching closely, following his opponent's movements. When he cornered his opponent, Louis, in a moment of eagerness, committed a *faux pas*.

He pushed back Al's head by means of the heeling process, and received a warning from the referee, Joe McGuigan, who stopped the fight to admonish the Bomber. Then, with hostilities resumed, the knockout king followed his prey to the ropes and, as cold-blooded, expressionless, unemotional as a state executioner, he flung the punches to his victim's chin that ended the mill.

* * *

ETTORE, who went into the fray with the well wishes of the vast army of fight goers, and had held their admiration by his many rallies and courageous efforts to beat back a foeman of heavier weapons, won but one of the five rounds. He took an edge in the third, and Louis had a slight margin in the second, in which it appeared that he had let up to give the motion picture men a chance. At least, that's what I thought.

In that third, he landed a hard right to Joe's chin and, as in the Schmeling bout, Joe momentarily dropped his guard, somewhat confused as the blow shook him up, and had Schmeling or any other cagy, smart fighter been in there instead of Ettore, I think he would have followed that blow with another and possibly have floored the Bomber.

Few really took notice how often Al did find the range. He landed often and he landed hard, but he didn't have the power behind his punches to jar the Negro. Not because Ettore can't punch, but because the power that was Al's before he entered the ring was driven from his sturdy frame by the lightning blasts of Louis' guns. Although the ending was forecast by that first round knockdown, Ettore was dangerous every minute that the fight lasted.

In the first session, Ettore ran into the hardest left he had ever encountered—those being his own words. A right followed and Al went down, face forward, sprawled as men sprawl who are hit by bullets. That he ever got up that first time was a miracle. He arose at three as though he was getting up by instinct rather than reason.

The bell had saved him when Louis tried to finish him too quickly, a rare error of judgment by the Bomber, and Ettore

was greeted by a bucket of water tossed over him as his frantic seconds tried desperately to get him back to his senses. You could tell by the look in Lew Tendler's eyes that he knew the end for his charge was just a matter of time, for Lew had been through the mill too often not to read the signs.

In the fourth, a right that cut him over the left eye and a right to the chin brought him down again and he took the count of nine. Had Al remained down for the full ten, no one would have blamed him, but quitting under terrific fire was not in the make-up of Philadelphia's ace heavyweight and he got to his feet to face the barrage again.

* * *

WHILE Louis had difficulty in getting set for his Sunday punch in the early rounds, once he got the range and solved Ettore's swarming and puzzling attack, there never was any further doubt about the outcome. Ettore proved as wide open for the Bomber's right as was Joe for that of Schmeling. Joe threw rights for the first two rounds, then switched to lefts, his most devastating wallop, and henceforth there never was any doubt about how far the bout would go.

The scene down Broad Street following the victory was a reminder of what we had witnessed in New York on the nights that the Brown Bomber had knocked out Carnera and Baer. Joyous Negroes lined both sides of the wide thoroughfare, three or more deep in some places, and kidded the occupants of the army of cars coming back from the fight. If anyone still thinks that the knockout of Joe Louis by Schmeling has dimmed his popularity, they've got another guess coming. He is still the idol of his race and the idol of the fight fans.

* * *

THAT was exemplified, first, in the Ettore fight and later, on October 9, in the bout with Gorge Brescia, the Argentinian heavyweight, with whom he opened the New York Hippodrome season of indoor boxing. In that contest, as was the case in the previous battle in Philadelphia, Louis proved his right to be renamed the third best heavyweight in the world by disposing of the South American menace just as he had the Quaker City ace.

Again the Brown Bomber displayed an improvement over what he had shown in his last contest, but not sufficient to make his most ardent supporters feel that he has fully returned to the form that was his prior to his fight with Schmeling. He is getting there by degrees, but he proved, both in the Ettore and in the Brescia bouts, that he lacks the confidence he possessed a year ago. I have no doubt that he'll soon overcome that weakness, a weakness clearly shown when Ettore and Brescia hit him with a right hook, and when he does, there isn't a man in the fistic game who will whip Louis.

* * *

THE fight between Louis and Brescia was a most pleasing affair and instead of developing into a one-sided mill, with Jorge led to the slaughter, it was a bout full of action. Contrary to expectations, Brescia refused to be a stumble-bum. He went into the fray to prove his worth, and although knocked out in 2:12 of the third round, his stock in "Fisticuffs Preferred" took a big jump.

How come? Because in that third, fatal session, Brescia made Louis stand on his ears, literally speaking, by backing him against the ropes and engaging in a terrific exchange in which Louis received more than he gave. In fact, for several seconds it seemed that the big Argentinian would floor the Brown Bomber, on whose jaw he was shelling out most effective rights. And when Louis, maddened, shot loose with his powerful lefts, Jorge, bleeding from mouth and nose, stood his ground as a true, experienced warrior would. Few in the arena would believe that Brescia had engaged in less than ten fights, judging by his performance against an acknowledged boxer and fighter of the first order.

Perhaps it was an error on Jorge's part to mix it as he did. Perhaps had he played the part of possum he would have saved himself, at least for a few more rounds. But to his credit, it must be said that he exceeded the hopes of his many Spanish admirers by displaying a brand of fighting that no other among Louis' opponents than Schmeling had shown. And by so doing, he earned the admiration of 5,200 fight fans who packed Mike Jacobs' Hippodrome at its inaugural professional show, and earned for himself the recognition that always goes to a good, stand-up, courageous heavyweight. Thus Brescia, who entered the arena the under-dog, with little prospect of making a fair showing, came through with flying colors despite a K.O. He gained in prestige and took his place among the leading heavyweights.

In short, to give the South American his due, he was by no means the lamb led to the slaughter, but an honest-to-goodness heavyweight who will go places, especially should he continue to heed the advice of Billy Defoe and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Jorge made two splendid toe-to-toe stands in mix-ups, the best the fans have seen in any fight in which the Brown Bomber has been a contestant. In the second round, had Jorge not missed by an eyelash a powerful right aimed at Louis' chin, the Negro would probably have been floored. Luckily for Joe the punch never landed.

It was after that miss that Louis opened up and swapped punches. Jorge came out of the exchange bleeding from the nose, but he missed another short right which, had it landed, would have done considerable damage. It was a heavily loaded blow.

In the third it took about one minute for activities to begin, and when they got under way, boy, oh, boy, what a thriller! Jorge broke ground to start the melee by catching Joe with a right to the mouth. A few left hooks that hurt Jorge suddenly made him see red—a la Luis Firpo—and in he sailed. He reached Joe's face with a long right, then another speedy, hefty right wallop crashed to Joe's jaw. Joe took it without flinching or blinking, terrific as it was—thus proving that the ill-effects of the Schmeling bombardment have finally left him, and then the Negro cut loose. And how!

There followed some mad battling that had everyone on edge. Joe was well stung, but fought viciously to overcome Jorge's advantage in this round. They smashed away at each other until Louis shot over a left hook with all the force at his command. Then came another left hook to the button. Over went Brescia on his back. He remained flat on his face and not a muscle moved. At seven he rolled over, then over again after the fatal ten had been counted. Carried to his corner, he could neither hear nor see for at least thirty more seconds before consciousness returned. He was little the worse for his wear in his dressing room, and emerged from the fray more powerful a drawing card after defeat than he was before the fight.

* * *

AND now an answer to the query, "How does the Joe Louis of today compare to the sepia slugger of a year ago?" Here is my analysis:

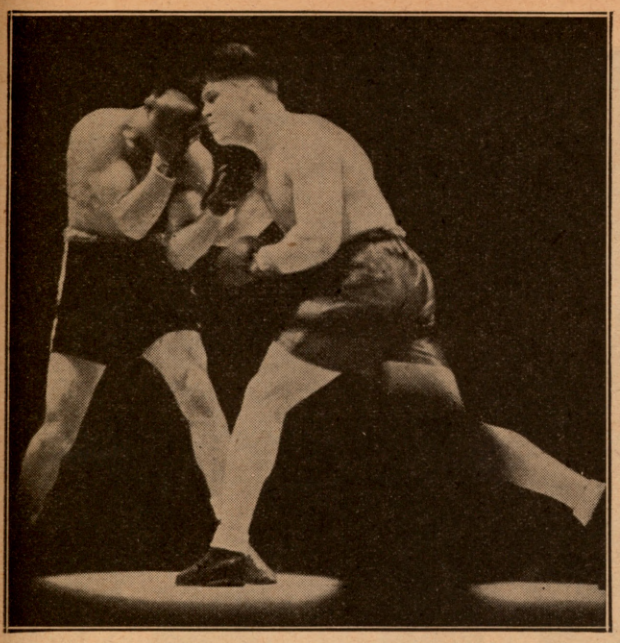
When the Brown Bomber first made his Eastern appearance, and was heralded by every sports writer as a super-fighter, he looked every inch the part. Like others, I went into ecstasies over him because not since Dempsey was in his prime had I seen a fighting machine like Joe Louis. At that time, he was so much superior to his opponents who faced him with fear and were ready to fold up at the first sustained attack of Louis, that one couldn't help but call the Bomber the greatest fighter of recent years. The cold-faced, hard-hitting terror from Detroit, to all appearances, was the perfect fighter who could strike down his man with shots that could not be warded off.

He shuffled in, timed beautifully, awaited the opening, then attacked the target with the fury of a giant howitzer. Seldom did he make a misstep as he relentlessly pursued his opponent until he downed him.

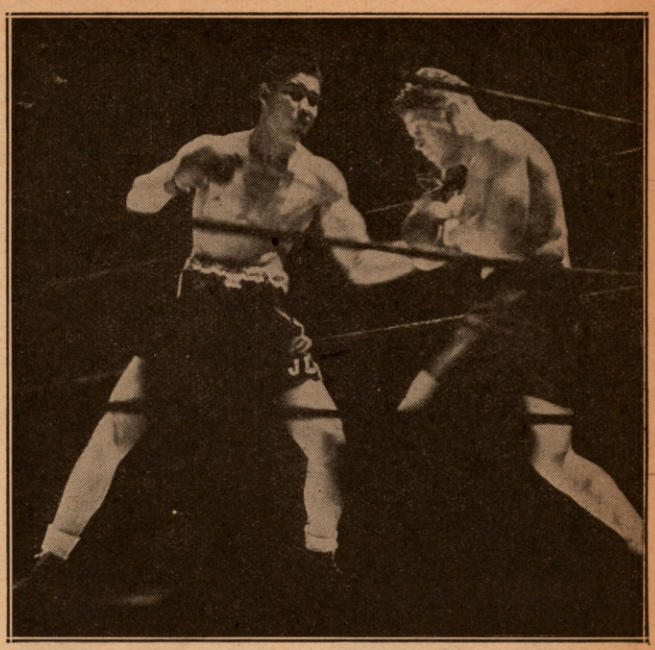
Of course, fear played an important part in the opposition and thus made Louis look even greater than he really is. If Joe possessed a weakness, the experts certainly couldn't find it, until one day, big Jack Johnson, former world heavyweight king, walked into THE RING office and announced that he had found a big weakness in the Brown Bomber and that he would teach Jimmy Braddock how to take advantage of it.

(Continued on page 44)

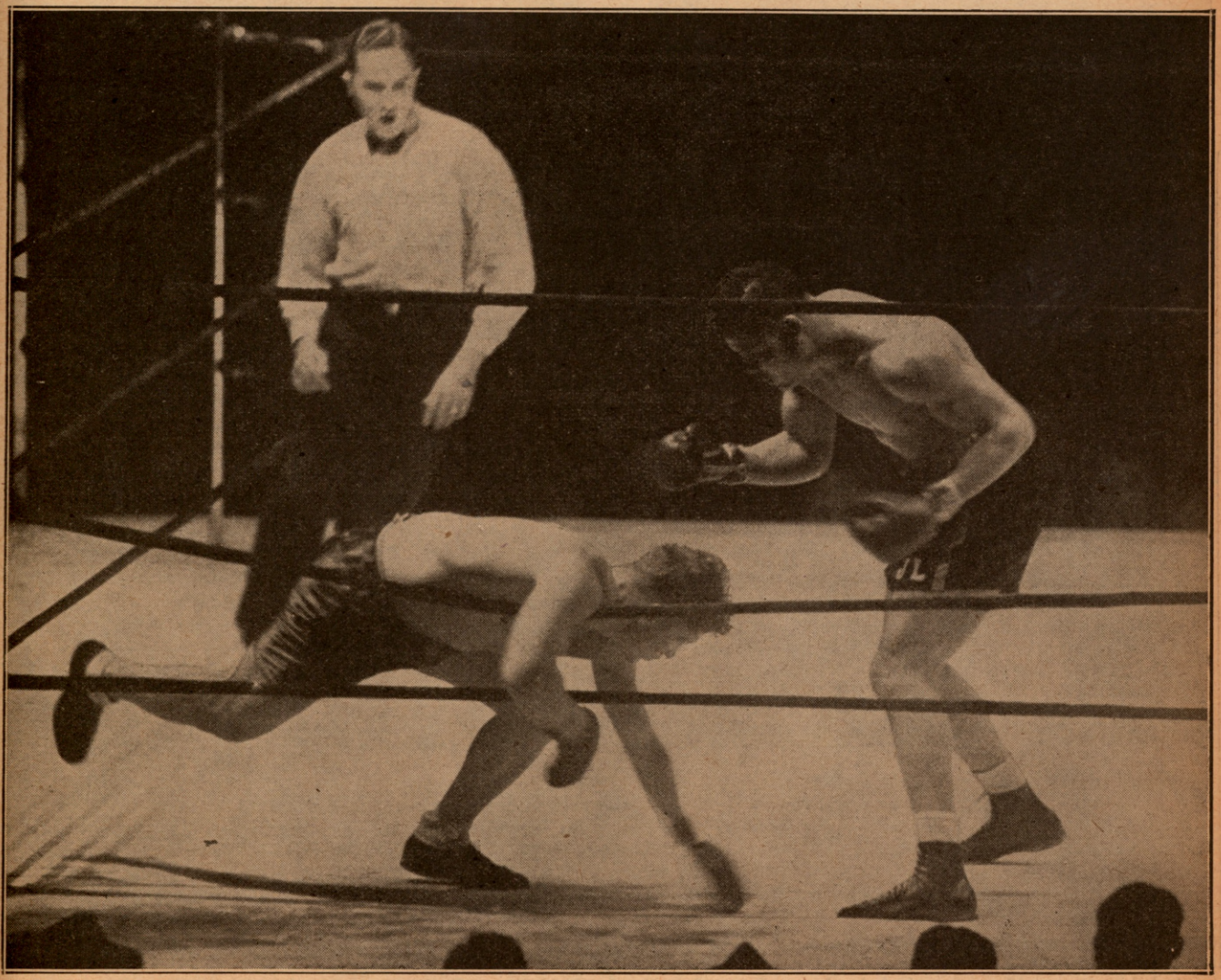
Hot Shots *in the* First Round



A close up of Ettore bombarding Louis so that he is forced to cover up in the first few seconds of the opening round.

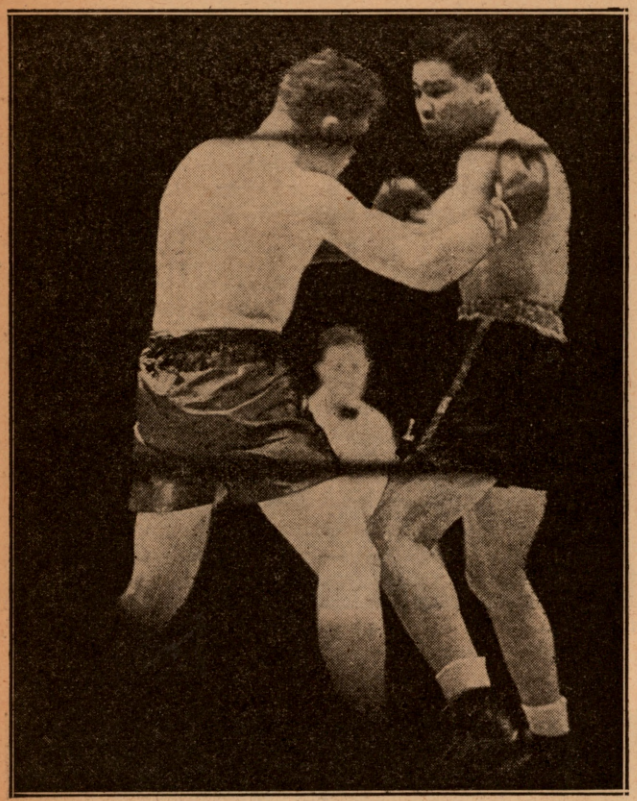


As Ettore tore into his opponent with the start of the first round, Louis snapped a powerful left hook to the chin.

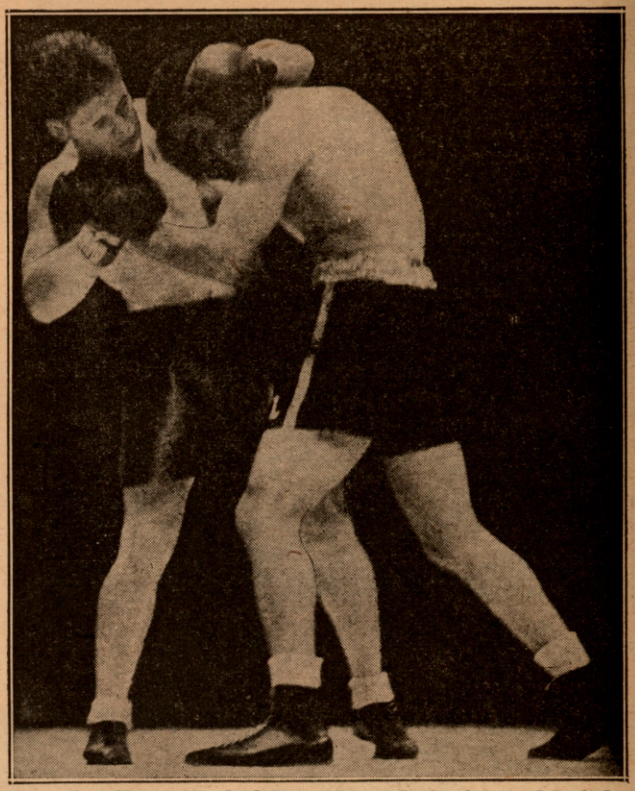


First round—two more to go. Joe Louis got the range in the opening session and with a short right, toppled Al for a count of three.

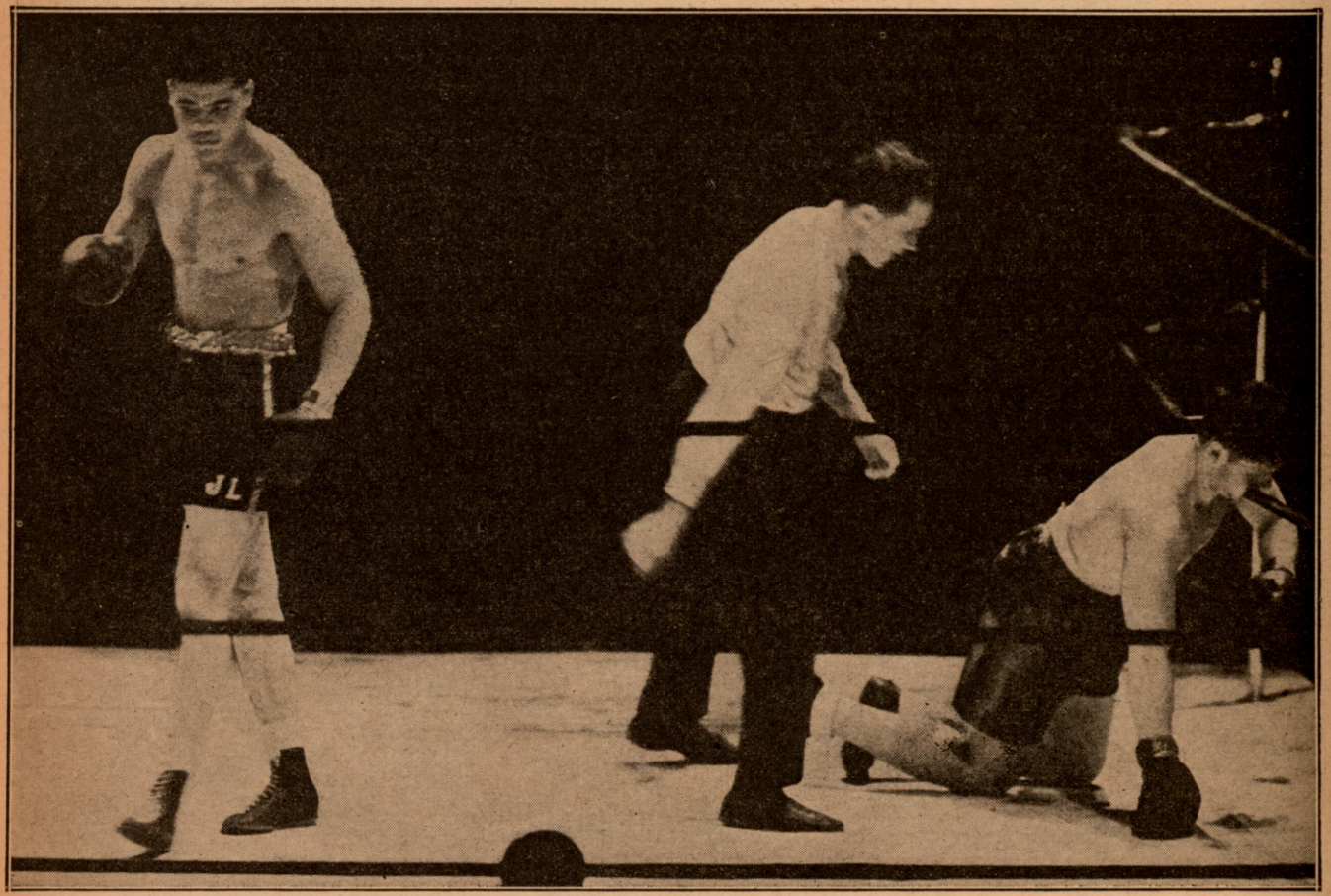
Distressing Moments



Ettore, forcing the issue in the third round, gets Joe against the ropes and gives him several left thumps to the jaw.

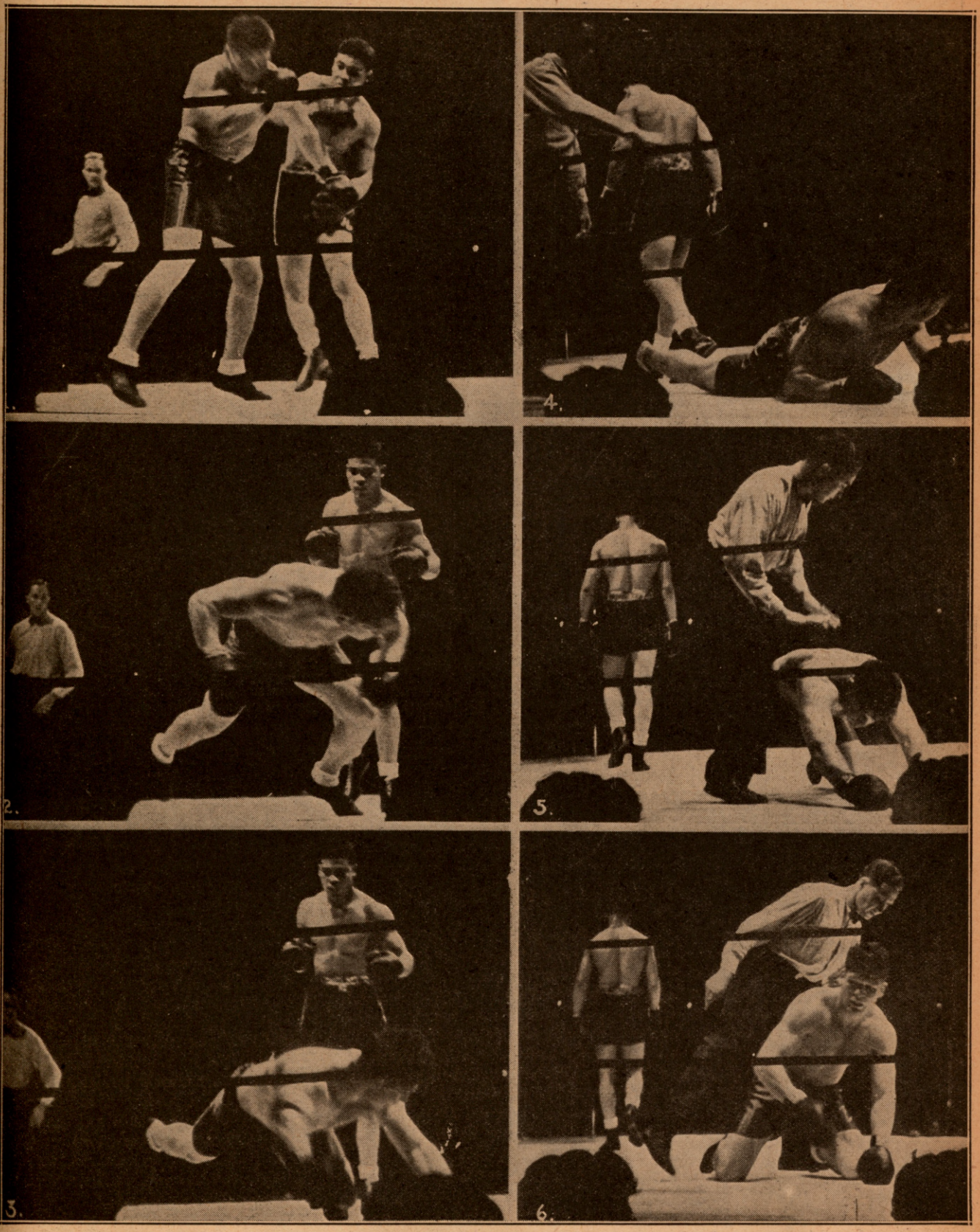


Just after Ettore crashed his right to Joe's chin and had the Bomber bewildered, Joe rushed into a clinch, one of the few in the bout.



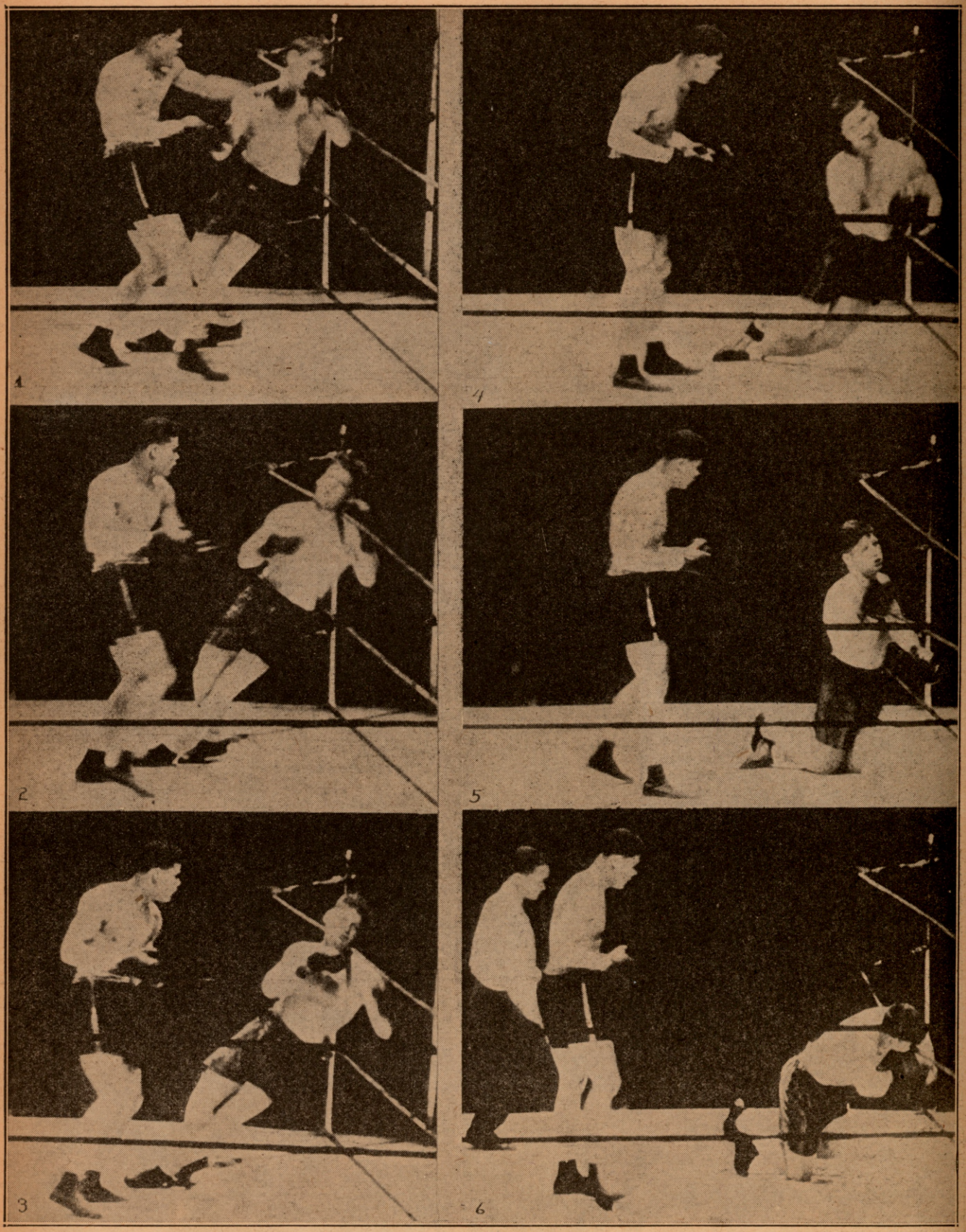
And this close up shows how Joe's hooks put Ettore down in the fifth. Note Al's face scraping the ropes and his teeth are imbedded into the middle strand.

The Thrilling Fourth



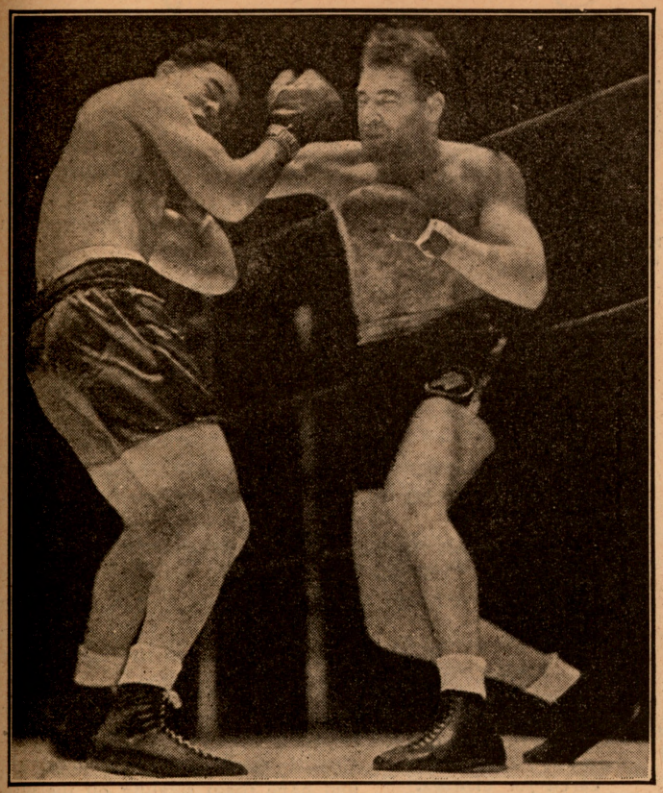
This series of snapshots by the International News's Magic Eye Camera, shows how a powerful right hand smash started Ettore down in the fourth round. It lifted the Philadelphian clear off the floor and sent him sailing through the air to hit the canvas with a thud. Follow the sequence of the pictures: From top, left and down: The delivery of the blow that sent Al in a whirl; (2) that catapulted him (3) into the air, to land flat (4) on the canvas. After several counts, he started to push himself up (5), until he got to his knee, (6) where he remained while Referee Jack McGuigan counted to nine.

The Magic Eye Sees the Finish

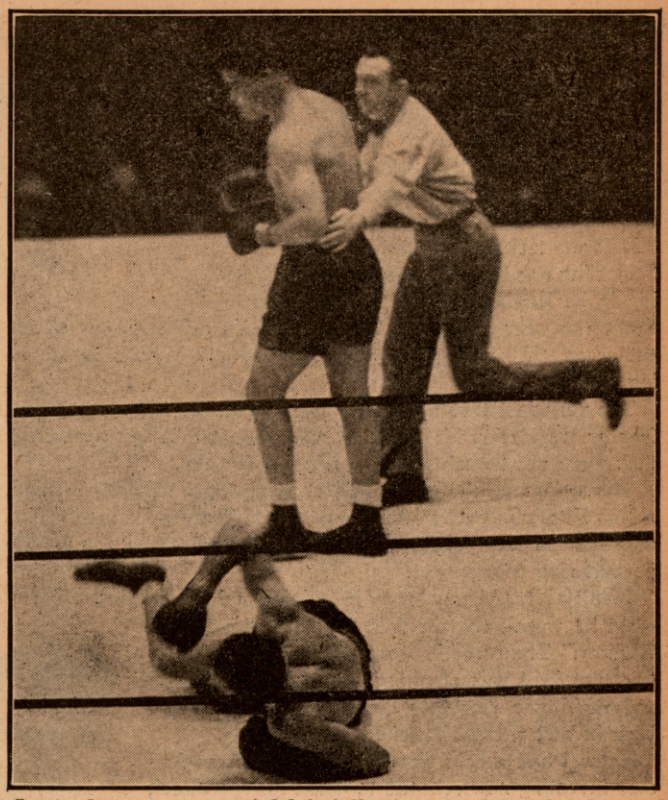


Take from 1 to 6 in the natural order, and there is unfolded to your eyes, the final moments of the battle between Al Ettore and Joe Louis as pictured by The International News' Magic Eye Camera. Two blasting lefts delivered by Louis, found their mark and as Joe started down, a right ended the fray. In the above you see (1) the delivery of the second left, which sends Al against the ropes and while he is slipping (2) Louis crashes a short right and (3) Al is slipping rapidly. As the count proceeds, Ettore instinctively grasps the middle rope but cannot support himself. He falls to his knees, (5), as if in prayer, and as Referee McGuigan counts ten, Ettore caves in, and the bout is over.

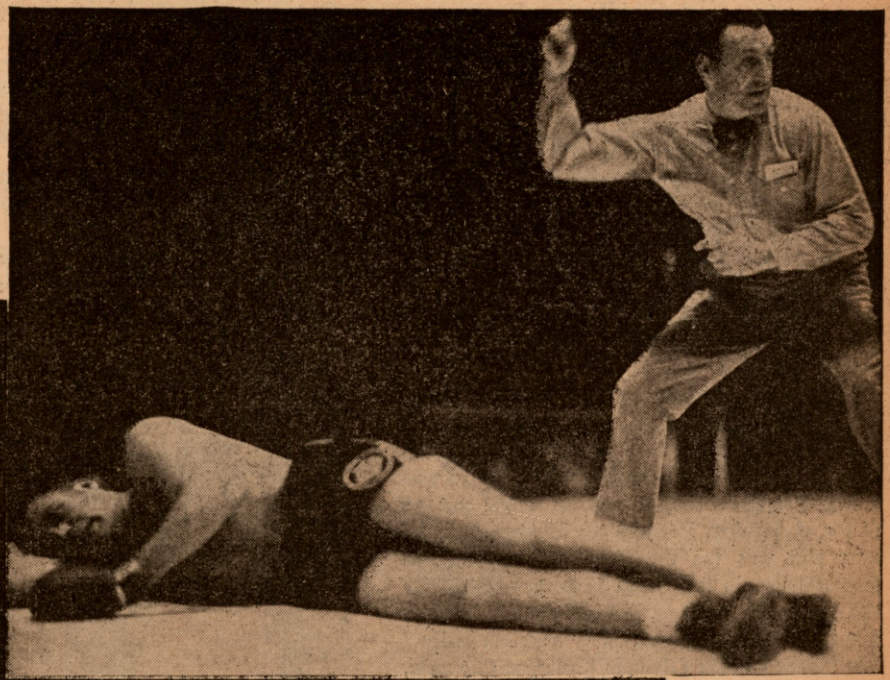
ACTION APLENTY!



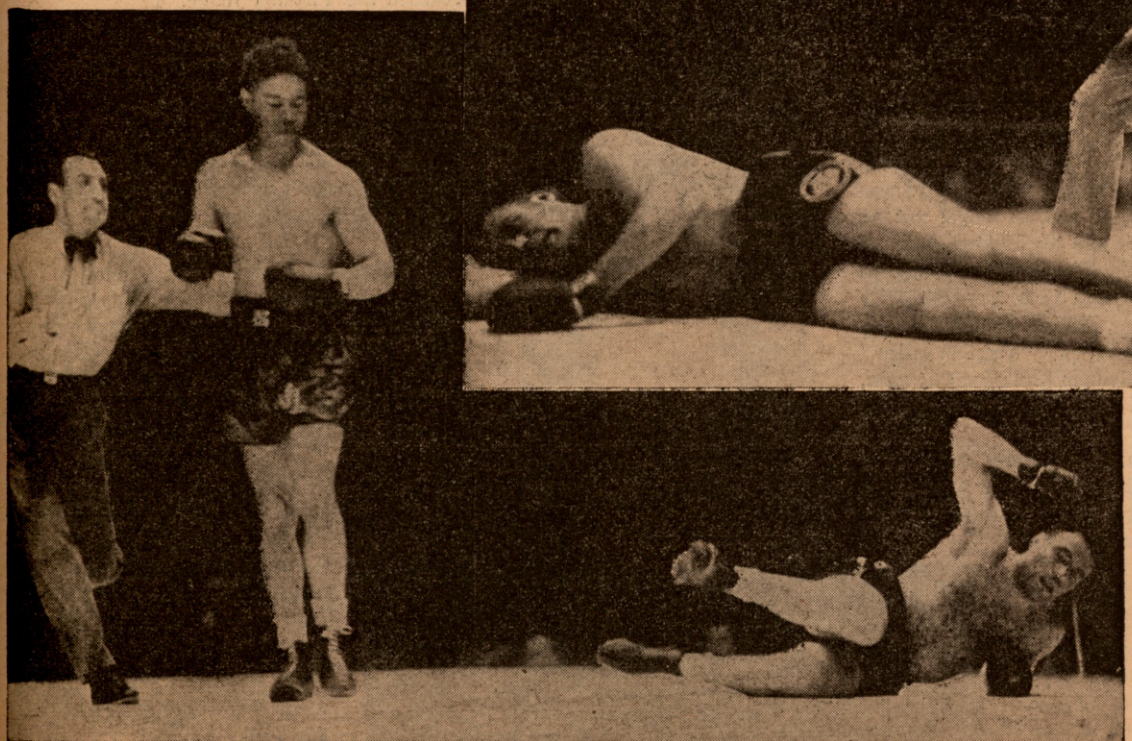
When Louis was cornered. Here we see Jorge Brescia battering away at the Brown Bomber's jaw in the third round of their fight at the Hippodrome. For a few seconds it looked like Brescia would repeat the Schmeling kayo and then—



Louis shot out a powerful left following a right to the chin and down went Brescia with a thud—



Here we see the South American, an inert body resting on the side in an unconscious state, while Referee Arthur Donovan is counting over him.



And this picture shows Brescia just before he collapsed on his face as Donovan reached the fatal ten.

German's Laughter Before

Schmeling's Happy Frame of Mind at Weighing in Did Louis No Good,— Fitz a Clown, Jeffries a Sourball in Camp

THE aftermath of the Schmeling-Louis fight has aroused considerable discussion of a phase of competition which gets all too little attention—the pre-battle condition and the psychology of the contestants before the struggle.

Before tackling Louis, Max Schmeling was happy. At the weighing in he laughed and kidded. Joe Louis was sour and glum. The Negro said acidly to one of his entourage, "What's that guy so happy about? What's he laughing for?"

The very fact that Schmeling faced the issue without apparent fear or trepidation hit Louis. It made him think, and apparently they were not thoughts that were good for him.

This brings up the entire subject of pre-fight mental condition.

Bob Fitzsimmons was the happiest, Jim Jeffries the most sullen man ever to settle down to the grind of conditioning for an important ring engagement.

Stanley Ketchel was happy in training and so was Jack Sharkey when he wasn't engrossed in his beloved game of "rummy." The cards in front of him, the Squire of Chestnut Hill was anything but pleasant but free and with time pounding down upon him, Boston Jack became a royal larkster.

Ketchel had a cold water complex. He was forever inventing new schemes to douse his sparmates, his managers or his visitors. It didn't make any difference who that visitor might be the moment he landed in camp, he was certain to get his ducking. Ketchel had a mania for sending folks away drenched to the skin.

Mickey Walker was a holy terror in camp. You didn't dare relax for fear that the little "bulldog" would come up through the floor with some sort of a fright wig on his head, blazing torpedoes and toy bombs in his hands. Removing the slats from his trainer's bed so that he would go plunging through to the floor the moment he stretched out for the night's rest was Mickey's idea of fun.

Jeffries was an eternal grouch in camp. Never pally and maintaining few friendships all through his career, he never was given to camp pranks. Getting into condition with Jeffries was a highly important task and he would not go in for skylarking. Perhaps the liveliest camp he ever had was the time he began training at Rowardenan, in the Santa Cruz mountains, for the fight with Johnson. He had as camp cutups, Jim Corbett, Walter Kelly, the "Virginia Judge," Tiv Kreling of the Olympic Club, Joe Choynski, who like Corbett had once faced Jeff in the ring and Bob Armstrong, the Negro.

Rowardenan was a little summer camp, three miles from Felton where this writer was raised. The San Lorenzo river which flowed past these tiny villages was alive with fine rainbow trout.

"The Judge" was a great fly caster—or so he said. At any rate, possibly with the assistance of the youngsters who knew the best spots, he managed to catch eighty or ninety trout. He immediately telegraphed some friends in San Francisco to make a flying trip to the camp for a "rainbow trout breakfast." It was only a 72 miles trip by train and four of the "Judge's" best San Francisco pals started out for the trout feed. They were a happy lot as they started on their way.

* * *

JEFFRIES listened with one of his few grins when Corbett, Choynski, Kreling and Armstrong decided to get up early and confiscate the ninety trout and have them for breakfast. They were up at six, on tip toes two hours before Kelly and his guests were scheduled to sit down to a fly caster's dream, trout "cooked in butter and sherry wine." The "feast for a king" was ditched before the king had had a chance to don his breakfast robes.

Kelly and his pals were seated at the breakfast table. Corbett, Jeffries, Kreling, Choynski and Armstrong were nowhere to be found and the word was passed along that they had gone up the mountain road for a camp conference and demonstration of just how to whip Johnson.

"Tell the chef that we're ready for the rainbows," said Kelly in his most elegant stage voice. "Begone, sir, and have them sizzling on the platter. My maw is watering now," said the "Judge," majestically.

The waiter departed and in ten minutes time, he returned, flanked by the chef, the second chef, the third and the fourth. Also came the hotel manager and the head waiter.

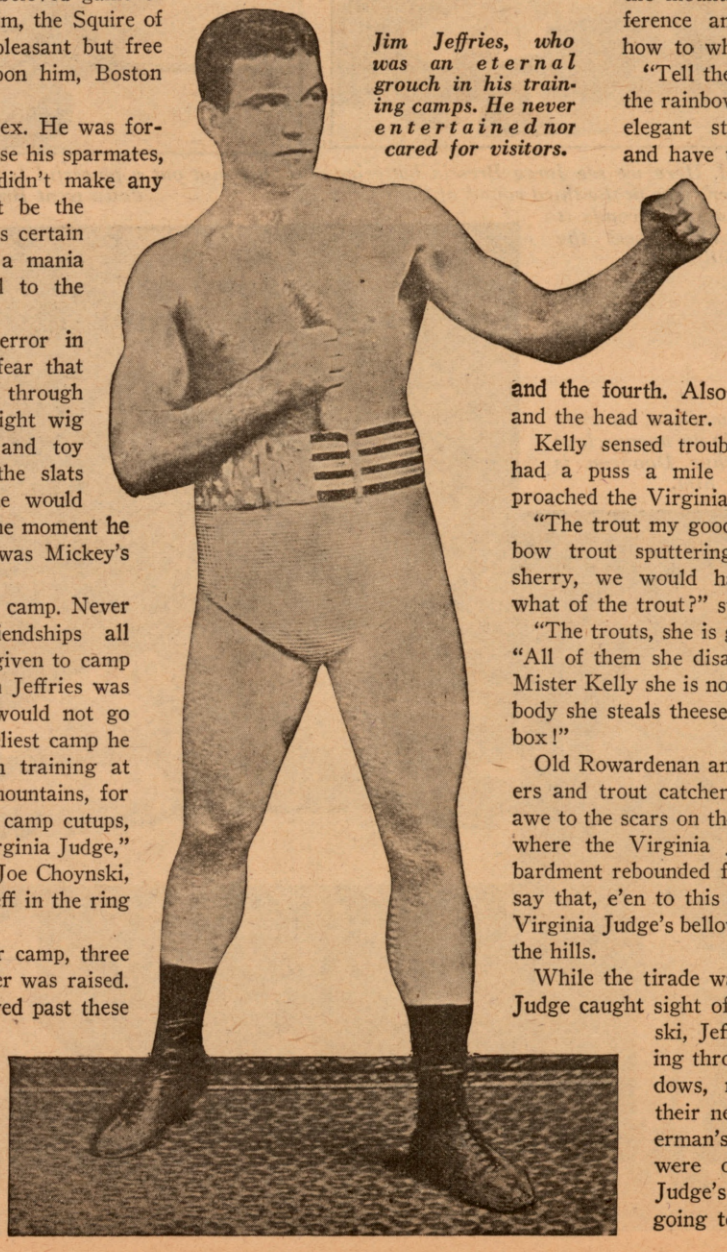
Kelly sensed trouble because the head chef had a puss a mile long. Trembling, he approached the Virginia Judge.

"The trout my good man. The beautiful rainbow trout sputtering in butter and ancient sherry, we would have. Come come, fellow, what of the trout?" stormed the Judge.

"The trouts, she is gone," stammered the chef. "All of them she disappears from the hice box. Mister Kelly she is no more theese trouts. Somebody she steals theese trouts from hout the hice box!"

Old Rowardenan and Felton woodsmen, hunters and trout catchers, to this day, point with awe to the scars on the pines and giant redwoods where the Virginia Judge's vituperative bombardment rebounded from tree to tree. They do say that, e'en to this day, the echo of the good Virginia Judge's bellow goes resounding through the hills.

While the tirade was at its highest pitch, the Judge caught sight of Corbett, Kreling, Choynski, Jeffries and Armstrong peering through the dining room windows, napkins still tied around their necks, chanting a little fisherman's roundelay. They sure were out for mischief at the Judge's expense, and nothing was going to stop them.



Jim Jeffries, who was an eternal grouch in his training camps. He never entertained nor cared for visitors.

Fight Unnerved Negro

By HYPE IGOE

KELLY was so sore that he packed up and was on his way to the railroad station when Jeff, in true Wild Western fashion held up the stagecoach with a double barreled shotgun and forced the "Judge" to return to the scene of his rainbow trout triumphs. The next batch he caught was guaranteed against pilfering by Jeffries himself.

Old Bob Armstrong amused the camp with his deftness with the "bones." He was a craps shooting fool. Jeff used to stand by and listen to Bob's quaint moaning to Lady Luck.

One day, Charles E. Van Loan came to camp. He was then writing for a Los Angeles paper.

"Any dice games around here? Any chance to double my bank roll?" roared "Van" as he dropped his suitcase on the front porch.

Stanley Ketchel, an "Assassin" in the ring but a prankster in his camp life.

"I hear that there is some tall old gambling going on around here."

"Ah does a little shootin' Mistuh Charley," mused Armstrong. "If you am in de moods for some bone rollin' Ah think Ah kin 'komodate yo' suh. Come on down behin' the ba'hn."

Van and the huge Negro sparring partner disappeared, Bob eyeing with eyes as large as headlights, the bankroll which Van was fishing from his pocket.

They were gone something like three quarters of an hour. Finally old Bob came moping up the slope from the barn. Jeffries and Corbett hailed him.

"How'd you leave that writing man, Bob?" they yelled.

"Mos' unhappy, suhs, mos' unhappy. Ah done leeb Mistuh Van Loan talkin' to heesef. Ah done leeb him with nothin' in hees han' but per-spi-ration!"

Ketchel, Michigan Assassin in the ring but a prankster outside of it, would rig up a huge tank of water over the porch of his training quarters at Woodlawn Inn, N. Y., and then get as many rubbernecks as possible to pose for an imaginary picture on the edge of the porch below. He himself would pretend to take the picture while "Pete the Goat," his mascot in all his camps, would slip up on the porch roof and release the trigger upsetting the tank just as Ketchel would be saying: "Steady now—look your prettiest." Gallon upon gallon of water would come cascading down upon the unhappy posers.

"Snipe hunting" was his best camp prank. Some serious out-of-town writer would arrive at camp to cover Ketchel's training and he would be invited to take part in the nightly hunt for "snipe."

The victim would be elected to take up his place on a dark trail, five or six miles from camp, holding open a gunny sack into which Ketchel and the others were supposed to run the snipe. They would take all the lighted lanterns with them, leaving the snipe catcher in utter darkness. When two or three hundred yards away from the man with the sack, they'd douse the lights, give vent to unearthly shrieks and begin firing off six shooters. Moans and screams for help would follow, to say nothing of farmers' barking dogs which would join in the uproar on general principle.

Sometimes the victim would remain rooted with fear to the spot but most times he would take it on the run through the woods, stumbling over rocks and logs, falling into ditches and mires. You can depend upon it that Ketchel and "Pete the Goat" always laid the scene of the snipe hunt in the wildest part of the neighboring forests.

Sometimes the snipe hunter got back that night, minus most of his clothes which would be torn to ribbons or he would show up at daylight, having hidden all night in terror of some calamity which the screams of his fellow snipe hunters had indicated.

* * *

JACK SHARKEY worked one of the better ghost visitations on Charley Johnson, his Negro spar boy at Orangeburg when Jack was training for his championship battle with Primo Carnera.

We were all standing around the little bar at the rear of the gymnasium. Charley was enjoying a few beers with the rest of us. Sharkey had been talking of ghosts and Johnson didn't seem to enjoy this conversation overmuch. He had his race fear of the unnatural and he began to pour more beer down his gullet in an effort to forget the evil spirits. Without anybody noting his absence, Sharkey slipped out a back door of the little bar. He had prepared a sheet with a coating of phosphorus.

Out of the night he came, ghastly and groaning, the sheet completely enveloping him, through the little back door. Johnson hadn't seen his exit or his reappearance. He turned to from whence the moans had come when he caught sight of the "ghost." Sharkey, a superb actor, came slithering toward the frightened Negro. Fantastically he swept his ghostly arms toward Charley as if to embrace him.

Johnson let out one blood-curdling yell and bolted through the screen door, taking mesh and sash with him. It was pitch dark outside but we could hear Charley crashing through the corn field which stood just beyond the little barroom door. They found Charley three miles away from the place, huddled in the shade of an old barn, the wire from the cornfield fence still tangled about his body. Charley always believed that he had seen the "real truthful thing."

Bob Fitzsimmons, a great lover of animals always was happy in putting on his famous "bulldog and badger fight." His fame as an animal trainer and his penchant for handling the most vicious animals and reptiles helped in putting over the great "badger and bulldog battle."

"I'm bringing down a badger from the hills," he would say. "Bringing one of those ornery critters down here to fight the toughest bulldog in the community," he would begin.

* * *

"I WILL have to charge the small sum of fifty cents per person to pay the guys who are bringing down the badger from the hills. They spent a week locating and trapping him and you can see by this telegram that he is big, vicious and a match for the toughest dog in the country."

On the night of the battle, the badger, in a crate, was carefully guarded by one of Bob's trusted sparring partners, who kept visitors at a safe distance, lest the animal bite off your fingers or your noses.

Bob would drum up business for the fight in true Barnum style. A badger and a bulldog!

"The most vicious, the most ferocious of all battles," Bob would say as he sent along word that the great encounter was to take place out in the gymnasium at midnight.

"The badger is most vicious at that hour," Bob would chortle. "He asks no quarter nor will he give it. You can see by the cut of this dog that I expect a real encounter. Step right up here for your tickets, men, a battle of the

(Continued on page 45)

Bill Doherty as he looks today.

The LAST *of the* BARE-KNUCKLE DAYS

By
BILL DOHERTY
Author of "In the Days of the Giants"

AWHILE ago I read in THE RING a very fine article on San Francisco old-timers by T. W. McNiel, who incidentally jolted me right in the solar plexus when he wrote that phrase "the golden yet forgotten days of '49."

That those days of old were golden, I know full well, and I know also to my great regret, that they are forgotten.

When I was very young, it was impossible to believe that the glory of the "Forty-Niners" would ever fade, for they were still alive in their pride and strength, and were looked upon with the same awe and admiration that you will see the youngsters give to a war-time flying ace now—and that was not only in America, for when I was a youngster the "Forty-Niners" had wandered far afield to Africa, Australia and other parts of the world. It will be remembered that John C. Heenan himself went to the Californian diggings in 1850 and was within an ace of being one of the elect.

Many a time these old eyes of mine have rested on genuine "Forty-Niners" many hundreds of whom came to Australia in the 'fifties, in the "bullock drivin', cattle drovin', nigger, digger, roarin', rovin' days of long ago," when there were a hundred thousand men and more on the Turon and at Ballarat and Bendigo.

* * *

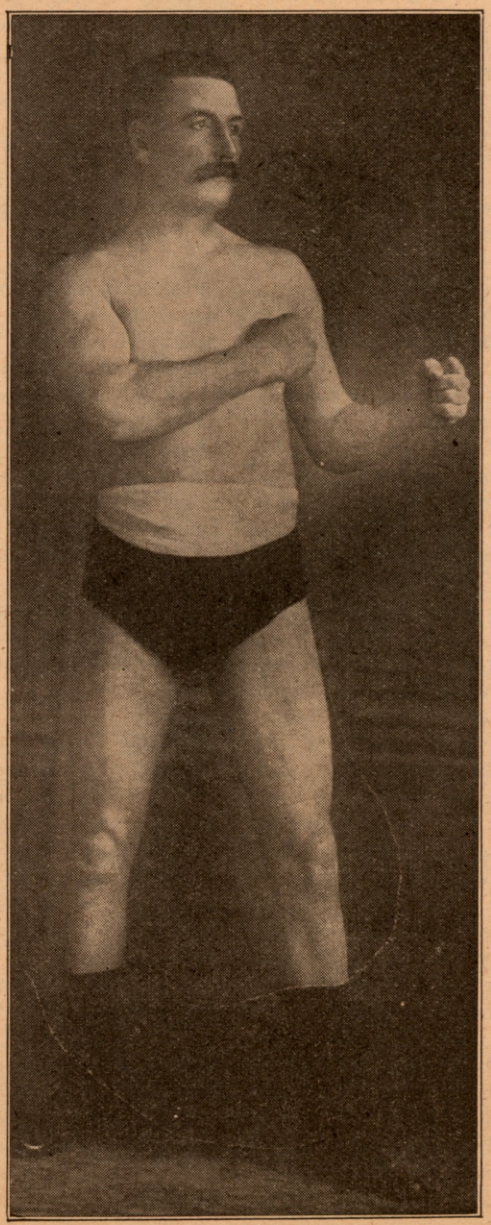
AND were there any bare-knuckle fighters in those days? I'll say there were. There was Australian Bill Davis, who might have been an elder brother of rollicking Bill Davis of 'Frisco, the picturesque scrapper mentioned by Mr. McNiel.

Away back in 1847, Davis fought his first battle of note, a wild and fearful 4½ hour go with Bungarabee Jack in Sydney. For the first hour they sort of sparred round, getting worked up, and then the fight got fiercer and fiercer until they were savaging each other like a couple of wild bulls.

For two hours then Bungarabee held the lead, bashing Davis almost to pulp, and at length with a tremendous lifting right-hand swipe hurled him clear over the ropes out of the ring, just as Dempsey was hurled by Firpo. That seemed to be just what Davis needed to convince him that things were serious, because when he climbed back into the ring the fight was faster and even more furious than before with Bungarabee now on the receiving end. He continued to take punishment from the tough and hard-hitting Davis for the remaining 1½ hours and eventually bit the dust, completely beaten, whereupon Bill Davis was declared the winner and awarded the stakes—200 dollars.

It was the immortal Bill Sparkes who conquered Bill Davis. Sparkes was so good that when he went to England in the late 'forties he impressed the Fancy at Fives Court so well that he was taken in tow by brilliant Johnny Broome and matched with Nat Langham, the same Nat Langham who a few years later beat Tom Sayers.

Nat Langham beat Bill Sparkes too, but it took him two hours to do it (67 rounds) and then Sparkes was only induced to give in because he had a broken arm. Four times fair and square the wild colonial boy from Australia knocked Nat Langham down, in the course of the fight, and what that means every student of old prize-ring history knows. It took a good man to knock "Ould Nat" off his pins once, to say nothing of four times.



Bill Doherty, the fighter.

* * *

TO return to Australia and the diggings, I think the longest bare-knuckle battle ever fought was the go between the two gold-miners Smith and Kelly which was held in a bush ring near Melbourne in 1855 and lasted 6¼ hours.

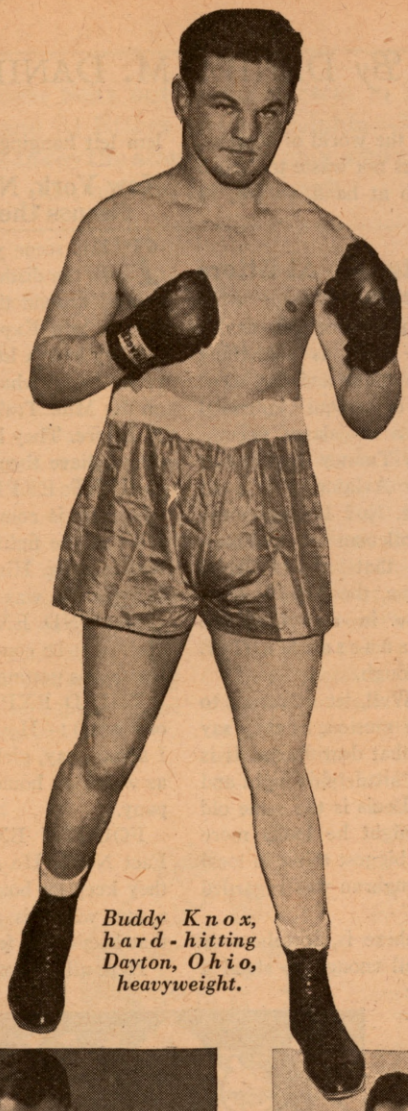
As a lad I often heard my father speak of Bob McLaren, bare-knuckle champion of California who came to Australia and fought many times on the diggings in New South Wales and Victoria.

He also told me of another great battler who came from America, a colored man, Harry Sallars, who was the Tom Molineux of Australia.

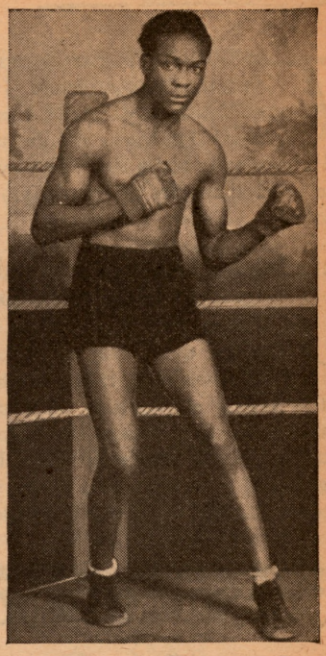
It was in 1858 that the celebrated clash occurred between Harry Sallars and Joe Kitchen, an unbeatable bruiser of the Tom Cribb type who had succeeded Bill Sparkes as champion of the diggings. The fight raged at hammer and tongs rate for more than four hours, with Sallars definitely on top for most of the time. It was Cribb and Molineux over again, said my father, who was a great friend of Sallars (Happy Nig they used to call him). Kitchen in the latter part of the fight was permitted to cross-buttock his opponent cruelly several *(Cont. on page 46)*

PICKED at RANDOM

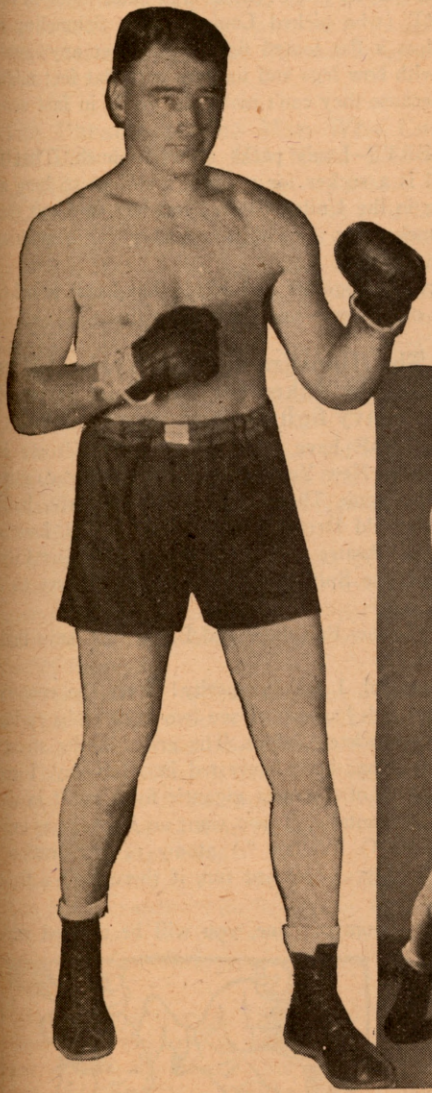
Max Young, worth-while light-heavyweight prospect from Georgia.



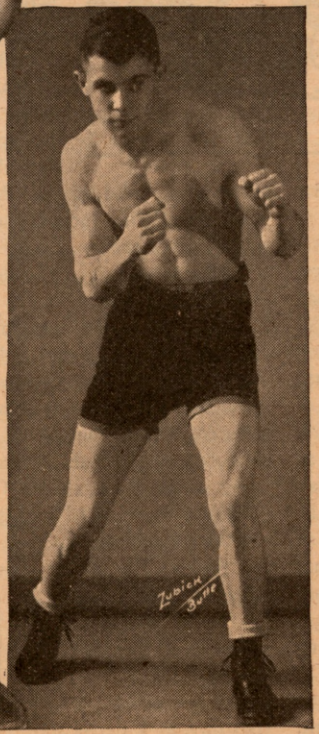
Buddy Knox, hard-hitting Dayton, Ohio, heavyweight.



Young Joe Louis, coming middleweight from Walsenburg, Colo.

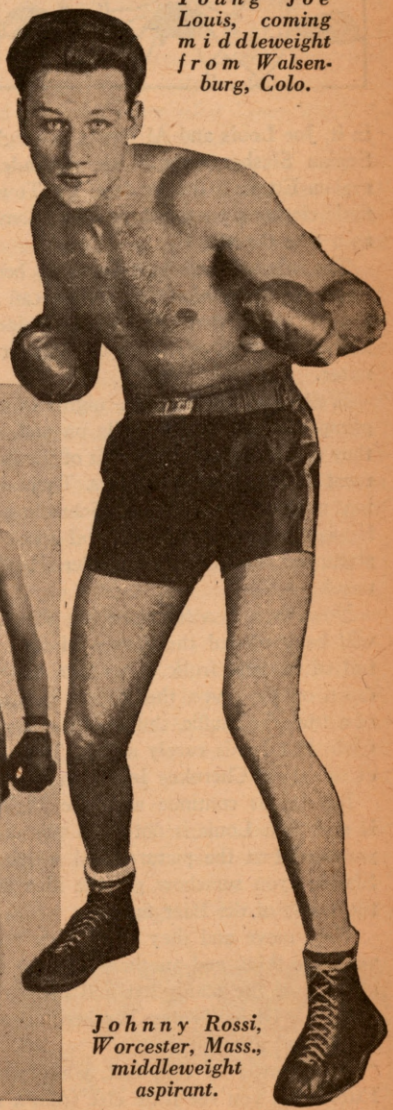


Matt Rhodes, heavyweight protege of Eddie Mack, from Denver.

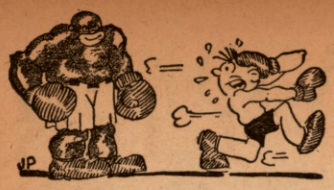


Lloyd Pine, classy featherweight from Ohio.

Joey August, clever Spokane, Wash., lightweight.



Johnny Rossi, Worcester, Mass., middleweight aspirant.



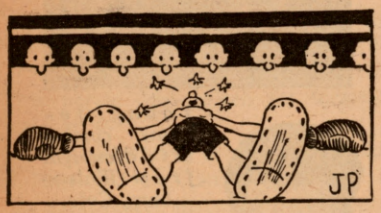
The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE Globe Trotter brings to you the boxing picture. It is embellished with the boxing word. The views and the stews of the world of scrappo, and what a view and a stew! However, let us not waste too much time in preliminaries and dash into the job at hand, to wit, as follows:—

Philadelphia, Pa.:—Joe Louis Belts Out Al Ettore in Five well chosen heats.

IT is a Philadelphia night. Now, a Philadelphia day is rather quiet. But a Philadelphia night is something Stygian. Well, it is a Philadelphia night and the scene of the festival al fresco is the Municipal or Sesqui-Centennial Stadium. You may remember that locale as a wet, damp, uncomfortable spot on which the first Dempsey-Tunney battle was fought—and won by Genial Gene, the Boy Aviator. You must recollect the dash for town in the downpour. No? Boy, give the gentleman a flashback to that night Genial Gene, the Boy Aviator, flew in and beat the Manassa Mauler. Enough.



Well, let us return to our mutton, as they say in that dear Paree. It is a Philadelphia night and in it, Joe Louis and Al Ettore are fighting. Louis is the same old Sepian Slasher, only in the Philadelphia night he looks more sepian. Ettore is the Pride of the Town, the biggest thing in local fistic circles since the days when Tommy Longhran was regarded as a title threat.

The whole place is steamed up because there is, somehow or other, an impression that Ettore can hit well enough to stand a chance, and that Schmeling ruined the Brown Bomber, otherwise the Detroit Dynamiter.

Well, the Philadelphia night which you glimpse in the picture rolls on and on, and they square off for the benefit of the improvement of the breed of fighters. There is nothing unusual about Louis. Schmeling hasn't lopped anything physical off the boxing stature of the Michigan Mauler. He doesn't smile any more than usual.

Now, there is a strange thing about Louis, if the Globe Trotter will be pardoned the luxury of an aside. Negroes, racially, are full of fun and frolic. They like to smile. They are Show Boat, down on the levee, the Robert E. Lee warping in for her bales of cotton, the shuffle, shuffle of the stage, the hot-cha of the Cotton Club. But Louis rarely smiles. That is because there is so much of the stolid Cherokee Indian in the young man.

But let us continue with the Fight. They square off, and it is seen that Louis is not the Louis of the Baer fight. In fact, as you squint at the pictures and watch every move of the Sepian Slasher, you somehow get the idea that never again will he be the Louis of the Baer fight.

They move and they maul, they tug and they haul, and what with one thing and another, it is not the most interesting demonstration of the manly art and the ancient science of hit and get away the Globe Trotter has been favored with in the last ten or eleven and a half years.

As a matter of cold fact, while you see Louis belting Signor Ettore out, you see little else from a strictly scientific viewpoint, as Mr. Louis misses a lot and he is not at all impressive from any angle. Ettore cannot hit hard enough to knock the hat off a cigar store wooden ball player. Or knock the stogies out of the mitt of the wooden Indian. Thus is a great scientific problem left hanging in mid air.

New York, N. Y.:—Fight experts gather around to discuss the Louis situation, and are nonplussed.

THE scene you glimpse in this film is the familiar backdrop. In the distance is the Empire State Building. The gentlemen draped around the lamp-post are Fight Experts. They are New York Fight Experts.

They look a little blear-eyed, but that is because they have been up all night, what with watching Joe Louis and then coming back on the Milk Train, and they are talking about the Louis knockout of Ettore. They have been talking for so long on the same subject they believe themselves. To wit, as follows:—

FIRST EXPERT:—Louis is coming back. I do not know where he is coming back, but there is no doubt that from what I see of the fight, which is the last round, Louis is coming back with a bang. His timing was off, but that was on account of the fact that he was missing a lot. Otherwise he looked okeh to me.

SECOND EXPERT:—I think Louis has great possibilities. He might be converted into a wrestler, on account of if his heavy legs keeps getting heavier, he cannot shuffle that shuff-shuff of his.

THIRD EXPERT (who picked Louis to stop Schmeling in one heat):—How does a flat footed fighter ever get anywhere? I always say, girls with bow legs and fighters with flat feet might as well stay home because they can't make the grade in fast company.

FOURTH EXPERT:—Louis packs a good punch. That is Fact No. 1. He still is a sucker for a right, and just so long as they keep on boxing in the United States, you will find out that a guy which is a sucker for a right is a sucker for something that keeps him from the title.

Here all the experts get together and decide that Louis knocked out Ettore—and let it go at that.

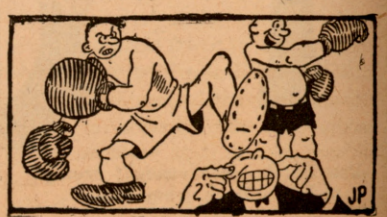
The Hippodrome, New York:—Mike Jacobs Takes the Stand in favor of heavy fighters and heavy crowds.

WE have here the big Hippodrome in New York. Once upon a time two guys by name Thompson and Dundy, who build the old Dreamland in Coney Island, have a dream and build this big theatre on Sixth Avenue in the Big City, and now Mike Jacobs, the Spirit of Science, takes it over as a Fistic Impresario.

Mike steps out in his new Fall dicer and Benny, and says that, to wit, as follows:—

"Gazing into my crystal, I see Prosperity! I see the country wallowing in gold and rich harvests. I see two fight clubs spring up where only one had existed before. The grass in the streets which Hoover predicted has been harvested into hay-hay. I see this country in the throes of the most gigantic fistic uplift in the history of mankind. Incidentally, if you want an interesting evening at home, grab H. G. Wells's "Anatomy of Frustration," which I recommend highly as pleasant fun, if there isn't a fight in the neighborhood.

"At this boxing emporium of mine, you will be regaled with the daintiest morsels available in the fistic dish. I will give you Joe Louis—"



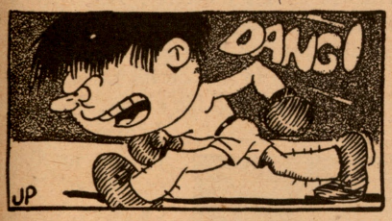
At this point a smallish guy in a derby hat, which his name might be James J., dashes into

GLOBE TROTTER

Joe Louis belts out Jorge Brescia in New York and Al Ettore in Philadelphia—Mike Jacobs takes the stand—The man who could hit, but not hard enough.

the scene and he hollers, "Wait. You give me nothing of the sort. You got him first and you are stuck with him. You don't give us Louis at all."

Mr. Mike looks pained. "I am not directing my remarks to you, Mr. Jemmy. I give you Joe Louis, folks. Louis the revamped, Louis the ambitious, Louis the reconstructed, Louis the superman, Louis the coming champion. I give you Brescia, Brescia the—"



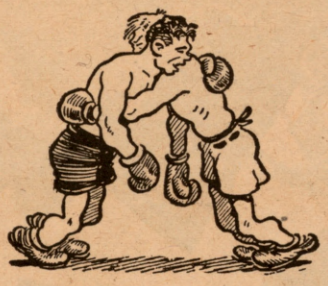
"Oh, no you don't, either," hollers Jemmy as he dashes from the scene, and we give you a picture of a fade-out.

* * *

AND now, dear friends and customers, suppose you indulge the Globe Trotter in a small luxury. He looks at so many pictures and he says so many words, that there are times when he would like to stop gazing at film for a while, and stop talking for a while, just to set down some thoughts on paper. So the Globe Trotter takes Time Out and he gives you:—

The Parable of the Man Who Could Hit But Couldn't Hit Hard Enough.

ONCE upon a Time there was a Man Who Could Hit. In fact he could hit so well and so adroitly that they talked him into becoming a Boxer. And so the Man Who Could Hit set out on a career which had to do with Fisticuffs.



He made a Great Discovery. While he could hit, he could not Hit Hard Enough. There was always an invisible enemy just when it looked as if he might make the grade and get into the Blue Chips.

He had his ups and he also had his downs. The fact was, he Went Through Life. He Got Married and raised a Family, and all the time the neighbors said he is the Man Who Can Hit.

When it looked as if he might get somewhere in the Fight Game, things changed. He went from Bad to Worse. He lost everything and had to go on Relief. They sat around and wondered at the Man Who Could Hit. But there was the old Invisible Enemy!

Having hit the bottom, the Man Who Could Hit rose again. He got a New Chance. He won. He got Another Chance. He kept on the upgrade. The Invisible Enemy, for once, had to bow out in defeat. James J. Braddock became the heavyweight champion of the world. The world wondered, Braddock wondered, the Invisible Foe slunk from the scene, and the Braddock family got set for the Large Dough.

Time marches on! It keeps marching on and The Man Who Can Hit is matched with Schmeling, for real Big Money. But as the fight nears, the old Invisible Enemy gets back in shape. The Man Who Can Hit is reported a kayo victim of that kayo artist—Arthritis.

He is forced to go to Florida and bake in a hot sun. Then he comes back and says in due time he is ready to defend that title and get the Big Money. But the Invisible Enemy lurks in the background and Men Wonder. The Man Who Can Hit can hit, but when it comes to the Invisible Enemy, he can't Hit Hard Enough!

New York, N. Y.:—Joe Louis belts out Jorge Brescia at the Hippodrome in three heats.

THE Hippodrome! In New York! Once the home of theatrical extravaganza, the creation of Thompson and Dundy. The vivid Hipp, still bedizened from the production of "Jumbo." One Jumbo goes out, a new Jumbo from the Argentine comes in to do battle with Mr. Louis, who is on the rise after his K.O. of Jack Sharkey.

Nighttime in the Hipp. Louis fights Brescia, and after it is over, after you have seen the films of the three rounds, you will wonder if Joe has made real progress from his knockout by Schmeling. And you may be disposed to give the honors of the fight to the man who is knocked out.

Round the first! Louis messes around tentatively, and the next thing you know, this Brescia lands a straight left to the mush, and Mr. Louis looks somewhat surprised, as if a straight left to the mush were entirely out of order. Now, a right cross to the button, that would be different. But for Louis to take a straight left to the phizz from a rank outsider—well, it gets Mr. Louis sore.

Louis shoots a right to the head, and Senor Brescia gets in close and snuggles. There is a suspicion that this right to the head is not the prescription for keeping Mr. Brescia intact. They fool around a little, and then Jorge shoots two lefts to the mush, and the ringsiders sit back and ask each other what Louis has been doing since he fought Schmeling.

Pretty soon this here Brescia raps a right to the mouth, and Louis' rubber mouthpiece falls out and Louis looks disconcerted, while the birds in Joe's corner look agog and aghast and wonder what this world is coming to when a rank outsider steps in and knocks Louis' mouthpiece right out of his kisser.

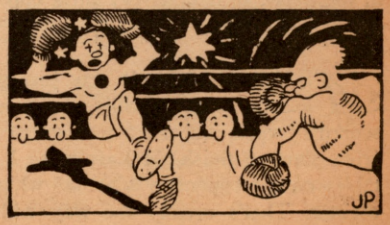
The second round is not one which will make you sit up in your seat and holler, on account of the expected tremendous rush of physical vigor from the mitts of Louis fails to develop. In fact, this here Brescia has the absolute temerity to wallop a right to the same old mush. Louis makes the Brescia beezer bleed as the bell rings. You will note that there is a liquid running out of the Brescia smeller. That shows it is bleeding.

Well, we arrive at the third round, and this, as you know, is the Finale. Like a tiger rushing to his hunk of steak at noontime in the zoo, Louis dances from his corner to deliver what is known as the *coup de grace*. But, having sprung and having threatened, Louis suddenly decides to stop. This gives Brescia time to think, and when you give a fighter time to think, it practically is fatal.

When Louis finally determines on action, he lands a high left to the face. Brescia says to himself, here is my cue, so he cuts loose with left and right and the next thing you know, the Sepian Socker is trying to hold on.

Now, folks, that is where the Globe Trotter decided that Joe Louis had not yet made any appreciable progress or advance from his knockout by Schmeling.

Finally, Louis manages to get into a tight embrace with Jorge, the Argentine. The customers do not like this, as they expect Louis to be belting. Louis misses a coupla rights, and then he does land a right. The man from South America is seen stag-



(Continued on page 43)

CANZONERI'S LAST STAND

Tony Finds McLarnin's Left too Much in Return Bout— Jimmy Gives Fine Boxing Exhibition

By NAT FLEISCHER

A FEW weeks ago in Madison Square Garden, the fight fans witnessed the passing of a great champion, when Tony Canzoneri, former world lightweight king, was battered into submission by Jimmy McLarnin, former welter champion, in a battle that kept 12,000 fans on edge from start to finish. No matter whom you favored in that return engagement between these sturdy ringmen, you couldn't help but throw your sympathy to Canzoneri, whose game stand earned him rounds of applause. Poor Tony. I hated to leave the Garden with the picture that had confronted me all evening—that of one of the greatest champions of recent years taking an awful beating from his nine pounds heavier opponent.

Tony has gone the way of all champions. The smell of the resin is too alluring for him to ignore it. Just one more battle, is the usual cry of ring veterans, especially those who have held the upper hand for so long a time as did Canzoneri and when Father Time beckons, they refuse to heed the call. The result—well—we saw what it leads to last night. Not that Canzoneri is an old man — far from it—but he is old in fighting years for he has put in a dozen years of boxing and is only twenty-seven now.

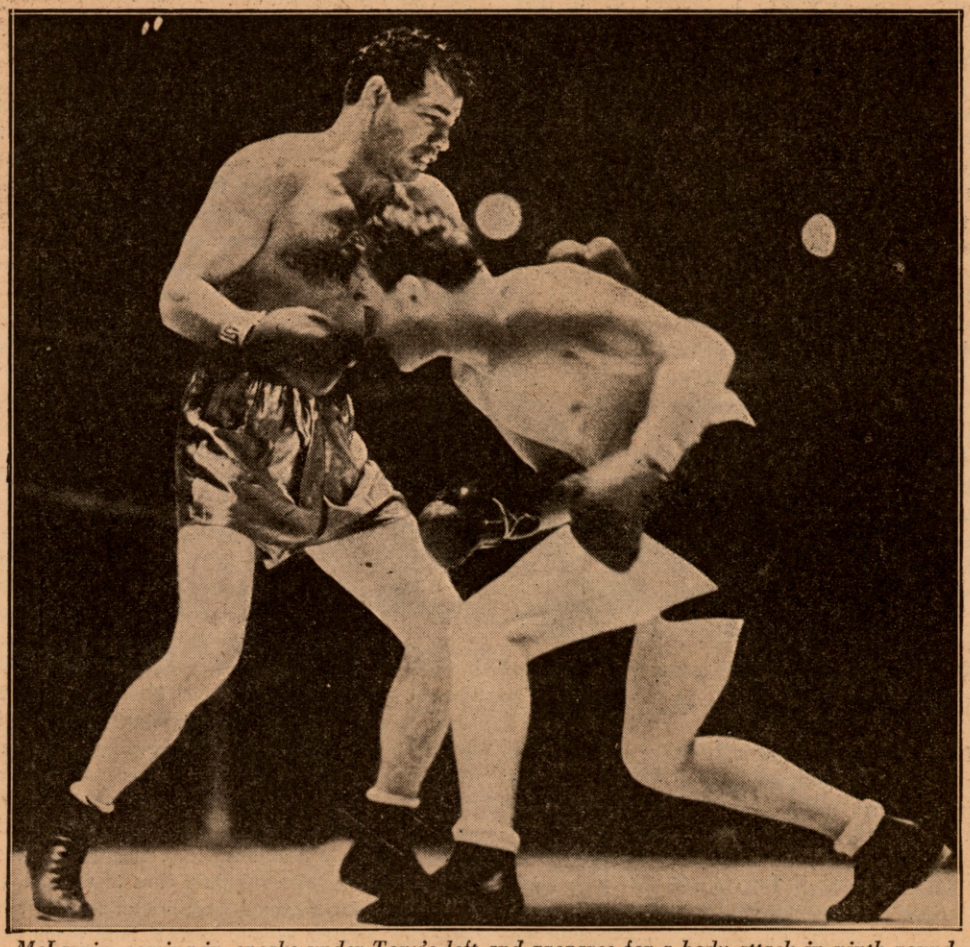
Just think of it! If you want to know why fighters of repute insist on big money! Through at the age of twenty-seven, when most men are just in the prime of life, others, just about beginning a long, useful career!

That's what the fight game means and that's why a fighter is entitled to all he can command. His days are limited. His ring life is short and if he cannot earn sufficient to put aside when he's in the game, he'll find very little opportunity to do so after his career has ended.

* * *

AS for the fight, it was just what we had expected—a keenly fought, thrilling bout, with two knockdowns, one scored by each, and not a moment of idleness to mar the affair from start to finish, McLarnin, as I had expected, turned the tables on his opponent, who had whipped him in their first encounter. That's usually the way with the little Irishman. He exhibited as pretty a left jab as we have seen in many moons and he literally stabbed Tony to defeat with it. It cut Tony's face to ribbons. He was a terrible sight to behold at the finish, one that elicited the sympathy of all who want to remember Canzoneri not on his performance against McLarnin in their second fight, but as the great champion he was.

Tony's fighting days are over. He should know it, just as do the fans, yet he refuses to admit it and insists that he will continue, with a return mill with Ambers as his objective. His friends are urging him to quit, as is his manager, Sammy Goldman, who steered Tony into several titles and handled his affairs so well, that the little Italian will be able to live on his savings for the rest of his life if he chooses to hang up his gloves. Spotting Jimmy eight pounds at this period of his career, was a Herculean hurdle for Tony to overcome. He tried hard enough, but he fell far short of the mark.



McLarnin, coming in, sneaks under Tony's left and prepares for a body attack in ninth round.

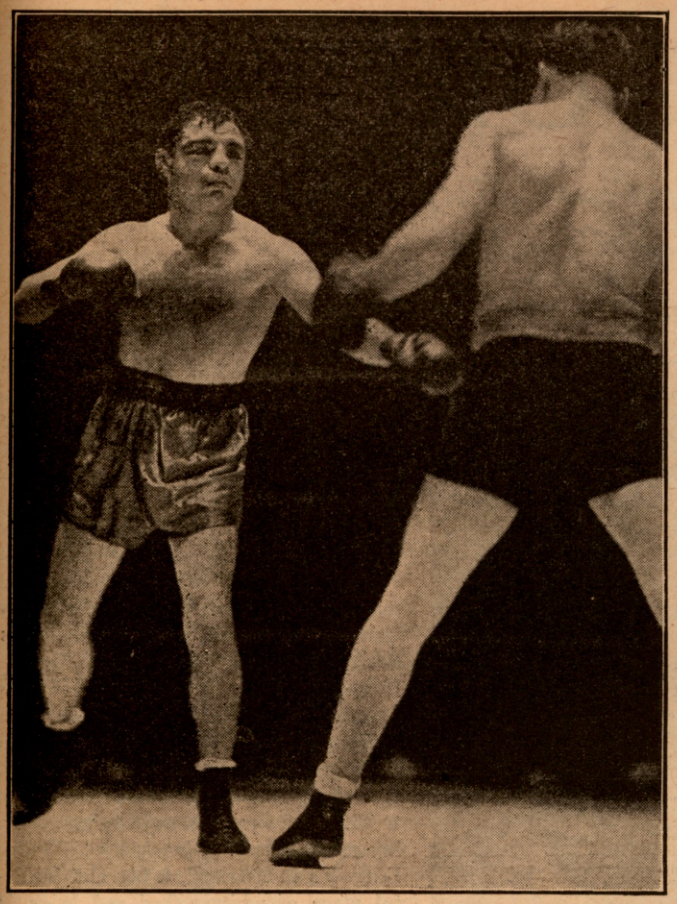
McLarnin gave a beautiful exhibition of boxing, a reminder of the days when he was the greatest fighter of his weight. He had Canzoneri's style so well studied, that Tony had the greatest of difficulty to land his famed right. Tony tossed dozens at Jimmy, but the Irishman avoided most of them. And while so doing, he peppered Tony with lefts, sometimes four to six in a row connecting before one missed. In one round I counted thirty-two lefts to Tony's face. No wonder poor Canzoneri's face looked like raw beef!

At times Canzoneri's legs just wouldn't move for him. He became so tired, that he was almost glued to one spot while McLarnin peppered him. He let Tony do most of the leading, but countered frequently and jabbed, jabbed and jabbed, always having his right cocked for action, at the same time.

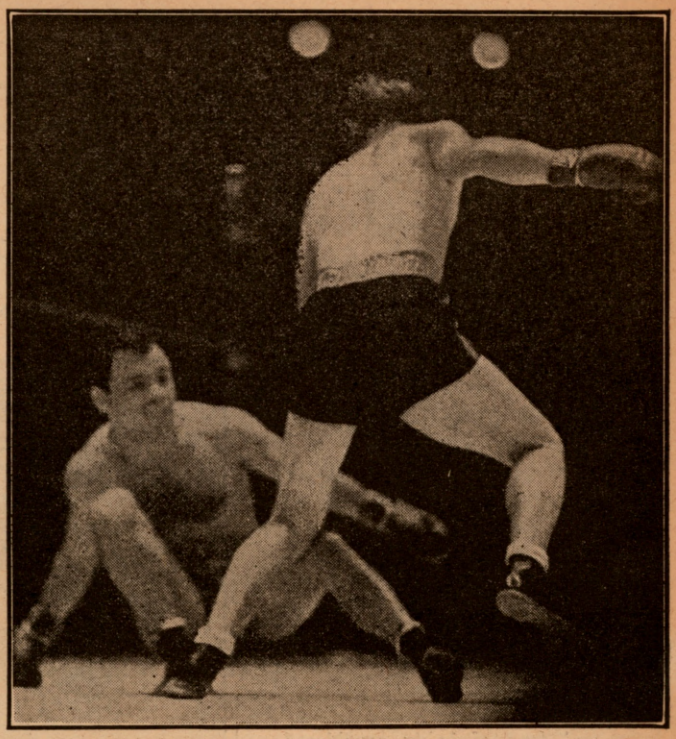
Tony showed his mettle when he arose after being floored in the second with a powerful right. When he got up, he kept moving in on legs that wouldn't react to his will as in the past.

Canzoneri's tenth round rally was one of the high spots of the fight. Battered and bruised, bleeding, with lips and eye cut and his legs and arms weary, he went out at the clang of the bell to make one last fighting effort, but it was not enough.

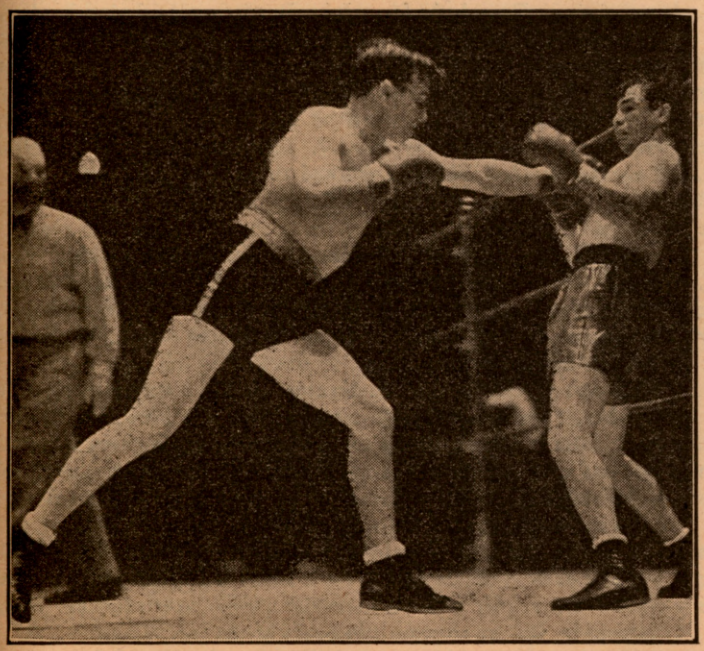
SAD! *but* TRUE!



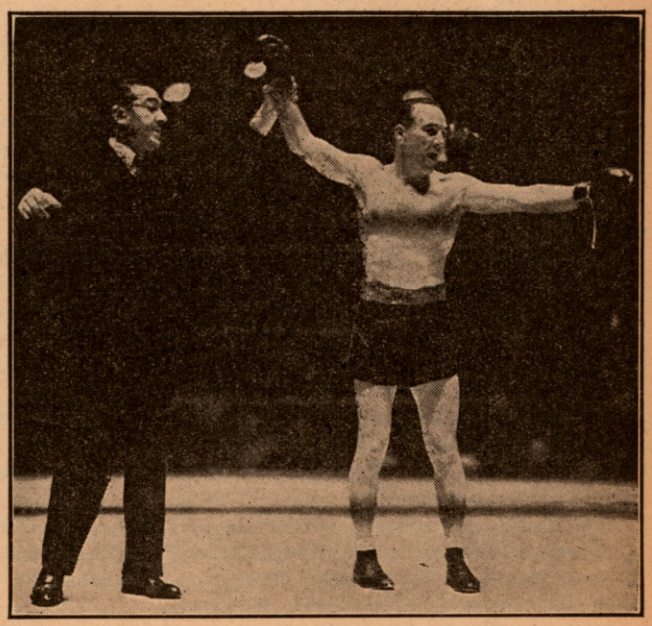
A scene in the tenth and last round of the fight between Tony Canzoneri and Jimmy McLarnin in Madison Square Garden. Tony, scarcely able to stand, face cut and bleeding, courageously faces his opponent.



A snappy right hand to the chin put Tony down in the second round for a count of three. He came up fighting and made a brave comeback. In the first, McLarnin went on his haunches as a result of a right to the forehead.



Here is a typical scene showing how Jimmy kept peppering Tony with stinging lefts. In fact, he left-jabbed Tony into defeat.



The happy warrior, Jimmy McLarnin, acknowledging the cheers of 12,000 fans as Announcer Harry Balogh raises his hand in token of victory.

From ROAD KID *to* "THE BRUISER"

The Story Behind the Story of Shane Rory—Jim Tully's Champ Who Beat Even Fear

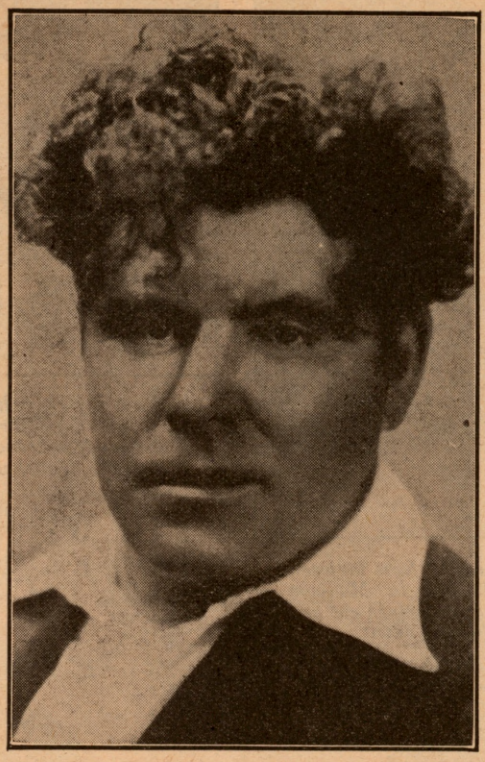
By FRANK SCULLY

BOXING history goes back two thousand years, and in that time writers have thought they covered every angle of the sport. But the real secret of its ever-continuing success has been missed by most of them. It took Jim Tully, a fighter, and the hard-boiled school of writing's founder, to discover that the force behind champions is not courage, but fear.

In *The Bruiser,* his latest and by far his best book, fear drives his hero out of boxing, fear of becoming a stumble bum, and fear of being considered a coward drives him back there till he becomes the champion.

His hero, Shane Rory, starts out as Jim Tully did himself, as a road kid, and his story from then on is Jim's story basically, for he himself moved up to a step or two below Johnny Kilbane before he quit boxing for *belles lettres.*

As a result of this background, his novel is jammed with true-talk and cannot help but shame the synthetic romantic-realists by its poetry and its brutality. It's boxing's *All Quiet on the Western Front,* the saga of the ring.



* * *

SUPERFICIAL critics will take exception to the restraint of its language. Where, they will exclaim, is all the swearing you hear around gymnasiums and around the ring? Can it be possible for such a tough writer as Tully to write a whole novel and not have one character call another an eleven-lettered, four-syllabled so-and-so, and still make the dialogue sound authentic? He not only can, but does. *The Bruiser's* blows are too deep to be helped by blasphemy.

The book is dedicated to Jack Dempsey, a fellow road kid, who, like Jim Tully, got in and out of boxing without going slug nutty. Both are far bigger men today than they were twenty years ago.

"Be a writer, Jim, not a fighter," Dempsey once said to Tully. "Then only time can knock you out."

As *The Bruiser* only too well proves, time will have a tough task knocking Tully out. He tries himself for a knockout in every paragraph. He doesn't do it with sucker punches. He does it with hard, short shots.

The roundhouse style of writing is anathema to him. His sentences are shorter than a prison haircut. They keep pounding away at you like those six-inch jolts that made Joe Louis in his pre-Schmeling days and will make him again.

Oddly, in *The Bruiser,* which Jim began three years ago, he foretells of a fighter and a career not unlike Louis's. A Negro road kid who began with Shane Rory is Rory's chief stumbling block on the way to the championship, next of course to Sully, the champion, and when Rory wins the championship and decides to quit, it's with the suggestion that the ex-champ fight the black boy for the title.

Tully's life from an orphanage to one of the three most civilized homes in Hollywood, that land of magnificent mansions, his transition from boxing to writing, make him the sort of success any American can be proud of.

Recently a columnist told of Tully's living in a magnificent hacienda, with flaming awnings, Spanish balconies and a plamettoed patio.

Nothing could be further from the truth. His house has no awnings, flaming or otherwise. It is a copy of George Borrow's in England, a big and beautiful place of whitewashed red brick. It has a hundred giant eucalyptus trees around it and takes in three acres on Toluca Lake, where Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, George Brent and others of like prominence in pictures live.

But Tully picked out his place before any of them. Everybody from John Barrymore to Judge Lindsey, from Einstein to Jack Ford will tell you they'd give their right eye to own his library which is on the second floor where he has a 20 by 30 workroom. Everything is in exquisite taste, picked by Tully through the years when he was writing *Emmett Lawler, Beggars of Life, Circus Parade, Jarnegan, Shadows of Men, Laughter in Hell, Shanty Irish* and the like.

* * *

HE has also been called an ex-hobo. He never was a hobo. He was a road kid, like, as I say, Dempsey, Ketchel and Jack London. He explains all this in *Beggars of Life,* but those who still refer to him as the hobo-author never bother to read that far in his works.

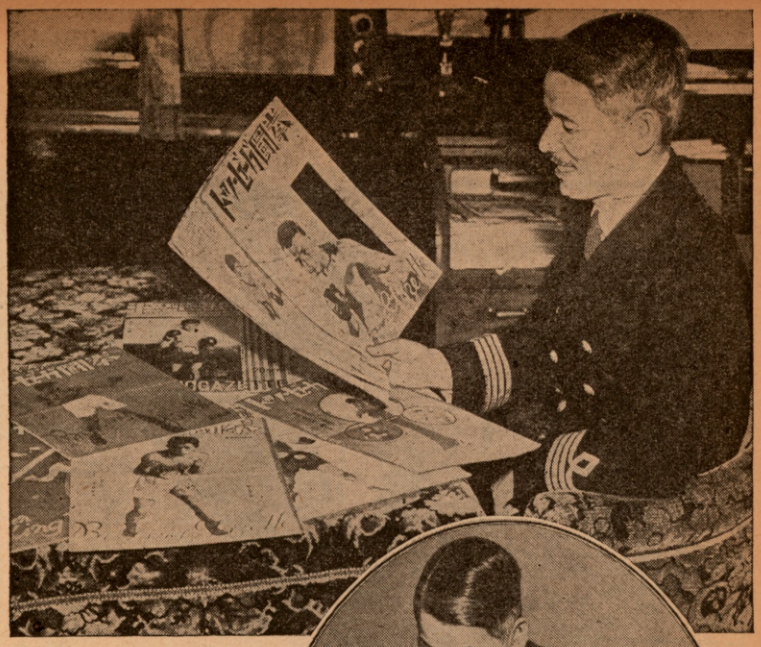
He left the road when he became 21. He went to work as a link-heater and worked up to a chainmaker. He became a government chain inspector during the war, succeeding a chain inspector who had eleven miles of chains condemned. They never condemned a link of Tully's. He still carries an honorary withdrawal card from the union.

When he started boxing he began as a main event! How? Well, in those days in the Middle West a smart kid could fake a record and have a printer make it look like a newspaper clipping. Tully thought he was good enough to begin at the top.

He wasn't quite that good, but he managed to fight a draw with Eddie Tierney in his first fight, a main event in Chicago. After that he fought Eddie Conway *(Continued on page 44)*

Ship Captain "Logs" Boxers

By HARRY B. SMITH



Above: Captain Kaneko enjoying his boxing magazines aboard ship. Below: The Japanese captain and the author of this article, Harry B. Smith, discussing the month's fights. Captain Kaneko is fixing his log.

A SEA captain by profession, but a fight writer and fan by preference, Captain B. Kaneko, commander of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's crack motor ship Asama Maru, is Japan's only international fistic correspondent. Unable to see many fights because of his work. Captain Kaneko reads THE RING studiously, follows the daily papers and keeps close tab on what is happening in the squared circle.

It was back in 1919, when Jack Dempsey won the title from Jess Willard at Toledo, that Captain Kaneko was attracted to the fight game. The freighter he commanded sailed into New York harbor. The sports pages were full of that fight and so he started studying the game.

Today Captain Kaneko knows more of fighters and their records than many an American. He corresponds for Tokyo's National Boxing Gazette, sends in fight pictures when he can and writes in Japanese his impressions of fighters all over the world for thousands of his readers. He is a close, personal friend of Freddie Steele for until recently, the captain sailed from Japan to Seattle.

Oddest of all, is his way of keeping tab on fighters. We use record books and list each fighter's performances. Captain Kaneko, true to his work as a mariner, logs these records on charts that look like a Mercator's projection. Around the name of the fighter he will draw a circle. Then lines projecting outward show the men this particular fighter has met. If the arrow points outward, it means a win for the fighter with the ring around his name. If the arrow points inward, then that fighter lost. There's a chart for each classification.

* * *

CAPTAIN KANEKO, who has read profusely the history of the fight game, names Peter Jackson as his ideal and the world's greatest fighter. He adds, also, that Peter Jackson was a gentleman. He declares that Max Baer could have been a remarkable champion save for his fondness for the ladies and night life. He thinks Joe Louis is headed places, and predicts that James J. Braddock will never fight Schmeling for the world's title.

Concerning the fight game in Japan, he does not think it will ever amount to much as the fighters of that country are mostly small men, chiefly bantams and feathers with a few lightweights. There are boxing schools in Tokyo, the world's third largest city, but the fight game doesn't draw exceptionally well. Captain Kaneko is hailed as one of the leading navigators of the world. But it will mean more to fight fans that he is a boxing writer.

* * *

THIS distinguished captain has had 12 commands, has crossed the ocean 112 times and needs but 125 such trips to win the "Asaho decoration," an award from Japan's leading newspaper.

Commander Kaneko has been at sea 9698 days and has sailed 1,382,276 miles. But with all these adventures back of him and more to come, Captain Kaneko cares more for the squared circle than he does for the sea. If you're interested in fights, Kaneko will brush aside his real business as a sailor to fan with you of champions and the like. To show you the magazine that carries his stories of the game (in Japanese to be sure) and to point with pride to the "By Line" which means to any sports writer that the author "belongs."

We have had golfing skippers and soccer enthusiasts, and baseball faddists. But never to my knowledge a fight fan from Japan, who is a skipper as well. So we give you Captain B. Kaneko, Japan's leading fight writer.

When in port he never misses a chance to see the bouts.

I asked the Captain whether there were any good middleweights or welters in Japan, and this was his answer:

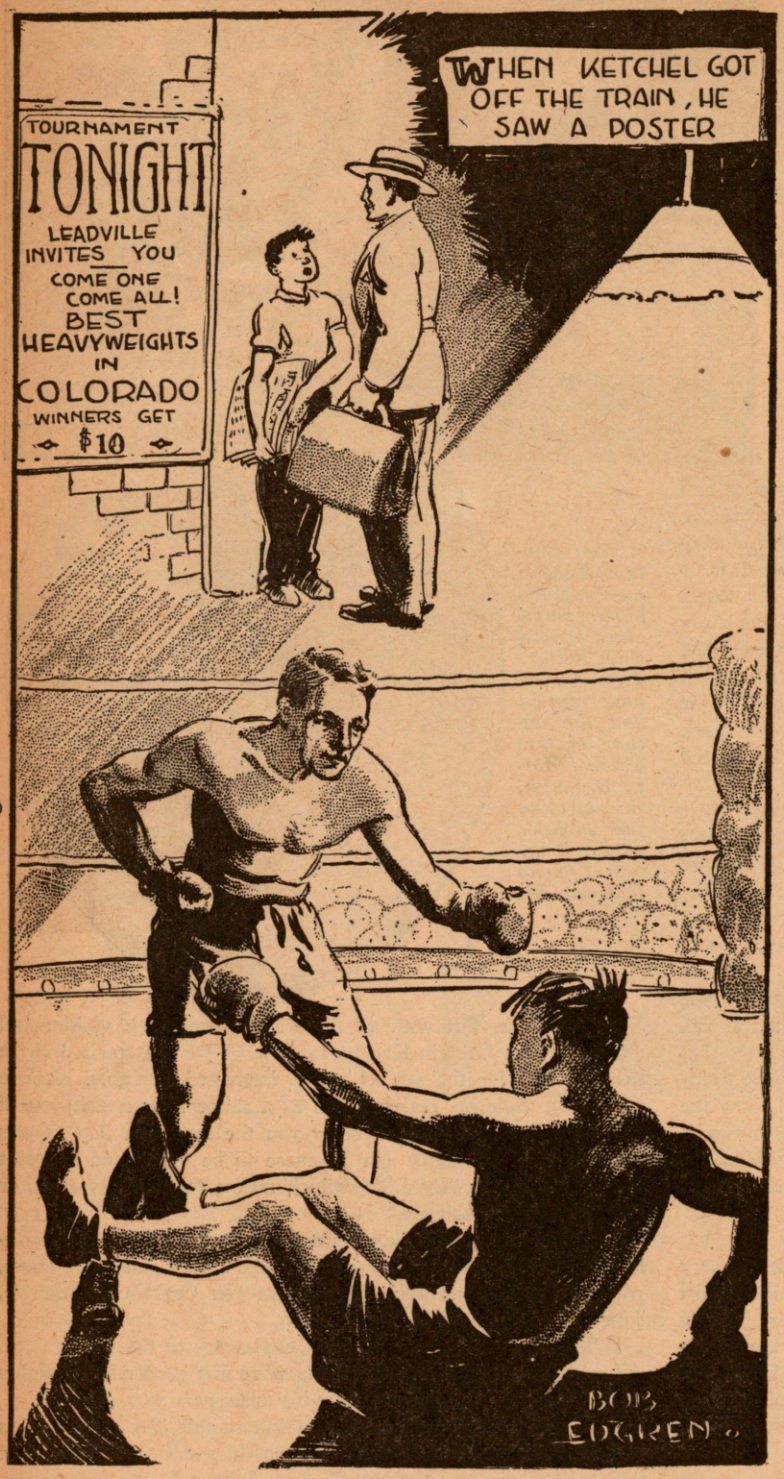
"In our country we have no middleweights, no light-heavies and no heavies. Our fighters are mostly small men. Plenty of trainers and gymnasiums but all small fighters."

You can't trip the Captain on the topnotchers.

He says Japan is already getting ready for the 1940 Olympic. Tokyo, the world's third largest city, and Yokohama, something like San Francisco, will stage these sports. A stadium, seating better than 100,000, known as Meija Stadium, Tokyo, will handle most of the sports.

The Captain is of the opinion that in four years, when the next Olympic Games take place, you will see a new menace to English boxing supremacy in the Japanese youth. It is his opinion that Japan will develop several world champions in the lower divisions within the next few years, so rapid is the development of the boys in boxing. They take to it like a duck to water, hence America—beware.

THEY LOVED



SINCE the days of Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey, people have come to look on boxing as big business, rather than a sport. That was because Gene, in his gentlemanly way, looked on boxing as a means to an end, and retired the minute he had made a fortune big enough to suit him. Jack—a member of the "let 'em holler, I got their money" school—was another heavyweight who claimed to fight for the money and not because he liked to fight.

Yet I suspect that even those two champions had moments in the ring, while things were working out just the way they had planned, when they got a big kick out of the goings-on. They'd be totally different from other fighters if they didn't. For hundreds of years past men have fought desperate battles, more for the fun of it than anything else. With a few outstanding exceptions, fighters of the old days didn't make any money.

But they certainly did get fun out of it! That may sound like a tall story to you, but you only have to take an amusing incident from the life of Stanley Ketchel to see the truth of it.

* * *

WILLUS BRITT, who managed Ketchel, was out in San Francisco trying to arrange a bout with Mike "Twin" Sullivan. He landed the bout, all right, and immediately wired Ketchel, who was in New York, to come out. Ketchel hopped the first train.

He got as far as Denver, where he had planned a stopover to break the monotony of the long trip. He took his baggage down to a hotel. Just before he went inside, his eye happened to fall on a poster advertising a white hope tournament. Jack Johnson had just beaten Jim Jeffries, and tournaments to find a "white hope" were beginning all over the country. Ketchel chuckled to himself and read down a little further.

"Tournament tonight," the poster ran. "Leadville invites you. Come one, come all. The best heavyweights in Colorado. Winners will be paid ten dollars per bout."

"Leadville?" thought Ketchell. "Where's that?"

When he found out it wasn't very far from Denver, he rushed back to the railroad station and bought a ticket to Leadville. When he arrived there, he went straight to a shoemaker, and had an extra pair of heels nailed on his shoes. Then he went to a general store and bought a couple of chunks of lead—one for each pocket. He wasn't as big as a heavyweight, and he was afraid they wouldn't let him enter the tourney!

He had a terrible time persuading the manager of the show to let him fight in it. The manager thought Ketchel looked too small to be battling heavyweights; but Stanley—who wasn't giving his right name, of course—insisted, and he won out.

* * *

IN the first bout, Ketchel was paired with the mildest looking of a crop of very tough hombres from the mining camps. Much to the manager's surprise, he knocked out his man in less than a round. The fellow couldn't lay a glove on him.

That night he had to fight another bout, which he again won in the first round, making his burly opponent miss continually.

The next night was the final one of the tournament. Ketchel was matched against a husky miner, danced around agilely for a moment or two, and then smacked him cold. The crowd was in an uproar. When he came out for the final bout, the hall was packed with fans who were screaming encouragement to that little guy with the terrible wallop. He obliged them by rushing from his corner and putting away his huge opponent with one punch!

Then, grinning, bowing to the crowd, and laughing, Ketchel collected his $40—at $10 a fight—and prepared to leave.

"Gee, kid!" gasped the promoter, "stick around! I could use a fighter like you. Why, I could get you fifty to sixty dollars a fight! How about it?"

Needless to say, Ketchel turned this proposition down and hopped the next train for San Francisco. Before train time, he went into a telegraph office and sent Willus Britt a wire . . . . and ten dollars. The telegram read:

"Just had four fights, made forty dollars. Here is your share."

TO FIGHT

By BOB EDGREN

THE old-time fighters got a lot of fun out of the game, and so did the fans. For some of them, no expense was too great when it was a matter of seeing a good fight. They say the original "One-Eye" Connelly once paid his way from Boston to San Francisco to see John L. Sullivan battle Paddy Ryan. He paid $15 for a seat, too.

When he got in the arena, somebody else was sitting in his seat. The fellow was big and tough, and he refused to move. Connelly saw the fight from a standing position back against the back fence, and he swore then and there that he would never pay to see another fight. And he probably never did!

An account of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson City, Nevada, records that the ringside reporters set up a call for "One Eye" Connelly just before the fight. Connelly answered the call and soon appeared battling his way to the ring through the crowd. He got away from two cops, climbed into the ring, and made a little speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am a little disfigured, but still in the ring."

His statement was immediately disproved by the two cops, who cornered their man and took him to the calaboose.

* * *

CONDITIONS weren't so good for newspapermen in those days. Imagine how it would seem to a modern reporter, used to having a direct wire and a personal operator at the ringside, to go back to the conditions that prevailed at the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. The Associated Press had a relay of race horses to carry news to the telegraph office. The Western Union had a bulletin service of its own. Press representatives from cities of over 200,000 population were allotted one ticket each. All others paid. (The price for a ringside ducat was $40.)

A special hardship was worked on the smaller papers by a regulation that the reporters had to pay their way in every time they went out to file dispatches for their paper. Messenger boys were also charged admission, to prevent newshawks from getting around the regulations by hiring a messenger.

One of the cities that had not yet attained 200,000 population at that time was Los Angeles, and the song that went up to the skies when their reporters arrived on the scene and found that they would have to pay their way in was worth going miles to hear.

* * *

CARSON CITY was jammed with managers, fighters, and their handlers who had come to see what could be learned by watching the cleverest boxer who ever held the championship defend his title against the greatest middleweight fighting man who ever drew on a glove. When the bout was over, and Fitzsimmons had won the title, they had a long, hard trail ahead of them, because many had risked everything they had on Corbett.

Among them were Tim McGrath and Spider Kelly. They rode the rods to Reno. There they saw a sign, saying: "Kid Thomas, Nevada lightweight champion, will pay $25 to any man who stays six rounds with him."

As McGrath tells the story, Spider turned to him, and said: "Tim, here's where we eat!"

Spider Kelly looked thin and frail, but he could fight. The two boys had considerable trouble getting the theater manager to let Spider climb into the ring. "Have y'ever boxed before?" he asked.

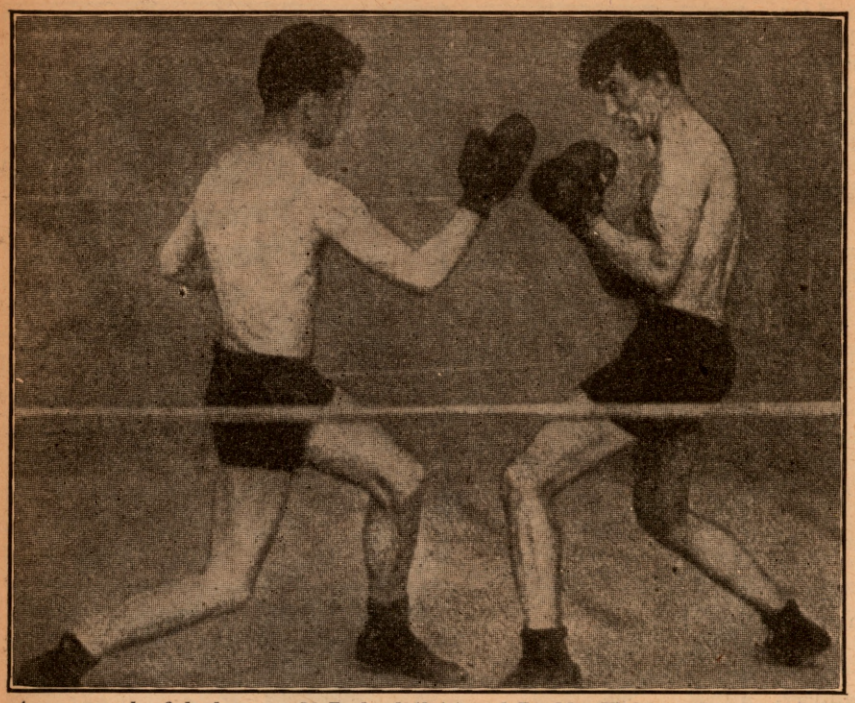
"Uh huh," said Spider. "A little."

When Kelly got into the ring, Kid Thomas rushed across like a bull. The Spider speared him with a straight left and lifted him off his feet with a right to the jaw. Thomas roared with rage and tore in again, but he might as well have been fighting a phantom. He couldn't touch Kelly.

In the second, Kelly landed a hard punch that sent Kid Thomas to the canvas. Thomas got up and climbed out of the ring, Kelly after him, trying to drag him back again. The champion of Nevada eluded him and ran to the side of the stage, where he attempted to climb up a ladder. Kelly kept right after him and got a hold of a shoe. It came off.

(Continued on page 44)

PACKEY McFARLAND,



A scene at the fight between McFarland (left) and Freddie Welsh in London, which was declared a draw. Twice before, in 1908, Welsh and Packey clashed.

ONE of the ring's most notable scientists of an earlier generation passed away when Packey McFarland died at his home in Joliet, Ill., last month. He was also one of the most successful from a financial standpoint for his day, as he retired in 1915 worth about $300,000. This did not all accrue to him from fight-earnings. Purses had not attained their present imposing value when McFarland's educated left hand played hob with members of the lightweight class. Yet he was easily a topnotch money-maker as a box office attraction.

One purse of $4,000 he invested in an oil speculation on the Pacific Coast, brought him back golden returns which were reinvested in real estate and his bank account grew to a still greater figure. And so it went! Packey's luck stood by him out of the ring, as it did when he worked between the ropes.

His business interests always prospered, he made a good marriage which turned out happily, a wife, a twenty-year-old son and three daughters survive him and were present when he died from a heart ailment in his forty-seventh year. In fact, McFarland's career may be said to have included many of the elements which go to the making of a Horatio Alger success story.

* * *

ALGER never did choose a pugilist as hero for one of his juvenile romances. Boxers of the Alger era had not attained the social recognition some of them enjoy today. The ancient plug-ugly legend still adhered to the ring denizens and their profession.

But in many respects, Packey conformed to the Alger hero type. He never dissipated in any fashion, won universal respect by his good manners and wholesome standard of living, and possessed an instinct for saving money that did not commend him to the convivial, roistering lads of ringland, but proved a trump winning card in the game of life as he saw fit to play it.

In later years, he took a leading part in Democratic politics, was appointed to the Illinois State Athletic Commission and was elected a director of the Joliet National Bank. His folks were Irish. He was born "back of the Stock Yards" in Chicago, as tough a section of the Windy City as a kid could well grow up in and learn to hold his own with fists and feet, as demanded by the rough strategy of street-scrapping.

This Packey did perforce, although on the whole of a peaceable turn of mind. But under such conditions a small boy had to smite back when smitten, and smite first if possible, or be eternally disgraced around the bailiwick. So Packey smote, and smote successfully when the spirit so moved him, and won rating as a good lad of his hands quite early in life.

* * *

AT sixteen, he went to work in a boiler shop, a trade at which James J. Jeffries also labored in his salad days. Now and again at the noon-hour, the gloves furnished a bit of sport for the plant employees, and, as might be supposed, it was boxing of a pretty strenuous order. Packey took to the sport as a duck to water. A knockout victory scored by him in the yard over a colored husky named Fox turned his mind definitely toward pugilism as a means of earning a livelihood.

It was no easy matter at that. For Packey's folks had no enthusiasm to waste on the notion of a fighting career for their black-haired, agile-footed, handsome offspring. He had to come home at regular time each evening and let them think he was still hammering away in the boiler-works, whereas it was quite a different sort of hammering that he was practicing around the gymnasium run by Harry Gilmore, veteran ex-lightweight champion.

The hitch came when there was no pay envelope forthcoming. The fighting game, so far as novices were concerned, wasn't declaring any big dividends then, and Packey had finally to confess he had lost his job. But he didn't go looking for another one. Instead he managed to wangle a fight with Pete West, whom he knocked out in two rounds, receiving three dollars reward for his exertions, half of which went to the chap who got him the bout.

* * *

THAT was in 1904. Any youngster who once showed that he could punch a bit, was pretty sure of being kept busy slinging mitts in the "back of the Yards" section. Handball courts were plentiful there, for the Irish mustered strong and went in a lot for that particular game. And several times a week this court or that announced a card of fights, with four round prelims and six windup.

There was nothing singularly luxurious about the conditions under which fights were staged in the handball courts. The ring was pitched on a stone or cement floor, with no padding of any kind and wooden stakes, also bare of padding. If a scrapper bumped his bean too hard for comfort's sake on the iron-hard floor, or shattered his map against a stake, that was his luck, and couldn't be helped. The gloves used were of the four or five ounce variety, usually the former. And once in a while, by special request a bout might be staged with two-ounce mitts.

Anybody who ducked under the ropes in a Stock Yards handball court equipped for fighting, had to fight all the way, all the time, from bell to bell. The patrons weren't the sort that would tolerate any stalling. Or quitting either! A man that really quit under fire was in a bad spot, the chances being that he would be worse beaten-up outside the ring than inside it.

It was in this rough school that McFarland made his early bids for fame and attained wide-spread popularity among the Yards sporting contingent. Most of his fighting was done for the first couple of years around the Yards, and a glance at his record shows it thickly studded with quick knockouts. That was because the customers wanted hard punching and swift results.

Master Scientist

By GEORGE T. PARDY

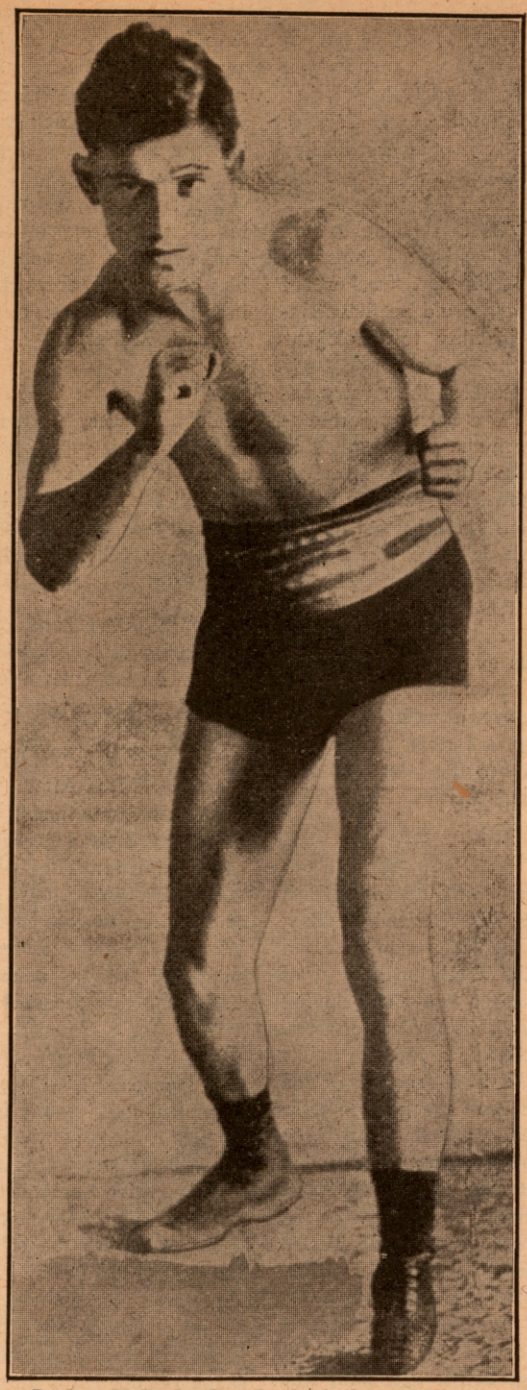
INSTINCTIVELY Packey was a boxer. He could hit when necessary, but had he followed his instinct from the beginning, he would have boxed rather than slugged with all opponents. In later years when he became a big drawing card, he relied almost entirely on his speed, science and generalship to win, and could seldom be coaxed into a punch-for-punch exchange.

His is not the only example of a scientist who traded wallops freely in the early stages of a milling career. Take the case of Abe Attell, one of the greatest of the featherweight champions in point of cleverness. Abe's first two years of active ring service were crammed with knockouts administered in jig-time. In later years when he was famous as a wizard of sparring skill, few people knew that he carried a kayo wallop, nor did he try to demonstrate the fact. Like McFarland, he had grown wiser with the passage of time, and would not take unnecessarily dangerous chances.

McFarland, however, had scant choice in the matter at the beginning of things, his patrons demanding strenuous action, he had to give it to them. It was thus that he suffered the only two defeats of his long and spectacular ring record. In the many accounts published by the metropolitan press of McFarland's demise and his career, a majority referred to him as the "uncrowned champion of the lightweights," and the "boxer who never lost a battle!"

Both assertions are incorrect. When McFarland was in his fighting prime, he had grown too heavy to scale at the then lightweight limit of 133 pounds ringside, and could not compete for the class-title.

He was twice defeated! In the summer of 1904 a red-haired little Mick, Patsy O'Brien, son of an Ashland Avenue butcher, knocked Packey down with a right to the jaw. McFarland's head hit the stone floor hard, and he was practically out, as his alarmed seconds dashed forward and conveyed him to his corner. I was there when it happened.



Packey McFarland as he looked in his prime.

The referee didn't have a chance to count, but he declared O'Brien the victor. This bout took place in Carey's Handball Court and was witnessed by the writer. Packey's second defeat was at the hands of Dusty Miller, who beat him fairly in five rounds, winning the decision. The Miller contest is duly listed in the records, but you will look in vain for mention of the O'Brien bout.

* * *

NOT that it matters! McFarland was much too great a boxer for his fame to suffer any detriment by reason of a couple of trifling setbacks received when he was a young recruit in the professional slugging army. It has happened to the best of them!

Wasn't the mighty Peter Jackson kayoed by Bill Farnham long ere Peter was known to the world outside of Australia? Didn't Jim Corbett drop a decision to Billy Welch in his ninth ring essay? Wasn't Bob Fitzsimmons put to sleep by Jem Hall, before Fitz ever saw America, and didn't Jack Dempsey take the knock from Jim Flynn during the barnstorming days of the Manassa Mauler?

And New York's greatest lightweight, Benny Leonard, met with a kayo reverse at the hands of Joe Shugrue during the first year of Benny's progress toward the throne he occupied so long and worthily.

As a lightweight, Stanley Ketchel was twice decisively whipped by Maurice Thompson, once in six, and again in ten rounds. But Thompson never won to championship form in his class, whereas Ketchel became one of the greatest middleweight kings that the ring ever knew. Jack Britton, who reigned so long as welter champion, was knocked dead to the world in less than a round by Steve Kinney, the first time Jack put up his hands as a professional.

* * *

PACKEY had to fight a good many times outside of his native burg before Chicago sports in general awoke to the fact that the Windy City had produced a real sensation in the line of fisticuffs. The reason for this odd state of things, was that his local fame was on the whole confined to the Stock Yards district. The long boxing shutdown which followed the revelation of the McGovern-Gans fake, and drastic action by the authorities, had eliminated the clubs, and when the game started up again it was in a cheap and uncertain way.

The East was yet to become aware of his wonderful abilities, but he was a familiar and appreciated ring-principal in such cities as Milwaukee, Davenport, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, etc. His initial ring appearance in the East was in Boston with Bert Keyes in 1908. He handled Keyes with the cold indifference of a professor giving a pupil a lesson, and the sport-writers acclaimed him as a marvel of science and speed.

By this time, Chicago had awakened to the knowledge that, besides providing the world with a lightweight champ in the rugged person of Battling Nelson, it had also given birth to a rara avis of cleverness by the name of Packey McFarland.

A knockout of Jimmy Britt; a decision over, and 25 round draw with Freddy Welsh; no-decision bouts with such Eastern cracks as Young Loughrey, Leach Cross, Tommy Murphy, such feats naturally invested Packey with a reputation second to none in his class, and his hometown honored him accordingly.

His first manager was young Harry Gilmore, son of the veteran lightweight champion, whose enthusiasm for Packey's prowess was such that he resigned from a good job on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Daily News* in order to devote

all his time to the fighter's interests. The combination lasted until the latter end of 1909, when Packey declared his intention of handling his own affairs.

It was said at the time that McFarland was somewhat peeved at Gilmore's failure to get him a match with Battling Nelson for the lightweight champion title. But the truth was that Packey had reached a weight-stage at which he could not train down to 133 ringside and have strength enough left to whip a sparrow. And Nelson resolutely refused to make an exception for Packey or any one else, as regarded making 133 pounds, where his title was concerned.

The Dane was assuredly within his rights in refusing to risk his crown under a superior weight handicap with such a formidable antagonist as the sharp-shooting McFarland. Packey, of course, knew this as well as Nelson did, and could not have sincerely blamed young Gilmore for his inability to cajole the Battler into a trap.

The fact that both were Chicagoans intensified the rivalry between McFarland and Nelson, and in 1908 a meeting just outside the Hotel Astoria in Gotham between the pair resulted in such a hot argument that they nearly came to blows. Nearly—but not quite. For Packey was far too shrewd to give away something he could sell and while the impetuous Dane begged him to come down in a basement and settle their differences in a good old-fashioned-knock-down-and-drag-out shindy, the bover with the business head only grinned scornfully at the suggestion.

In dropping Gilmore from the managerial role, Packey was solely influenced by the belief that he was quite capable of looking after his own affairs, without the unwelcome necessity of cutting profits with a pilot. Later he employed secretaries, among whom the most notable was Emil Thiery, a former wrestler, to help in the conduct of his matchmaking. But the last word was always Packey's when it came to signing articles. The profit-cutting method was out definitely.

* * *

McFARLAND'S battle in London with Freddy Welsh for the British lightweight title was declared a draw, but the consensus of opinion was that the Chicagoan deserved the verdict as he carried the fight to the Englishman most of the time, and had the elusive Freddy on the run and bringing every trick of the game he knew to save himself from disaster.

It is a significant fact that Welsh, naturally a favorite in his own country, was not given the better of it by several of the most prominent British sport writers who saw the fray, in their accounts of the battle. In his first bout with Packey, a ten round engagement, at Milwaukee, McFarland took the decision, and later at Los Angeles they went twenty-five rounds to a draw. The London contest was for twenty rounds.

Packey spent some time abroad in the hope of luring Welsh into another battle. But it is to be concluded that Welsh had had enough of McFarland's game, as no offer, however generous, could tempt him into a new trial of skill. In justice to Welsh, it must be admitted that the scaling conditions in the London bout were in Packey's favor. The then British lightweight limit was 135 pounds, weight at 2 P.M. That suited McFarland nicely. But Welsh could make 133 ringside without any trouble.

The British sports liked McFarland from the social standpoint, as much as they admired his brilliancy as a boxer, and he enjoyed his stay in England to the full. Incidentally, he was well paid for his trouble, according to the standard of those times. He netted a neat sum from the Welsh battle on May 30, 1910, and the following month kayoed Jack Goldswain, the English welter champion, in three rounds for a purse of $3,500.

Musical hall engagements also added considerably to his bank account, so that, taken on the whole, his trip abroad was satisfactory, even if he did feel that he had been cheated out of a victory over Welsh.

* * *

NEW YORK knew Packey best by his no decision bouts here with Tommy Murphy, Leach Cross, and other crack lightweights. It cannot be denied, however, that the weight factor was invariably in McFarland's favor. He was such a good drawing card that the promoters were not inclined to insist on him scaling at the lightweight limit, and it was common talk that he really belonged in the welter division.

It will be remembered that a somewhat similar state of affairs existed with regard to champion Benny Leonard during his final year's occupancy of the lightweight throne. Benny was generally suspected then of being much closer to the welter than the lightweight notch. But nothing could be proved about it, for his weighing-in stunts were performed in strict privacy for the edification of a select few observers who preserved discreet silence thereafter.

McFarland always pulled through with a comfortable lead over his New York opponents but one of them, Tommy Murphy, the hard-punching indomitable Celt of the big fighting heart, gave him one of the hardest tests Packey ever experienced. That was in 1911 on the Coast, and for twenty rounds Murphy rushed and worried McFarland with the persistency of a fighting bull terrier.

Murphy was at his peak then, a two-handed, smashing puncher who knew every trick in the game. McFarland was compelled to bring all his superb generalship and boxing craft into operation to offset Tommy's splendid aggressiveness. Packey was awarded a verdict on points and the decision was a fair one. But McFarland was afterwards wont to refer to that gruelling mill as the toughest battle in his experience.

* * *

ON the other hand, one of his easiest performances was that in which he outpointed Matt Wells at old Madison Square Garden during 1912. Wells, English bred and born, was Freddy Welsh's closest rival for the British lightweight crown, and had lived up to a high-class reputation by his excellent showings before New York clubs with such good men as Leach Cross, K. O. Brown and Abe Attell.

Therefore the match with McFarland had an international flavor and drew a packed house. But it turned out an extremely one-sided affair. The Chicagoan left-handed Wells almost at will, feinted him into knots, and bewildered him with an assortment of flashing punches that seemed to strike from every angle. Wells, ever game, never stopped trying, but he was so utterly outclassed that the newspapers were a unit in declaring Packey victor, for this occurred in the not to be regretted no decisions days.

The best fighters occasionally make mistakes by underestimating opponents. Jim Corbett, for instance, when heavyweight champion, took on the iron-headed, body-armored Tom Sharkey for four rounds at a couple of days' notice, and came within an ace of being stopped as a result of his carelessness. Sharkey, then a comparative novice, roughed and wrestled the champ around, and Jim, who was anything but in good scrapping shape, was lucky to last to the scheduled limit of the bout, and hear the referee call it a draw.

In more recent times, or to be specific in April, 1935, heavyweight champion Max Baer ran into a snag at Cleveland in the person of Eddie Simms. The latter batted Max about with shameless disregard for the champ's high prestige, and gave him a black eye into the bargain. Being merely a four-rounder with no decision in question, it didn't register officially as a defeat for Baer. But many form-students took the result as a tip-off confirming rumors that Baer had "gone back," and bet on Braddock when the latter dethroned Max a couple of months later.

* * *

USUALLY McFarland steered his course according to a favorite maxim of Bob Fitzsimmons, that "one never knows when a so-called chump may turn out to be a champ!" But he slipped on two occasions in the matter of sizing up a prospective antagonist. One was when he wired a Boston promoter who desired his services that so long as his terms were agreed to, he didn't care who was selected to meet him.

The promoter picked Dave Deshler, a stiff-punching lightweight with a record of forty-four battles won out of fifty-two. McFarland started off at a fast pace. But either he was a bit off color that night, or else he had certainly undervalued Deshler,

When Packey visited San Francisco three years ago with the boys of the Catholic Youth Organization, he was snapped with several fighters whom he had met in the ring. In this photo are Johnny McCarthy, One Round Hogan, and Jimmy Britt, each of whom he fought. Those in the picture, from left to right, are: Tim McGrath, veteran trainer and manager; Johnny McCarthy, One Round Hogan, Packey McFarland, Jimmy Britt and Willie Ritchie, former lightweight king.

for his usually unerring left failed to score with accuracy, and Deshler made Packey step his liveliest every inch of the way.

Referee Sheehan called it a draw and was amply justified. But Packey, for the first and only time, lost his head, knocked down Sheehan and punched one of Deshler's seconds. A ring riot nearly followed, but McFarland cooled down quickly, apologized to everybody concerned, and shook hands with the opponent who had given him such an unwelcome surprise.

* * *

SOON after his twenty-round victory over Tommy Murphy on the Coast, a Memphis, Tenn., club offered McFarland a ten-round bout with Jack Britton, which Packey accepted. Jack began fighting in 1904, the same year that Packey made his professional debut. Britton had been to the post 126 times, as against Packey's list of seventy battles. The former had beaten a lot of good men, but most of these were not of the first rank, whereas McFarland had been performing in topnotch company.

Yet those who knew Britton intimately were aware that he was real "class," although he had been less lucky than McFarland in obtaining important matches. McFarland, however, held Britton rather lightly and did not anticipate much trouble in disposing of Jack's pretentions in Memphis. Instead, he found a formidable foe of undeniable boxing cleverness and ring craft who extended him to the utmost.

It was an eight-round bout and the referee declared a draw, much to the dissatisfaction of the spectators, a big majority insisting that Britton had won. Dispatches from the ringside to the Chicago papers hailed Britton as a coming champion, and asserted that McFarland was fortunate to escape defeat.

That battle "made" Britton as a drawing card, and later, when he was taken under the managerial wing of Dan Morgan, he went up the pugilistic ladder in leaps, finally winning the world's welterweight championship. Morgan persistently challenged McFarland for a return match by mail, by telegraph and through the newspapers, until Packey must have hated the very sound of his rival's name.

But it was a lengthy period before Packey consented to meet Jack again. Not that McFarland feared the issue, he was afraid of nothing walking on two legs. But Packey believed he had been taken advantage of in the Memphis business, where he thought he should have been declared winner. It was really in the spirit of standing up for his rights, and not acknowledging what he considered an absurd claim that he gave Morgan and his charge the cold shoulder.

* * *

EVENTUALLY there arose a public demand for the match that could no longer be ignored. With the result that in 1913 Britton and McFarland went ten rounds under no-decision rules in New York. It was good fighting in every sense of the word. Both were clever, superbly so, and a bit cautious as well, but there was plenty of force to the punching and the onlookers were well satisfied at the finish.

It was a hard scrap to call a winner in. Opinions among the ringsiders were pretty evenly divided. The newspaper verdicts showed a slight majority for McFarland, but on the whole it could have been listed a fifty-fifty break without making an error. As a matter of fact, the question of superiority between this notable pair was never actually settled. A third meeting in Milwaukee, also a no-decision affair, was no more decisive than the Gotham encounter.

After the final meeting with Britton, which took place December 8, 1913, Packey remained idle until September 11, 1915. He had announced his retirement but yielded to the inducement of an exceptionally big purse to tackle Mike Gibbons for ten rounds before a New York club. Gibbons was a middleweight, and the most scientific of the class at that date. In fact, the St. Paul Phantom, as the sport writers christened him, was a veritable marvel of cleverness, and the fans looked forward to a genuine treat in fighting fireworks when he and Packey answered the clang of the gong.

But, as has frequently happened when two first-chop scientists get together, there was no excitement whatsoever. Both were equipped with a knockout punch, each feared the other might get home on the fateful point. Neither would take a chance. So the much-touted fray turned out to be a disappointment, for the principals tapped and lightly footed their way through the ten rounds without the slightest damage being done on either side.

That was Packey's farewell to the ring, not an imposing or sensational one, although demonstrative of his superlative skill. Henceforth, business and the domestic life were to claim him. But he never lost his keen interests in sport. He was an intelligent and valuable force on the Illinois State Athletic Commission, and many a young boxer profited by words of cheer and assistance in his chosen profession given by McFarland, master ring-scientist of his day!

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Braddock's Title at Stake in "Overweight" Bout
If K.O.'d Would Lose Heavyweight Crown
Boxing Board Tightens Net on Foul Fighters

WHEN does a heavyweight championship change hands?

This is a query that has been frequently asked of me since the New York Commission issued its famous "over-the-weight" ruling following Jimmy Braddock's request to be permitted to engage in several tune-up no-decision battles before defending his title. Needless to say, I thoroughly disagree with General Phelan's latest boxing ruling, because, if carried out, it would result in gumming up the works in boxing, and in the long run we would see just as chaotic a condition exist in pugilism as in wrestling.

Let me enlighten our readers on how a title can change hands, and perhaps General Phelan will accept our suggestion in the spirit in which it is offered—for the good of the sport. A heavyweight championship, like other titles in boxing, changes hands—

1. If the heavyweight king is knocked out by his opponent.
2. If he loses the bout by the decision route.
3. If he is declared the loser on a foul.
4. If he is forced to retire through an injury (what is commonly known as a technical knockout).
5. If he is disqualified for disobeying the rules under which he is fighting.
6. If he fails to answer the gong for the start of any round and the referee completes the count of ten over him.
7. If he engages in an advertised non-championship fight and is knocked out.

No. 7 is one answer that I would suggest the good General of the New York State Commission take home with him and study closely so that, in the event Jimmy Braddock should be kayoed in one of the "over-the-weight" matches which General Phelan concedes is a non-championship bout, the guiding hand of the commission will understand why James will no longer be the world title-holder. It is amazing to me how, admittedly the best commission on boxing in the world—notwithstanding my disagreement with its members on occasions—can at times gum up the works so that months of arduous labor are required to undo the damage. Yet such is the case, sorry to say.

* * *

THE unprecedented action of the New York Commission in granting Braddock permission to engage in ten-round no-decision bouts in which his title is not to be at stake is one for the books. I am still further amazed that such a wise man of boxing as Bill Brown is willing to stand by and permit himself to be ridiculed for an act for which another member of the commission is responsible.

Bill Brown knows that from the day boxing got its start to the present, the heavyweight title has always been at stake every time the champion entered the ring to face an opponent, and General Phelan, much as he would like to, cannot alter this situation. His line of reasoning is so foolish that he places himself and his colleagues in a most embarrassing position before foreign boxing organizations, whose officials know their boxing as well, if not better than we do.

What does precedent mean when the whim of one or more individuals is concerned! General Phelan's ruling that a heavyweight can engage in an "over-the-weight" match, just as is permitted in other classes, is the most weird ruling ever perpetrated on the boxing game. The fact that no matter how heavy a heavyweight is he still continues to remain in the same class apparently doesn't mean a thing to General Phelan. He is simply determined that Jimmy Braddock must be helped and, since there is no other way out, the "over-the-weight" ruling is concocted!

* * *

I WONDER how General Phelan will prove to John Public that Jimmy Braddock is still the world champion should the Jerseyite, with whom I am on most friendly terms, accept Joe Louis as an opponent in one of those "over-the-weight" matches, and be counted out! The New York Commission chairman will have to work the rest of his life to convince the fans that Braddock, and not Louis, would then be the champion. There is always that knockout possibility, even if the worst palooka is the champ's opponent.

There can be only one result to such a ruling, and that is confusion. Haven't we enough such confusion, General Phelan, in the heavyweight wrestling ranks without bringing it into boxing? You should see the light, General. Please don't kill the interest in boxing by making rules to suit yourself.

* * *

NEW YORK STATE'S boxing law prevents boxing exhibitions. Every fight must be judged by judges and referee, hence in New York, every time Braddock faces an opponent, his championship will be at stake, because even though the commission permits him to fight in a non-championship affair, a decision against him will automatically lose the crown for Braddock. If the New York Commission thinks otherwise, I wish I owned the man who could get a verdict over Jimmy in New York. I'd soon prove to General Phelan that popular opinion, not his, would be the ruling factor in final recognition of the victor as the world title-holder.

In New Jersey, likewise, exhibitions are taboo. Judges and referee must decide all bouts, hence Braddock's title, regardless of boxing commision rulings in that state, would be at stake every time he fought. The number of rounds has nothing to do with the case.

General Phelan, when informed of the attitude of the scribes towards his latest ruling, sagely remarked:

"Yes, it would look very bad for Braddock if he were knocked out, but we still would recognize him as the champion."

* * *

YES, indeed, General, it would be extremely bad for Braddock and Joe Gould were such to happen, despite your continued recognition of Jimmy as champion. In fact, even Joe Gould, manager of the champion, recognizes the gravity of the situation in deciding upon several tune-up fights of a non-championship order, by declaring to the newspapermen: "Jimmy needs some bouts under his belt and I've decided to put him in several no-decision bouts. Of course, I realize that if my Jimmy is knocked out, we're knocked out of a title and plenty of dough, but it can't be helped."

It begins to look more and more like a plan to prevent Schmel-

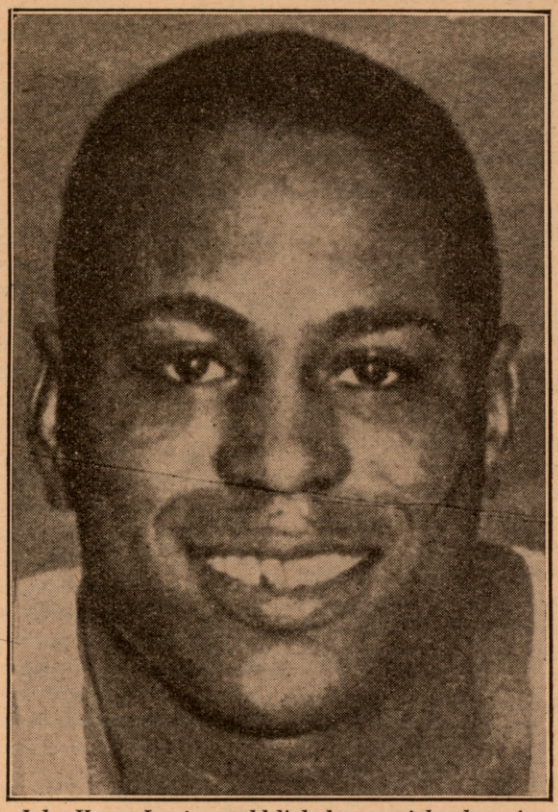
ing, the German, who earned the right to a title shot, from getting it. Apparently Braddock and Gould and their advisors are beginning to fear that if Max wins, the heavyweight championship will be taken abroad, to remain there indefinitely, and they have no desire to fall in line. They also figure that, with the blackballing of the Schmeling bout by many Jewish and Catholic sportsmen, a Braddock-Schmeling contest cannot draw more than $500,000 tops, while a Louis-Braddock bout will draw a million dollars.

The big gate is what Gould and Braddock and the promoters are aiming for, and that is why the promoters are helping to steer Braddock into several "non-championship" fights, including one with Louis. In fact, the bout with Louis seems to be the real aim, because it would net Braddock more than he could hope to get from a fight with Schmeling, and if Jimmy should be whipped by the K.O., he would feel satisfied because an American lad, and not a foreigner, had gained the crown.

If such a fight is arranged, there is talk of having the Jersey legislature amend the boxing code to permit a no-decision bout, so that if Braddock were on his feet at the end of ten rounds, he would not be shorn of his crown. Under such a rule, with neither judges nor referee being permitted to decide a winner, of course Braddock's crown would not be at stake, and the newspaper decision would not affect his status, except in public opinion. But if he were kayoed, he would have a difficult time proving that he still was the champion. And, as I have said before, if a decision is rendered in the ring against Braddock, then also will his title go with an adverse verdict.

* * *

THE death of Packey McFarland adds the name of one more great fighter of the past who has joined the ranks of the boxing Immortals in Valhalla. Those who saw McFarland in action during the prime of his career will always remember him for his extreme cleverness. Few boxers of modern times can be rated Packey's masters. He had everything a great fighter should possess, and only his inability to keep within the lightweight limit kept him from a title. He was one of that class of celebrities who will go down in ring history in the "Almost Made It" class.



John Henry Lewis, world light-heavyweight champion, who is in England to meet Len Harvey. Lewis sailed after knocking out Red Burman.

Elsewhere in this issue is a story of Packey's career. Read it and you'll know then why the fistic experts of the past sang his praises.

* * *

IT was gratifying to learn that the report of a change in the no-foul rule was erroneous and that the New York State Boxing Commission has simply tightened its grip on those who have taken advantage of the code to foul at every opportunity in order to weaken an opponent. Following the publication of the proposed change, I wrote a letter to General Phelan, asking him if the no-foul rule, which has saved the game from the clutches of the gamblers, would be eliminated, and here is his reply:

> Referring to your esteemed letter, in which you make inquiry as to whether the State Athletic Commission has altered the "no-foul" rule, would say that the "no-foul" rule applied only to the low blow.
>
> This low blow rule is still in effect, and the contract which the boxer signs provides that the contest is not to be terminated on account of a low blow, as the abdominal guard selected by the boxers is, in their own opinion, sufficient protection to withstand any so-called low blow which might temporarily incapacitate either or both of the parties.
>
> Regarding fouls, the referee has always had the power to disqualify a boxer who commits any of the following infractions:
>
> 1. Hitting an opponent who is down, or who is getting up after being down.
> 2. Using the knee.
> 3. Purposely going down without being hit.
> 4. The failure to obey the referee, or any physical action which may injure a contestant, excepting by fair, sportsmanlike boxing.
>
> The referee also has the power to penalize a boxer with the loss of a round, after giving him one warning, for one of the following reasons:
>
> 1. Holding an opponent, or deliberately maintaining a clinch.
> 2. Hitting with the inside or butt of the hand, wrist or the elbow (including so-called backhand blow).
> 3. Hitting or flicking with an open glove.
> 4. Wrestling or roughing on the ropes.
> 5. Striking deliberately on that part of the body over the kidneys.
> 6. The use of the pivot blow and rabbit punch.
> 7. Hitting on the break.
>
> For your further information, would add that there is a new book being printed which will include all the changes which have been made in the laws and rules since August 1st, 1933, to and including September 15th, 1936.
>
> JOHN J. PHELAN,
> Chairman.

In further comment, the General added that a referee has it within his power at all times to disqualify a boxer who is guilty of gross infractions of the rules, and under this head comes deliberate, repeated fouling. I think this is as it should be. A fighter who deliberately fouls, regardless of no-foul rules, places himself in the position of a coward and the boxing game has no place for such type.

I congratulate the boxing commission on calling attention of the rules to its official referees, some of whom have interpreted the no-foul rule as one which automatically prevents a referee from disqualifying a boxer regardless of the offence, and I also congratulate the board on its foresight in not tampering with a splendid boxing rule.

* * *

THE knockout of Red Burman by John Henry Lewis in the second round in Chicago was the biggest upset of the month. Red, protege of Jack Dempsey, had been coming along like a house afire, had scored several knockouts over better than ordinary talent and then, in a gamble, took on the world light-heavyweight champion and met his Waterloo. The sleek Negro fighter actually knocked out Burman twice, but a mix-up at the bell ending the first round saved him the first time. This merely postponed the ending as Max Waxman, handler of Burman, was forced to toss in the towel in 2:20 of the second round to save his man from further injury.

Thus Burman has felt what he had previously delivered to others, and if I know "Red," I don't think it will have any ill-

effect on his future. In discussing the knockout with Burman, I asked him how it happened. This was his reply:

"He caught me with a beauty and I never knew where I was after that. But if I get him into the ring again, I'll turn the tables on him. One knockout doesn't mean anything. Jack Dempsey was kayoed. So was Benny Leonard and Joe Louis and other great fighters. I'll know how to keep my chin out of the way the next time."

That's the real Dempsey spirit—the spirit that has been drilled into Burman and other members of the Dempsey-Waxman stable—and that's why their boys are good drawing cards. They always fight. A few more such managers are needed in the boxing game.

* * *

THE Burman knockout was followed by another big upset when Sixto Escobar, world bantam king, was not only floored but lost the decision in an over-the-weight match to Harry Jeffra of Baltimore. That bout was another indication that the talent in the smaller divisions is rapidly improving. If the improvement continues, it won't be long before we will have a crop of real game-cocks in this country. In Escobar's defeat, however, I was somewhat puzzled by the manner in which the bout was scored. It is rather amusing to see two judges award the fight to one man and the referee call it the opposite way by so big a margin that it makes it appear that there was something screwy about the verdict. I didn't see the fight, hence won't pass judgment on the official decision, but why the judges saw the fight in Jeffra's favor and Referee Charley Short awarded nine rounds to Escobar and only one to the winner requires some sort of an explanation. Don't you think so? Judging by the newspaper reports from Baltimore, the verdict was a correct one.

* * *

HARRY BALSAMO demonstrated before a near capacity house in the Hippodrome a few weeks ago that he may be rated with the clouters of pugilism by the manner in which he polished off another excellent hitter, Eric Seelig of Germany. Entering the ring a seven to five shot in the betting, Harry thrilled the gathering by knocking out the German middleweight champion in 1:04 of the first round.

The bout was similar to that between Dempsey and Fulton some years ago, when the Manassa Mauler dimmed the lights for the Plasterer even before many of the late comers had an opportunity to get to their seats. So it was with Balsamo. His opponent didn't land a blow.

Harry jabbed three times, then feinted with his left and, quick as a flash, out shot one of the prettiest right-hand jolts I've ever seen—a reminder of the great Stanley Ketchel days. The I.R.T. brakeman and trackman uncoupled Seelig from his balance and he fell like a log. Not only was the crowd unprepared for such a quick ending because of the calibre of the boys in the ring, but Seelig was so shocked he didn't know what struck him.

The German hit the deck three times before Referee Johnny Marto decided to call a halt, an action that probably savd Eric from fatal injury. The German got to his feet at the count of eight after the first knockdown, but when he arose, he was reeling on rubber legs and was a mark for further bombardment. Balsamo went after his prey with fire in his eyes and didn't give Eric a chance to recover.

He rushed in savagely and quickly had his opponent down for a second count. Seelig got up at five this time, but couldn't protect himself. He leaned against the ropes as several well directed shots from Balsamo's fists hit the mark. Seelig tried to protect himself by covering his face with his hands, but Balsamo got through the barrier and floored him again.

When the German got part way to his feet, Referee Marto mercifully stopped the slaughter.

* * *

BY his victory, Balsamo proved his right to a shot at Freddie Steele's American middleweight crown, because Seelig was sitting on top of the world as the leading challenger prior to his defeat. In Balsamo, the world of fisticuffs has the best middleweight hitter since Paul Berlenbach deserted the ranks of the wrestlers to join the boxing brigade. In fact, in all my experience, I doubt that I have seen a middleweight fighter to equal Balsamo's punching powers since Ketchel was in his prime. Time will tell, however, whether Balsamo is just a flash in the pan—something I doubt. He looks and acts every inch the fighter and I predict for him the world championship if he gets the opportunity to meet Steele and Marcel Thil, the world crown wearer.

He is a former Golden Glover, and like many other boys who gained fame as amateur performers under the auspices of the *Daily News* Golden Gloves tournaments, Balsamo should go a long way in boxing. Balsamo is just another reason why the boxing fraternity owes a vote of thanks to the directors of the Golden Gloves tourneys throughout the country. They have done much to foster the sport and to develop high class talent.

The New York railroad employee who gained the power behind his blows by swinging a twenty-five-pound sledge, first won prominence when he stiffened most of his opponents in the amateurs last year. Only three opponents went the limit with him and two he knocked out later in return bouts, while the third took the wiser course and became Harry's sparring mate. The new middleweight sensation has won forty-eight bouts out of his fifty-four amateur fights by the K.O. route. His best performance prior to the Seelig K.O. was his knockout of Paul Pirrone.

* * *

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN has made a fine start with its indoor season. Thanks to good matchmaking by Jimmy Johnston, the House that Tex Built has been packing 'em in—as it should be. Johnston's first three indoor offerings have been all that could be desired, even though several of the bouts didn't come up to expectations. The point is that on paper, every contest he had arranged looked good, but we cannot blame the Garden for the failure of several boys to deliver.

It is gratifying to see many of the old faces back in the front rows at the Garden fights. That is an excellent sign. It means that the fight game is thriving again and the Garden is giving the fans the kind of shows that used to pack the place to the rafters. Perhaps the Garden will admit that competition is really worth while.

With the Hippodrome as a keen rival, both clubs are certain to make big money this season because each will do its utmost to place shows before the public that will draw. For the good of the sport, I hope the friendly rivalry will continue and that both Jimmy Johnston and Tom McArdle, rival matchmakers, will keep on their mettle in an effort to please.

* * *

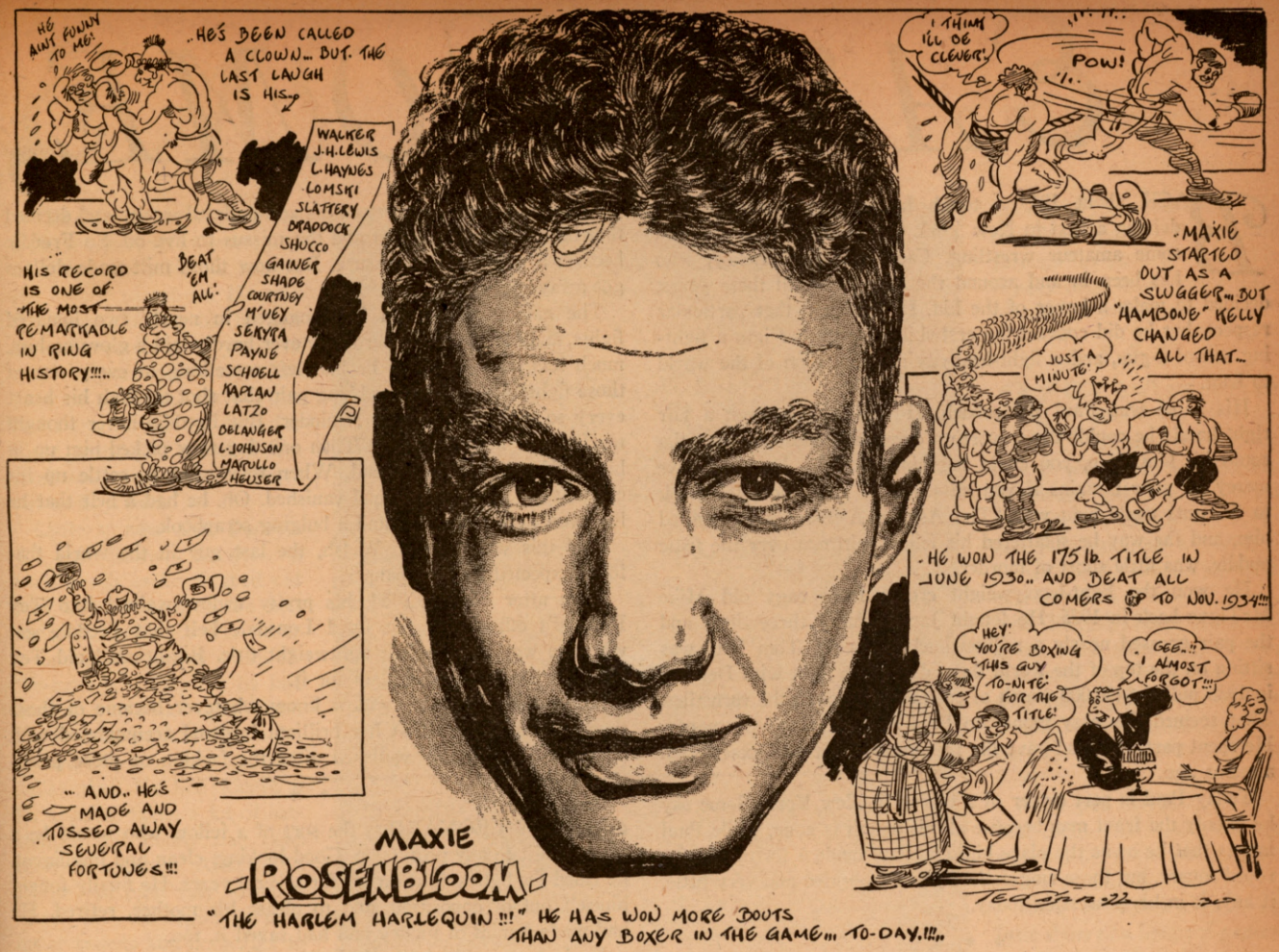
ON the night of the McLarnin-Canzoneri fight, Lou Ambers received a handsome three-panel belt from THE RING. The belt, the sixty-seventh award of this publication to world champions, becomes Ambers' permanent possession. Every champion in every division since 1922 has been honored with a trophy by THE RING. Ambers received his belt for winning the world lightweight title from Canzoneri.

During the month, another RING award will be made in Washington when I will present a belt to Petey Sarron, the featherweight champion of the world. Petey won his title from Freddie Miller. Thus THE RING keeps alive boxing romance and aids the sport by giving the boys an added incentive to win a crown.

* * *

TWO splendid sporting books made their appearance during the past month, one a revised edition of "Ten and Out," the history of American boxing by Alexander Johnston, and the other the life of Tex Rickard, written by his wife in collaboration with Arch Obolier. The Johnston book is brought down to the Louis-Schmeling fight, thus making this the most complete story of the American prize ring on the market. (Ives Washburn, $3.50.)

The book on Rickard is called "Everything Happened to Him." It gives a graphic account of the stirring career of the man who brought the million-dollar gate into fisticuffs. (Frederick Stokes, $2.50.)



PLAYBOY *of the* RING

By TED CARROLL

AUSTRALIA, long known as a land of strange creatures and happenings, has just been visited by the strangest and one of the most remarkable of modern pugilists. Maxie Rosenbloom is the fighter, and only a few days ago he returned to his beloved Hollywood after a three months' stay in the Antipodes, but we may safely assume that the Aussies will not soon forget this eccentric and unorthodox ringman. If the record book means anything, Maxie Rosenbloom is unquestionably one of the greatest light-heavyweights that ever lived. During his thirteen years of battling, he has engaged in almost three hundred bouts. Of these, he was returned victor approximately two hundred times.

Maxie has led a bizarre existence outside the ring. His training methods have been a little out of the ordinary, to say the least, but apparently the inroads of time have made little impression on the Harlem Harlequin. All the great names of his division, without exception, have been numbered among his victims.

He has never been known to refuse any opponent regardless of circumstances. He has displayed his talents in practically every town in the United States that housed a fight club. He held the light-heavyweight championship of the world from June 25, 1930, to November 16, 1934, and defended it against any and all comers.

* * *

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM went from the streets of Harlem into the prize ring back in 1923, and before he developed the style that has proved so puzzling to his ring foes for more than a decade, he was known as a rough-and-tumble kid and a slugging club-fighter. Maxie's early style of milling proved quite successful for a time and he ran up a long string of victories in New York's small fight clubs.

A hard hitting Bostonian, known as Hambone Kelly, changed Maxie's mind about boxing as an art and a profession at the old Pioneer Sporting Club in New York one evening in March, 1925. With the sound of the gong, Maxie sailed in with his usual reckless abandon, old Hambone, a puncher of tremendous power, hurled a mighty right through Maxie's open guard and hung the hero of Harlem over the ropes. Rosenbloom recalls the rest of the bout as some kind of a horrible nightmare in which he seemed to be continually arising from the floor, but with all that, he managed to land enough punches to win the decision from Hambone, whose ring ability was strictly confined to his mighty right-hand wallop.

* * *

PROFITING from this experience, he resolved to learn a little about evading punches, and before the year was out, defeated George Courtney and Allentown Joe Gans, highly capable warriors of that day, and boxed a close bout with Harry Greb. Rosenbloom made the big time the following year and became a national figure in the boxing business when he defeated Dave Shade, at that time a sensation because of his knockout of the Buffalo Phenom, Jimmy Slattery.

Maxie had hit his stride now and seldom lost a decision. Jack Delaney beat him in Philadelphia, but Maxie didn't mind that, as he had bet his guarantee he would last the limit. In 1927, he created something of a mild sensation by boxing two draws with Tiger Flowers but lost decisions that year to Young Stribling, Lou Scozza, Jimmy Slattery and Leo Lomski.

The years rolled by and Rosenbloom victories rolled up. Disdaining the conventional training routine, *(Continued on page 45)*

EASY COME,

BACK about 1919 a tough bull-necked youngster was driving a taxi in New York City. Of an evening he did some amateur wrestling. Cagy old Dan Hickey, who has been in and around the ring game all these years, decided to make a boxer of the kid. He failed in that particular respect, but he did convert the erstwhile taxi pusher into a fighting son-of-a-gun, and a light-heavyweight champion of the world to boot.

His name was Paul Berlenbach. He didn't have even a fair right hand; he couldn't box worth a damn, and most any palooka could hit him. Yep, you could tag him all right, but God have mercy on your remains if you missed him. That short left hook to the guts could ruin you. "The Astoria Assassin," they called him, and the way he splattered his fellow mittmen over the fistic puddle, was little short of murder.

He won the light-heavyweight crown from cagy old Mike McTigue back in 1925. He fought Jack Delaney three times and the pair grossed nearly a million bucks. Yes sir. Tom Paul was sitting on the top of the world those days. One fight with Delaney in 1926 pulled $450,000 worth of customers through the turnstiles. That seemed like easy money to Paul . . . . it was easy money. He spent part of it and gave the rest away. That was exactly ten annums ago.

Today Paul is part owner of a tavern in New York. Some say he is only the front man because all his dough is gone, while Paul insists that he owns the place himself. Paul made a fortune in the roped square, but those ring dollars just evaporated and very little, if any, is in his possession today.

* * *

ANOTHER fellow who found those ring bucks hard to hang on to, was Luis Angel Firpo. Remember him? That hairy giant from the Argentine? Firpo came about as close to winning the heavyweight title as any mug who lacked fighting ability. Ask any guy that saw him hoist Jack Dempsey over the ropes with a swinging right-hand haymaker the evening of Septemper 14, 1923, at the Polo Grounds in New York.

Well, Firpo was in the big money for quite a spell and he was never known to turn a dollar loose without shedding tears of anguish. He is remembered chiefly because of that knockdown brawl with Dempsey, but before that, Luis had bowled over knuckle-dusters like Bill Brennan, Gunboat Smith, Charley Weinert, Jack McAuliffe and Jess Willard.

He carted off a shipload of American jack to Argentina. Nobody doubted but what the Wild Bull of the Pampas was fixed for life. What is he doing today? The best he can, probably. But he is flat broke. Every dollar he earned in the ring has vanished. A while back he was in Dutch with the law for selling mortgaged property. He got out of that scrape and then tinkered with the idea of a "comeback." Imagine a fellow who made as much dough as Firpo did, trying to get in shape to fight again at the age of forty! Well, he just couldn't make the grade. He won two fights and in his next encounter he was knocked out in the third round.

* * *

THERE are a lot of fellows who will tell you that Freddie Welsh was one of the best fighters that England ever sent over here. He was a native of Pontypridd, Wales, a burg that few knew existed until Freddie outscored Willie Ritchie in a twenty-round battle for the lightweight championship.

Immediately after licking the California Dutchman, Welsh headed for this country. He had the good fortune to be a champion in the old "no decision" days. All a champion had to do then to hang onto his crown was to be able to leave the ring under his own power at the end of the fight.

Welsh fought every time he got the opportunity—two, three and sometimes four times a week—and it wasn't till 1917 that Benny Leonard dropped him down the chimney.

Freddie took an inventory of his accumulated wealth and decided that he had plenty for him and the missus to live on. So Freddie became a gentleman of leisure. But how those mitt-made dollars got away!

The gallant Welshman had engaged in nearly two hundred fights, and outside of Leonard, few ever hardly laid a glove on him, much less hurt him. But he had left something in every one of those fights. That sharp, stabbing pain that shot through his heart every so often was a grim reminder. But Freddie never thought much about the bum ticker. Then one day they picked him up in his shabby little office—dead. When they went to settle up his estate, they found that it had vanished. Oh, he had a belt that he had won here and there, and a bulging scrapbook.

And this was Freddie Welsh, the last guy in the world that folks expected to die a pauper.

Soon after Freddie died, his pretty widow walked into Tex Rickard's office with the Lord Lonsdale belt that Freddie got when he won the English lightweight title. Big-hearted old Tex gave her six hundred dollars for it.

Neither did Freddie's widow know whatever became of those thousands of dollars that her brilliant husband accumulated with his fists. They simply vanished after the fashion of those prize-ring dollars.

* * *

BENNY LEONARD is the sort of a fellow who would be a credit to any profession. Good-looking, clean and intelligent, he ruled the lightweight throne for several years. He finally fought himself out of opposition, and to please his mother, retired. He had made a mint of money and had saved it, too.

He had a world of friends in New York among the civic and financial leaders. They advised him when and where to invest it. Some went into Florida real estate, some into the stock market. Then came the crash in '29. Along with thousands of others, Benny woke up one morning finding himself land rich but money poor. But Benny was not discouraged. He decided to take another chance in the ring.

The sparkling old champion still had enough on the ball to get him by the so-so fighters and he turned a fair stream of gold into the Leonard larder once more. Then one day they tossed him in against Jimmy McLarnin. Benny should have known better. His handlers should have known better, too. For if there is anything Jimmy can do, it is to pound the daylights out of boys of the Jewish race, as witness his brawls with Sid Terris, Jackie Fields, Kid Kaplan, Joe Glick, Ruby Goldstein and Al Singer. What was left of the once great Benny Leonard went the same way. Jimmy pounded him into an inglorious defeat. They stopped it in the seventh to save the gallant old champion further punishment.

Benny retired again, and he had a neat little bankroll, but nothing like the one he dropped in the smash-up of 1929. Today he is doing well as a radio sports announcer, lecturer and a sports writer. He also has a fighter, Eddie Dunn.

* * *

NOT so long ago a battered hulk of a man shuffled into a New York establishment that buys old gold. His bashed in nose, puffed eyebrows and a pair of ears that looked something like a couple of water-soaked biscuits were ample evidence that he was an old washed-up ringman. He laid a glittering belt on the counter. The massive buckle was engraved, "To Panama Joe Gans, Light-heavyweight Champion of America." He had won it back in 1921 when he whipped Mike McTigue in a bout at Jersey City, N. J.

The fellow behind the counter examined it with a critical eye and shoved it back to its shabby owner.

"W-w-w-why, I t'ought you bought old gold," the battered colored man stammered in amazement.

"We do," the man smiled, "but that ain't gold. It ain't worth four-bits."

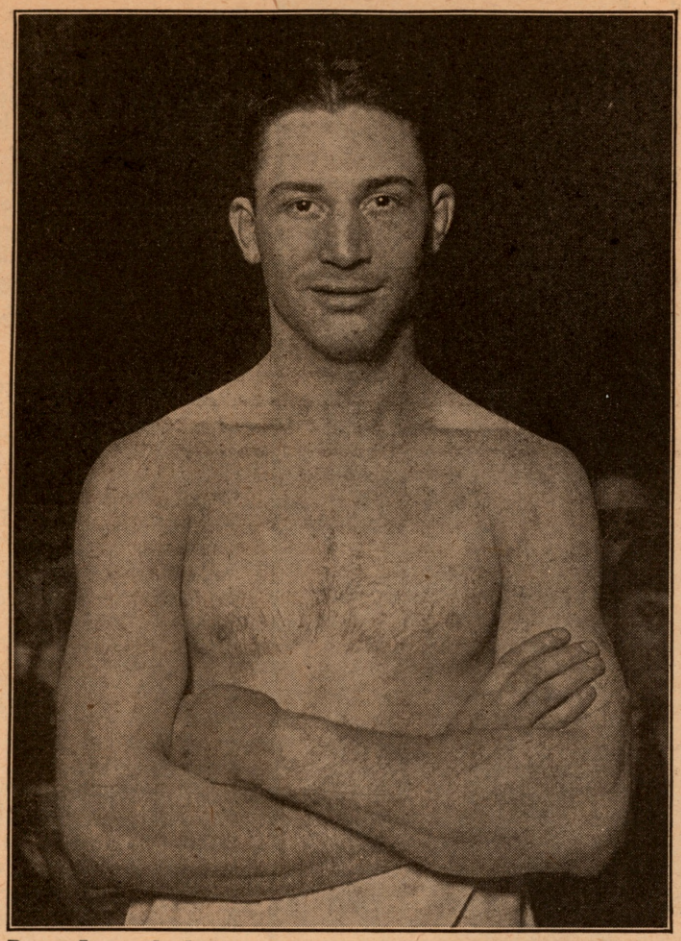
EASY GO

By T. W. McNIEL

The old war-horse's face was a picture of chagrin, anger and utter hopelessness. He needed the money to eat on. He was flat broke. Bit by bit he had seen the earnings of years of cruel warfare go, but he had hung on to the belt. It was the last thing he had to show for those scores of brutal fights. And now, even it had turned out to be a fake.

Little wonder that Panama Joe had difficulty in choking back a sob as he shuffled out into the street with the belt under his arm. Joe was never a topnotcher. Rather a run-of-the-mine warrior. But he had earned several good-sized purses, and he had won a lot of the fifty- to five-hundred-dollar size. He had fought a lot and had taken a lot of batterings and finally had been compelled to quit. After all, a fellow can fight just so many times, then he begins to hear queer sounds and he begins to have difficulty in steering a straight course down the street. Panama Joe had reached this stage of "punch drunkenness" before he hung up the gloves.

Wonder what thoughts raced through the colored warrior's battered mentality when he discovered that his most cherished possession was a fraud? They must have been bitter ones indeed.



Benny Leonard who is now a radio boxing commentator, boxing manager, and lecturer on health.

* * *

SAM LANGFORD, the short, sawed-off colored wonder of a generation ago, is another old ringman who has seen those glove dollars come in, then take wing to other fields.

Sam not only has fought the grim spectre of poverty, but that dreaded affliction, blindness, held him a helpless victim for ten of the best years of his life.

He had made plenty of dough. He had stood in the ring with the best heavyweights of his time, and ninety per cent of them he could have licked with one hand. He was "too good" for even the champions of those days to give him a title shot. But Sam had fought a lot, even though he had to wear handcuffs to get a chance to earn a few bucks.

They called him the Boston Tar Baby in those days. Thousands of fans from Coast to Coast had shrieked their acclaim when he hoisted himself through the ropes and turned one of the widest smiles in pugdom to his opponent.

Then he lost the sight of one eye in a bout with Fred Fulton back in 1917. He wouldn't quit even then, the only thing he knew was fighting and he had to fight often because those slippery dollars got away from him as fast as he made them. Then a cataract formed over the one good eye and the happy-go-lucky old plug was through. He went back to Boston, his features battered and bruised from the hammerings of twenty-one years of conflict in the roped arena.

Only last winter, an operation partially restored his sight.

Today, as the dim-visioned old ringster sits in his shabby shoe-shining stand taking in one, two or if a good day, three dollars, the memory of those thousands of golden sheckels that passed through his pockets during his heyday must bring bitter tears of remorse to his eyes.

* * *

NOW don't get the idea that every knuckle-duster comes to the end of his tether a worn-out, dilapidated old plug. Far from it. Guys like old Tommy Ryan and Jack Root, not to mention Gene Tunney, wound up their careers in a blaze of glory, with literally bags of money saved from their ring efforts. Not only did they save it as they made it, but they added to it with wise investments after the curtain had been rung down.

Ryan put his in California real estate years ago, and has watched his initial investments multiply ten-fold.

Root, in addition to being little short of a financial genius, became one of the leaders in the motion picture industry on the West Coast. Needless to say, they'll never have to hold a benefit for James Joseph Tunney either. Though he never won any popularity honors, Gene rates in my book the smartest fighter that ever laced on a boxing glove—and not many milestones from the top in actual ability.

Easy come, easy go. What a world of pathos and sadness is wrapped up in those simple four words. And how they cruelly mock that small army of battered ringmen who come to the end of their usefulness with their fistic earnings scattered to the four winds. Easy come, easy go. Aw . . . .

* * *

ONE of the most pitiful cases in modern boxing history of a fighter who takes his place under the "Easy Come, Easy Go," list, is that of Jimmy Clabby, whose body was found two years ago in the middle west, dead from starvation and exposure. Clabby was one of the most-talked-of American middleweights between the years 1909 and 1912. In 1915 he was defeated by the Australian star, Les Darcy, in Australia, for Jimmy was a globe trotter. His one object seemed to be to gather as much money as he could from his profession so that when he quit he would have a snug sum put aside for a rainy day. His intentions were good but to satisfy a craze for gambling he spent his coin as quickly as he made it and no matter how many lucrative bouts he had, what he obtained for those fights was insufficient to carry him along. Dice was his hobby and that's how he lost all his money so that when he came back to the states, he found it necessary to hire himself out as a watchman and do other odd jobs to earn a living. Easy come, easy go, was his way of looking at life.

There are countless instances of great boxers who built up fortunes only to die human derelects. Most often they lost their fortunes on the fields of chance, aided by the human leeches who after having sucked their victims dry, left them to struggle through the cause of many "come-back attempts."

Lamb Stew He Did Not

Bob Unnerved by Incident at His Home Seventy Two Hours Before He Met Jeffries in Coney Island Ring

This is one of the last pictures taken of Joe Humphreys at work as fight announcer.

IT is important to watch what you eat. If we could go through the history of the world, we would make startling discoveries regarding diet. Even now they are investigating the reasons for the death of Napoleon. They figure that Nap ate the wrong kind of stuff and got himself ulcers which impaired his physical condition and mental alertness, and led to his downfall.

It is interesting to investigate the diet of professional athletes. Big league ball players have eaten their way out of the Big Show. And big league fighters have eaten themselves out of titles. I have one very interesting case about eats. But, strangely enough, the damage was done by a fighter not eating a rare dish.

A lamb stew once resulted in Bob Fitzsimmons' loss of the heavyweight championship. He never consumed the stew, and that's why he lost.

The stew made Fitz a setup for the knockout by Jim Jeffries. Now I will tell you how it all happened. I had it all as straight as Gospel from Yank Kenny, who was one of Ruby Bob's sparring partners.

The records will remind you that Fitzsimmons, holding the title he had won from Jim Corbett at Carson City, fought Jeff at Coney Island on July 9, 1899.

About seventy-two hours before Fitzsimmons was slated to climb into the ring with the Boilermaker, Bob called a meeting of family and relatives in the Fitzsimmons home in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn.

Among that festive group were Kenny, Ernest Roeber, Dan Hickey, Martin Julian, who had married Fitz's first wife; Theo Julian, stage acrobat and sister-in-law of Fitz; Mrs. Fitzsimmons, and a few others.

* * *

FITZ was a strange animal. He was a man of many facets. Toward his sparring partners, his attitude at times was very rough. He loved comedy, and practical jokes. But down in his heart Bob felt the kindliest and most paternal sensibilities toward his handlers and sparring partners. He loved to act the host to them.

Fitz was crazy about lamb stew, with curry. Mrs. Fitz made a feature of this dish, and for the gala occasion she brought in a giant dish loaded with this elegance of lamb.

Now, let me dish out a little family inside stuff. Theo Julian had a sharp tongue and she was a little too much for Bob in repartee. He didn't like Theo overmuch and he never lost a chance to let her have it verbally. She was a sarcastic dame.

Fitz was crazy about his wife. Anything she did was ideal. Anything she cooked was better than the rarest dish Delmonicos ever brought out. Anything she said was law. Nobody ever presumed to do or say anything in Fitz's presence which might be construed as derogatory, even in a comedy way, to his wife.

Fitz surveyed that dish of stew with a smile. At the head of the table, he rose and made a speech. He extolled the virtues of that lamb stew to the skies. He extolled his wife. He delivered an oration which Theo listened to with impatience. Finally Theo got up and let Fitz have it, closing with the remark that, yes, it was a grand stew, but "too good for the likes of you."

Fitz sat dumbfounded. He couldn't say a word. He merely looked at Theo. Finally, in a tremendous rage, he got up and hurled that big dish of lamb stew to the far corner of the room. The place was bespattered with hunks of lamb, with decorations of curry, and with Bob's speechless ire. He stalked out of the place crazy.

Bob's nerves were shot to pieces by that incident. His handlers rushed to calm him down. But he raged at Theo all that day, he could not be calmed the next day, and when he went into the ring with Jeffries, he had not yet settled down. His nervous and mental condition helped to beat him.

Jeffries had been regarded as presumptious in challenging Fitzsimmons. But in the ring the Boilermaker who had been laughed at fought the fight of a champion and had it on the unstrung and unnerved Fitz, who must appear in boxing history as the champion who lost his title because of a lamb stew.

I got the story from Kenny one afternoon as I sat in Johnny Scheuffle's place at William and Pearl Streets, in New York. Kenny sat down to chat and what do you suppose appeared? The waiter brought in a lamb stew, because that dish happened to be my favorite, too.

Kenny took one look, and laughed. I asked why, and drew out the details.

"Fitz was mad that day, but how do you think I felt?" Kenny chuckled.

"I was so hungry, I could have eaten shoe leather, and when

Eat Cost Fitz Title

By JOE HUMPHREYS

Fitz hurled that dish of lamb stew to the far corner, I could have strangled that Theo Julian."

* * *

IN all the years of my association with the ring, I saw many great fights, and I also saw many terrible things, the punkest of the punk. I had one big advantage over everybody. I always could sneak out and talk to the gate man until I had to introduce the next pair.

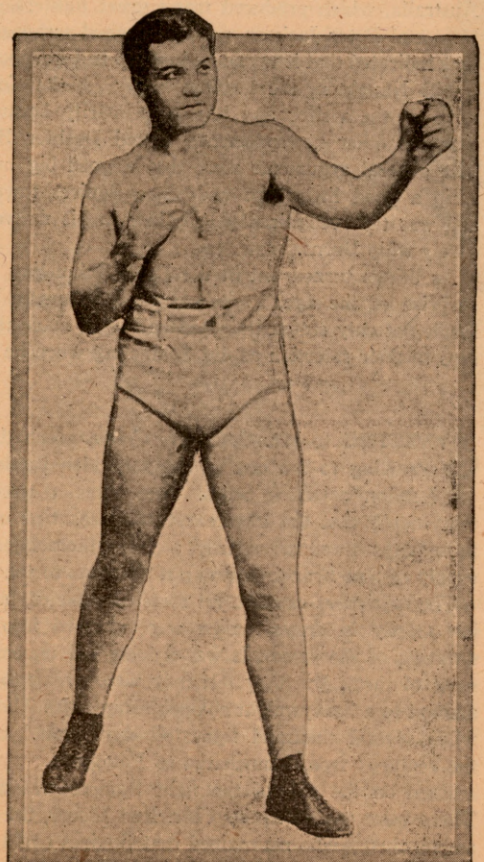
The worst fight I ever saw—the low record for action and the high record for duration without damage—was an alleged contest between Alec Greggins, of California, and Buffalo Costello, middleweights. It went on and on, dragging its horrendous rounds through the night until they had piled up eighty, and it was called a draw. It happened at the Seaside Athletic Club in Coney Island.

Once in a while in the present day we find ourselves dozing through a 12-rounder or 15-rounder that could be held in the public library, so far as undue noise or disturbance are concerned. Can you imagine one going through 80 rounds?

Well, as I said, this one did—five hours and twenty minutes (including rest periods) of clinching, feinting, waltzing and just plain lumbering around, with only at rare intervals the sound of anything like a real sock. To me and the gang who were there with me it didn't seem any more than five years.

J. P. Eckhart was the long-suffering referee who had to keep awake in the ring to see that the boys didn't get rough or ungentlemanly, and whatever J. P. got for that day's work was well earned. There was a stream of people continually coming and going and the event was in some respects a good deal more like a county fair or a church picnic than a prize fight.

Corse Payton, who since then has carved himself out a large helping of fame as the World's Best Bad Actor, or something like that, was with me. Corse and I stuck there in our seats for 17 full rounds, hoping against hope that one of the performers would get careless and slap the other one in the face. There was no such luck, though, and at the end of the 18th round we decided to declare a recess.



Jim Jeffries, as he looked when he scored the lamb stew knockout over Fitzsimmons.

It happened that there was a convenient place where we could fortify ourselves, so to speak, against the strain of going back later to the ringside.

I might recall to your minds, too, that there was no scarcity of such places in those days. Along with some of the other boys who got sick of it about the same time we did, we lined up against Ben Cohen's polished mahogany and proceeded to forget that we had ever even started out to see a fight.

Bob Fitzsimmons, as he was when he met Jeffries at Coney Island.

Everybody bought a round of drinks and each of these rounds produced 1,000,000 per cent more fun and action than any 10 of the rounds that were being dragged out back there in the ring.

We had a nice, sociable little time and after an hour or so somebody in the gang spoke up with a bright idea.

"Say, boys," he said, "there's a fight going on over at the Seaside A. C. Let's take a walk around and see it."

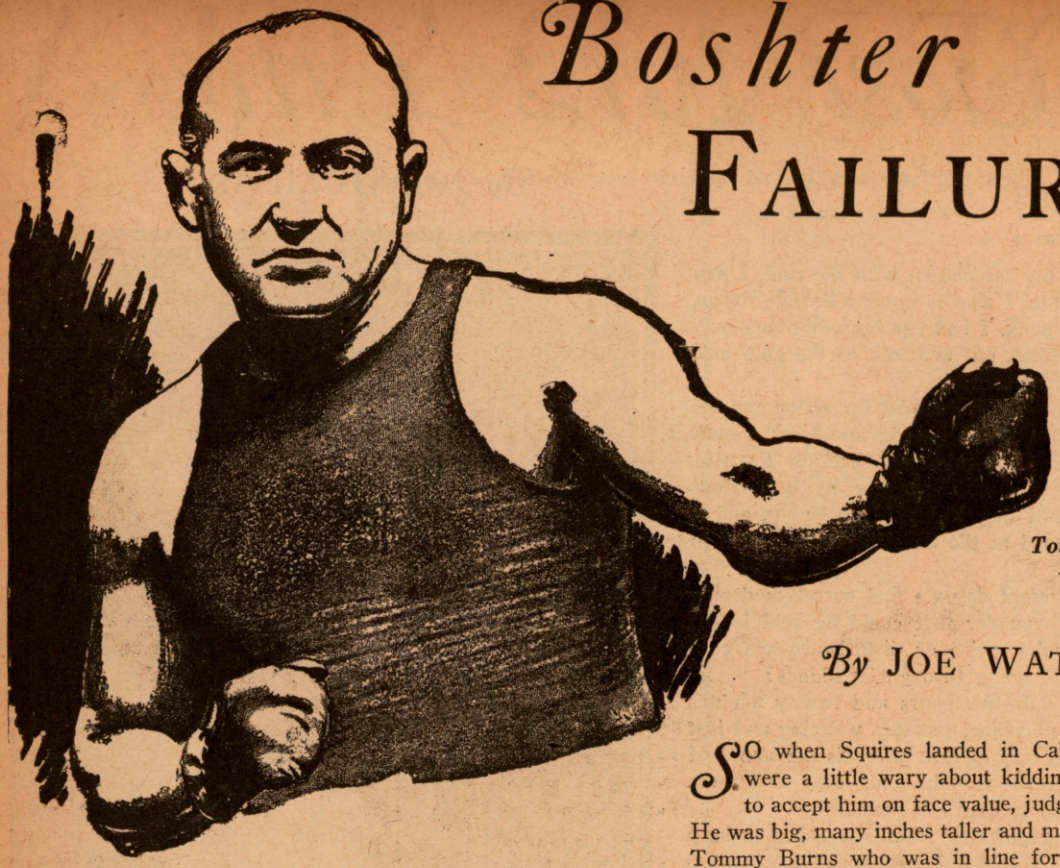
"Sure," said Corse Payton, "let's do that."

So back we all trotted to the place where Aleck and the Buffalo were still trying to settle the question of which was the worst fighter in the world. When we had gotten down close to the ring, Corse stopped and very carefully scrutinized the two weary contenders. Then, disgusted, he turned away.

"For Gosh Sake, Joe," he growled, "I saw this fight a couple of weeks ago."

When the affair got along to the 75th round, both men protested that their hands had given out. The *(Continued on page 46)*

Boshter Bill's FAILURE



Tommy Burns, who KO'ed the Australian.

By JOE WATERMAN

IT was the night of the Louis-Schmeling fight. In one of the leading taverns of Los Angeles, THE RENDEZVOUS of the sportsmen, and movie stars, there gathered a bunch of old timers who had come to listen to the radio report of the Yankee Stadium battle. As is common in such cases, the conversation of the evening centered around heavyweights. There were several in that gathering who had been closely associated with Sunny Jim Coffroth in some of his sporting ventures of a quarter of a century or more ago, and they reminisced over several of the great fights which were promoted by Coffroth when California was the center of the cauliflower industry. The greatness of Jim Corbett as a master of the science of boxing, the hitting power of Jeffries and his fights with Corbett, Fitz and Sharkey came in for review.

Someone inadvertently mentioned the Squires-Burns fight and that started a roar of laughter. Why? Because those who had viewed that contest remembered the fiasco. It was by far the worst heavyweight fight ever staged in California.

* * *

IT was back in 1907 when Jim Coffroth had his little arena at Colma. There arrived in San Francisco the heavyweight champion of Australia. Bill Squires (known in his native land as Boshter Bill) was his name and he came to America, the land of gold and honey, with a long record of knockouts in the Bush.

At the time of Squires' arrival, Tommy Burns was one of the leading contenders for the heavyweight crown, and Jim Jeffries, seeing no future for a heavyweight king, had retired to leave the field to the challengers to fight it out for the laurels. Burns was having a tough struggle to convince the scribes and the public that he was entitled to wear the mantle which Jeff had discarded and he had made up his mind that no Australian was going to stand in his way.

The public remembered that a few years previous a Cornishman, generally listed as an Australian, Freckled Bob Fitzsimmons, had also come to our shores to show his prowess and on that occasion, the Americans were in no hurry to give credence to the reports of Fitz's skill. Yet a few years later, Freckled Bob won the world heavyweight crown, much to the chagrin of those who had belittled him when he made his bid for fistic fame in this country.

SO when Squires landed in California, these same experts were a little wary about kidding him, and they were quick to accept him on face value, judged by his Australian record. He was big, many inches taller and many pounds heavier than was Tommy Burns who was in line for the title and when he approached Jim Coffroth with letters of introduction from sports celebrities from the Antipodes, Sunny Jim quickly matched him with Burns.

Coffroth announced the date, the same that was set for the Ketchell-Thomas middleweight championship fight at Marysville, Cal., and the scribes, remembering Fitzsimmons, ballyhooed Squires to the skies. They figured that any one who came from where Fitz spent his early days, and could whip everyone in Australia, which produced many great fighters, among them the Immortal Peter Jackson, must be a good scrapper and their writings indicated that it would be just too bad for poor Tommy Burns.

Bill Naughton, the leading writer on the Coast, was all het up over the visitor and it was primarily because of his stand, that the other newspapermen tooted Boshter Bill to the skies. The general arguments were that a good big man could always whip a good little man and since Squires towered over Burns and was the recognized title holder in his native land, he would surely whip Burns.

As things turned out in the Louis-Schmeling battle—the fistic surprise of the age, so it was in the Squires-Burns mill. The result not only stunned all Australia, but made the writers as big saps in their selection as did Schmeling when he stopped Louis.

* * *

GETTING to Mr. Coffroth's Colma arena that day was like traveling to see one of the forbidden battles under the old London prizering rules. There was a streetcar strike and that meant that the streetcar traffic was tied up completely. In those days there were only a few automobiles, and the hack supply of San Francisco was not adequate to the demand.

The customers came in all sorts of vehicles, buggies, carriages, but mostly in drays, which were pressed into service for the duration of the strike. It was a long and uncomfortable trip for most of them. But they felt they were going to see what would amount to a heavyweight championship fight. Those were the days when several thousand fight followers would trail a "battle of the century" from Kamchatka to Patagonia.

Even on the day of the fight Squires was a 1-to-5 favorite. There were some skeptics (Mr. Bud Fisher, the cartoonist, being among them) who maintained that Squires could not fight.

"If that bird can fight," said Mr. Fisher, "my name is Michael Angelo." And Mr. Fisher, mortgaging *(Continued on page 45)*

TIGER DAULA

By
BERNICE
SANDBOE

I HAVE just stepped off the Magic Carpet.

With Tiger Daula as my guide, I have paid an imaginary visit to one of the most exciting, picturesque and romantic countries in the world—Hindustan, or as it is more commonly known, British India, the land of the Tal Mahal, of Mohammedanism, of veiled enchantresses and Mahatma Gandhi.

I have visited the province of Punjab, have peeked into the magnificent white marble home in which Tiger Daula and 40 members of his family abide. I have fingered exquisite, multi-colored silks embroidered in gold, and held gold encrusted sandals in my hand. I have heard the native tongue, the Punjabi, spoken and seen Hindu newspapers. And I have met and become acquainted with Tiger Daula, the second greatest wrestler in India.

Being a profound sentimentalist, I was somewhat swept away by the Old World enchantment of Tiger Daula's background. It is not every day one meets a man who is an ardent believer in the doctrines of Islam, or one who was not permitted to see the face of his wife until after the wedding ceremony, or who obeys, implicitly, his elder brother who is the head of the family. It is not every day one meets a disciple of the world known Gama, who at 50 is still recognized as one of the cagiest and cleverest wrestlers in the world.

But, withal, I shall endeavor to write a clear and concise study of Tiger Daula's career. To proceed.

* * *

THE TIGER is 33 years old, slightly over 6 feet tall and weighs 234 pounds. He is a huge, splendidly built man whose cagy and catlike swiftness in the ring, so like that of a Bengal tiger, has won him the name "Tiger." He has been wrestling professionally for 15 years, though his education in wrestling began in school when he was 10, and was instructed by Gama. He is regarded, in India, as second only to Gama and for this distinction, has been presented a gold sceptre, by the Maharajah.

In a photograph which Tiger Daula gave me, the Tiger is wearing six other medals of esteem that have been given to him. The large belt he wears is valued at $4000 and was given to him in Vancouver, B. C. when he defeated Ed Strangler Lewis. The second large decoration (on the shoulder strap) was presented to him when he won the Japanese championship and is valued at around $2000. The square medal on his lapel was won in Hongkong when he won the championship by throwing two men at one time, one of them being Jagat Singh, who has campaigned this country.

The other three medals were given him for winning the championships of China, British Malaya and the little Dutch Island of Java.

Besides this, he has thrown the champion of New Zealand, Tom Lurich, the champion of Australia and he is now making an earnest campaign to dethrone our United States champion. When he does this, says Daula, he shall return to India and wrestle no more.

IN the few short months he has been here Tiger has wrestled many matches. So far this year he has wrestled 97 times and lost only 4. His only defeat in the south was at the hands of Leo Savage. He has thrown Chief Little Wolf, Strangler Lewis, Gus Sonnenberg, Dr. Karl Sarpolis, Sandor Szabo, Man Mountain Dean, Lew Plummer and countless others.

His most effective hold, the hammer-lock was taught him by Gama and is obtained, incredibly enough, with the feet. Besides this the Tiger has mastered many other intricate "foot" holds, as well, of course, as the more ordinary grips.

He has traveled extensively, and has scored successes in New Zealand, Australia, Java, Bali, Malaya, Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Japan, Asia, Europe, Mexico, United States and Canada. Which leaves him few new worlds to conquer.

He expressed a preference for the United States but admitted that he was often lonely for his homeland. I asked him why he had not brought his wife with him and he was horrified at the suggestion. "It is not the privilege of Mohammedan women of good families to leave their home and be seen in public" he said with great dignity. Unless of course they are properly veiled and escorted. Even more, it is forbidden for them to leave the country.

(Continued on page 43)

JUST RASSLIN'

By EDWARD MERRILL

THE indoor wrestling season started with a bang last month, with lucrative shows staged in many sections of the country. The month witnessed the fall of the world champion, Dave Levin, who, after having defeated Vincent Lopez on the Coast, lost in a thrilling match to Dean Detton, one of the many claimants of the crown, in Philadelphia, but since Levin's title was gained in line of succession, Detton, regardless of the attitude of boxing commissions or organizations, is the legitimate, official world heavyweight champion, while the other claimants, Everett Marshall and Yvon Roberts, are sectional title-holders only. It is gratifying to see the field narrowed down now to two claimants besides the official champion, and perhaps before next summer is reached, we will once again be favored with only one champion.

I received a letter from Colonel Landry, president of the National Wrestling Association of America, in which he informs me that because of the muddle in the heavyweight class, his association named champions in each division except the heavyweight and his organization suggests that a tournament be staged to decide a world champion. Although I believe that Colonel Landry's organization has done much good for the sport, yet the fact remains that its latest move in re the heavyweight division is not going to aid wrestling any.

His association should know that a championship claim has no bearing unless the man who so claims a title won it in line of succession. Only one man rightfully possesses such a claim, and that man is Dean Detton. If the National Wrestling Association had accepted him as the title-holder instead of bickering in order to meet the requirements of sectional politics, it would have helped, rathered than deterred, the progress of wrestling.

The letter from Colonel Landry, and his organization's listing alphabetically of the leaders in each division, follows:

"Enclosed find a list of the champions recognized by the National Wrestling Association, as well as a list of the twenty leading contenders in each class. You will note the Association did not class these men from one to twenty. We merely named them in alphabetical order, believing we had picked the country's best in each class, including champions.

"Due to the muddle of the heavyweight situation, the championship committee of the National Wrestling Association failed to approve a champion in that class. The matter was brought to the floor of the convention in Houston, Texas, on September 21. It was the consensus of the majority that a tournament should be held in the heavyweight division to decide who is the champion.

"The officers elected to serve the Association for the ensuing year are:

"Colonel Harry J. Landry, Friars Point, Miss., reelected president of the Association for the ninth consecutive time; Frank Hogan, Montreal, Canada, first vice-president; Phil Bolich, Winston-Salem, N. C., second vice-president; W. E. Burns, Little Rock, Ark., third vice-president; Sam Murbarger, Indianapolis, Ind., fourth vice-president; C. C. McCrary, Tulsa, Oklahoma, reelected secretary and treasurer.

"The next convention city will be White Sulphur Springs, Va.

"In the meantime, it is quite possible the championship committee of the Association will meet and if the heavyweight situation becomes clearer they may, at that time, designate a champion. However, at present they insist that a tournament must be held.

"Here is our list of leading wrestlers in all divisions, arranged alphabetically:

"LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Leroy McGurk, champion; Francisco Aguayo, Red Berry, Charlie Carr, Indian Ike Cazzell, Bobby Chick, Tuffy Cleet, Otis Clingman, Barney Cosnick, George Craig, Charlie Fisher, Jimmie Goodrich, Frankie Hill, Yukon Jake Jackson, Jimmie Logas, Cecil McGill, Frank Peck, Danny Savich, Red Sims, Walter Stratton, Frank Wolff.

"JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Billy Thom, champion; Walter Achiu, Gordon Arquette, Machine Gunner Brooks, Cyclone Burns, Leo Donaghue, George Gable, Dale Haddock, Stacey Hall, Swede Hanson, Henry Hill, Bulldog Jackson, Earl 'Wildcat' McCann, Ira McCauley, Bobby Pearce, Cecil Pedigo, Eddie Pope, Silent Rattan, Robin Reed, Duke Ruppental.

"WELTERWEIGHTS—Jack Reynolds, champion; Stacey Hall, Billy Hassan, Joe Kirk, Lord J. Patrick Finnegan Landsdowne, Paul Lopez, Cy Mackey, Joe Manning, Sheik Mar-Allah, Jerry Markus, Perry Marter, Earl 'Wildcat' McCann, Bobby Pearce, Blacksmith Pedigo, Everett Silent Rattan, Joe Reno, Dave Reynolds, Ray Ryan, Testuro Sato, Hy Sherman.

"MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Gus Kallio, champion; Ernie Arthur, Bobby Burns, Jack Carson, Leo Donaghue, Ace Freeman, Joe Gunther, Tetsura Higami, Gust Johnson, Waino Ketonen, Henry Koln, Buck Lawson, Mike London, Danny McDonald, Paddy Nolan, Jack Obert, Pat O'Dowdy, Herb Parks, Ben Sherman, Buck Weaver, Vic Weber.

"JUNIOR HEAVYWEIGHTS—Alvin Britt, champion; Dude Chick, Ted Christy, Harry Cohen, Ken Hollis, Joe Hulka, Al Karasick, Bob Kenteston, Jimmie Lott, Red Lyons, Bob Montgomery, Gene Moore, Jack McDonald, Hugh Nichols, Pat O'Brien, Paul Orth, Stanley Rogers, Killa Shikuma, Frank Taylor, George Wilson, Les Wolfe.

"HEAVYWEIGHTS—No champion recognized; Orville Brown, Henry DeGlane, Ernie Dusek, Ed Don George, Dave Levin, Ed 'Strangler' Lewis, Jim Londos, Vincent Lopez, Everett Marshall, Earl McCready, Jim McMillen, John Pesek, Yvon Roberts, Leo Daniel Savage, Richard 'Dick' Shikat, Gus Sonnenberg, Ray Steele, Hans Steinke, George Zaharias."

* * *

FROM Charles "Spider" Mascall, we received the following Pacific Coast and Northwest Mat Notes:

For the first time in many months, the heavyweight wrestling crown rests upon the brow of a man who really is a master matman, namely, Dean Detton of Salt Lake City, Utah. Detton is no mere "flash in the pan," but a finished wrestler who started swapping headlocks and body slams more than ten years ago and, as a professional, has met the leaders in the game. He is a man worthy to be called "champion" and will be recognized by this scribbler as such until he has been decisively beaten. Perhaps that esteemed body, the National Wrestling Association, will force Everett Mar-

Ready November 15

From Milo to Londos

More than 400 pages of interesting wrestling history.

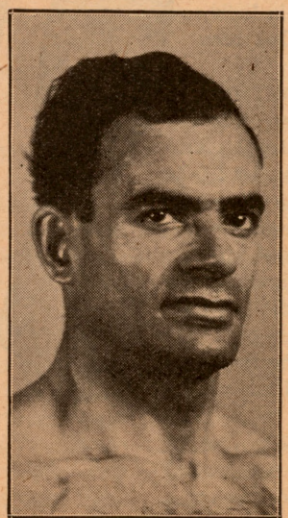
The story of Wrestling Through the Ages—from 2000 B.C. to the winning of the championship by Dean Detton.

Heaps of photographs of famous wrestlers of all time.

Limited Autographed Edition. Beautifully Bound. Only 1000 copies printed.

Send Money Order for $3.00 and 25 cents for postage and insurance to Nat Fleischer, The Ring Book Shop, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A. Don't send a Postal Order which cannot be cashed in this country.

This autographed, limited edition will be quickly exhausted. Get your order in now.



Alex Lorie, middleweight champion of the Balkans.

shall, Yvon Roberts and Leo "Dan'l Boone" Savage to defend their mythical claims against the conqueror of Dave Levin. We sincerely hope so, for the good of the sport.

* * *

Billy Hanson, youthful San Diego specialist, came close to relieving Dave Levin of his title laurels when the pair clashed in the Los Angeles wrestling classic of the month. Levin, then recognized as champion, used three successive body slams to soften the laddie from San Diego and, after a trip through the ropes, Hanson was in no condition to defend himself. The fall came after 38 minutes and 29 seconds of fast and clever wrestling.

* * *

A group of Persian wrestlers tuning up for the national championship tournament.

Hardly a month goes by without the appearance of a masked wrestler and the latest is "The Red Shadow," a rugged character of no mean ability, who is bowling all before him in his tour of the Northwest.

* * *

Lou Daro, the portly Los Angeles mogul, was among the thousands of spectators at the World Series. The "Carnation" gentleman is an all-around sport enthusiast and the greatest promoter in the West.

* * *

Leo Numa, the popular blond heavyweight, is back in competition after a lay-off of some three months. Numa, former University of Washington gridder, and a protege of the late Charlie Hanson, has been suffering from a severe case of trachoma.

* * *

Bobby Roberts, clever Colorado junior heavyweight, scored the surprise of the month by defeating Paul "Tarzan" Orth in a very noteworthy match. Orth weighed 189, and his conqueror, five pounds less.

* * *

Pat Fraley broke into the wrestling headlines when he ran amuck in the fair city of Portland, Oregon. Fraley, a Nebraska Irishman, bowled over the referee and sent his opponent, Vincent Lopez, to the hospital. Medicos stated that Lopez was suffering from three fractured ribs and a wrenched knee. The match was declared drawn, each contestant having won a fall.

* * *

Jimmy Lott, Birmingham football hero, put an end to the comeback trail of the once great Hugh Nichols. The former light-heavy monarch, seeking a shot at Alvin Britt's junior heavyweight title, went down before an onslaught of flying tackles and Lott swarmed all over him for the fall and the match.

* * *

Vincent Lopez, ex-wrestling monarch of the Pacific Coast, handed Ted "King Kong" Cox, an unruly badman from Lodi, California, a neat trimming at San Francisco recently. Lopez won the odd fall in three from the burly, rough-and-tumble Lodi grape grower.

* * *

News from New Zealand: Cowboy Bob "Rebel" Russell scored his most important "down under" victory by defeating Douglas Clark of England in two straight falls. Clark, claimant to the British title, was unable to cope with the rough and speedy tactics employed by the American matman . . . . Ed "Don" George, Joe Savoldi and Chief Chewchki are bound for New Zealand via Honolulu . . . . the eye disease, "trachoma," is taking its toll among the matmen in the southern hemisphere.

* * *

Pat Fraley, Irish wrestling star, gave Dave Levin a rough going over in a title match held in Vancouver, Canada. Levin won the lone fall of the eight-round contest with a body slam. Genial George Fitch promoted the tilt, which was rated by critics as one of the best matches ever witnessed on the Canadian side of the Northwest border.

* * *

Coastal Gallery Gods Gasped When—Lord Lansdowne Finnegan won from "Gentleman" Dale Haddock on a foul . . . . Harry Cohen, Kansas City junior heavyweight, defeated Walter Stratton . . . . Herb Freeman bowed before Billy Hanson and Sandor "The Great" Szabo . . . . Injun Ike Cazzell, a tough Oklahoma redman, took "Tiger" Gene Moore with the greatest of ease . . . . Leo Numa threw Harry Kent . . . . Bob Montgomery, a reputed hill-billy from the Ozarks, trounced Paul (Powder-Puff) Orth . . . . Charlie Carr headlocked Ike Cazzell into submission.

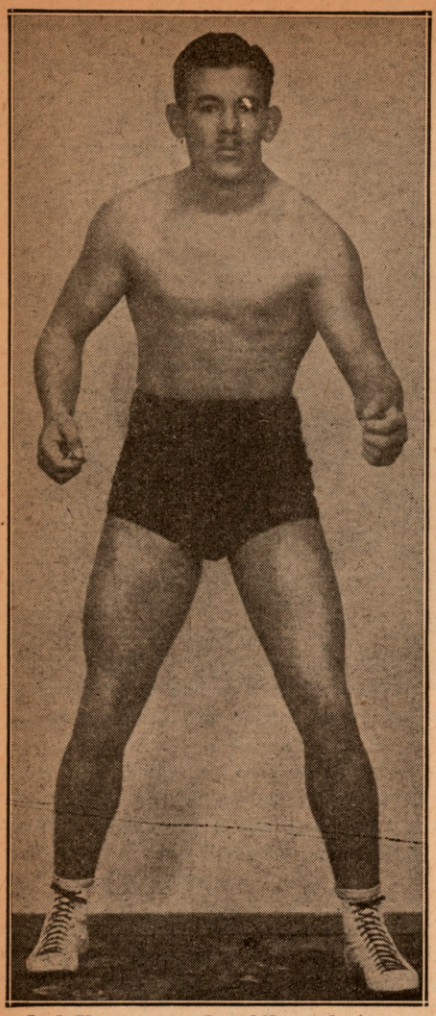
Stanley Pinto, knobby-eared veteran, vanquished Hal Rumberg . . . . Pat O'Shocker defeated Brother Jonathan Heaton . . . . Sammy Stein, the Jewish marvel, went to a draw with Champion Dave Levin, but lost to him in a rematch . . . . Hans Steinke tossed young Pat Fraley without blinking an eye . . . . Freddie "Doc" Meyers threw Matsui Hamanake of Japan through the ropes to win . . . . Al Williams, Chicago light-heavy, threw Don Sugai and Walter Achiu in a handicap match.

* * *

One of the finest wrestling cartoonists on the Pacific Coast is a young wrestler named Les Grimes. Grimes, former Australian champion, is barnstorming in the Northwest and shows a great deal of promise.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—John Pesek, famed "trust buster," is reputed to be managing Billy Hanson . . . . Gus Sonnenberg played football at the University of Detroit under the name of Gus Davis . . . . Buster Keaton, the dead-pan comedian, is a regular wrestling fan . . . . Nick Lutze was a boxer of note some ten years ago . . . . Sandor Szabo will be back in New York for the winter season . . . . George "Cannon-ball" Kitzmiller is one of the most promising bad boys on the Coast . . . . He hails from Portland, Oregon . . . . Man Mountain Dean, resting in Atlantic



Jack Hagen, a good middleweight from Shreveport, La.

so many famous matmen, and settled in Winnipeg, Canada, with his father, mother and family, at the age of seven. His father and mother still reside in Winnipeg, and have followed their son's career most eagerly.

Fred's first position was as a newsboy in Winnipeg. Later on he ran up and down Portage Avenue with a shoe shine box. Then he became a dish washer and by diligent attention to his duties, he graduated to cook, and then to chef.

He is married and has a fine boy. He has always been interested in athletics. He took up acrobatic and hand balancing work in order to keep him in shape and it was through these forms of athletic activity that eventually led him into the wrestling business.

He is thirty-three years of age, weighs two hundred pounds, is five feet seven inches in height, with an abnormally strong neck, just a little over nineteen inches.

Fred broke into the wrestling game in Montana, and has had a number of bouts in western Canada—two hundred altogether. He is planning to make a tour of the East.

He has a fine aggressive style similar to that of Jim Londos, and among his fraternal associates, he prides himself on being an active member of the Maccabees.

In 1924 he received a gold medal as prize winner for physical development from Earle Liederman of New York, and with his experience and fine physical condition, a great deal should be heard of him.

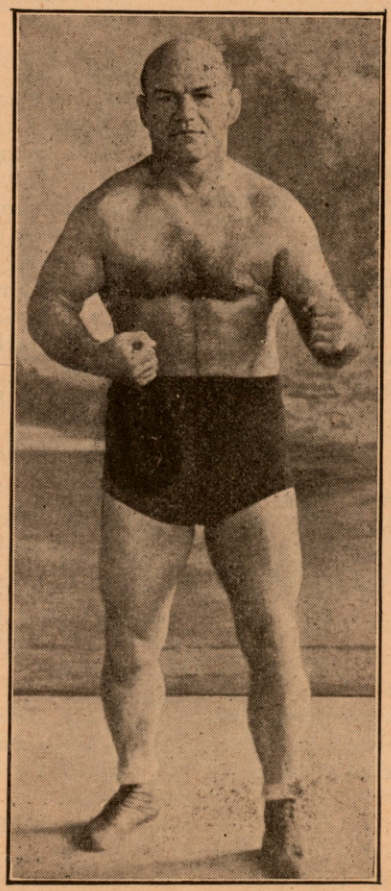
* * *

CORPORAL MORRIS SHAPIRO, who is stationed at the Plattsburg Barracks in upper New York State for the past three years, has a fine record. He has packed 'em in on many occasions in the locality of his station, where he is a hot favorite. He has defeated, among others, Carroll Pinky Gardner, Charley Allen, Carl Van Wurden, Joe Campbell, Ed Kappen, Steve Budienas, Paul Berlenbach, John Giroux, Roy Halderman, Kleet Kauflan and Dynamite Dunn. He is a fine showman and has frequently worked at George Bothner's Gym in New York City.

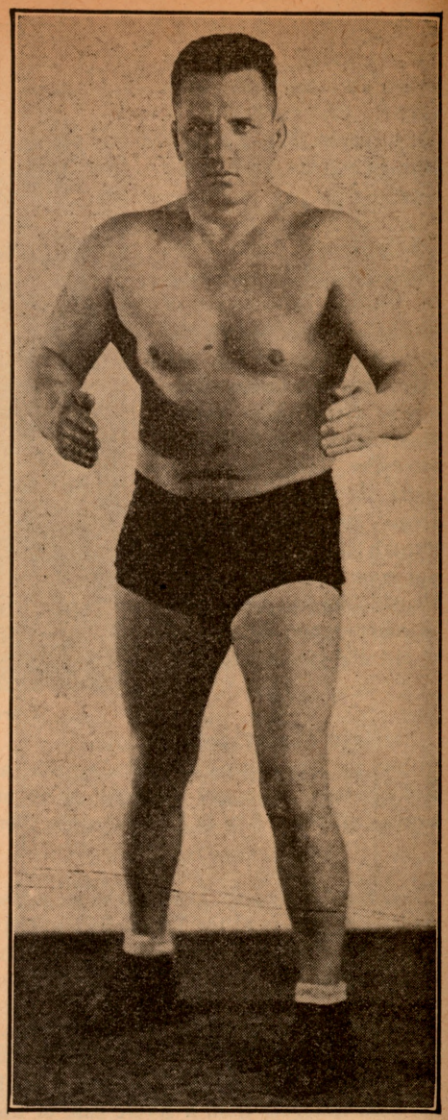
City, may bounce back into the wrestling spotlight minus his whiskers .... Floyd "Musty" Musgrave, genial Northwest associate of Joe "Toots" Mondt, could pass for Paul Whiteman, the orchestra leader, any day or night .... Ivan Managoff speaks five languages .... Pat O'Shocker, "Babe" Zaharias, Prince Omar, Al Pereira, Pat Meehan, Louis Thez, Rudy Strongberg and George Craig are headlining in California.

* * *

FRED STATION has a unique record. He is a wrestler who has made good after having held positions as newsboy, shoe shiner, dish washer and chef. Station was born in Poland, the home of



Jack Ross of Augusta, Georgia, who knows how to toss 'em.



Fred Station, 33-year-old Western Canada star, who plans Eastern trip.

He recently was offered a trip to South America with Renato Gardini.

* * *

DOWN in Shreveport, Louisiana, they have a good middleweight grappler in Jack Hagen. Hagen is no champion, but he is of the pleasing type and is working his way up in rapid strides. They have another good middleweight in Alex Lorie, the champion of the Balkans. He is now living in Dixie and is eager to tackle our best in an effort to prove his right to supremacy.

* * *

A TALK with Billy Sandow, manager of Everett Marshall, claimant of the world's heavyweight championship, brought out the interesting fact that wrestlers are highly superstitious. As Sandow expressed it, when a wrestler gets the germ, he is "superstitious proper" and in the small army of matmen travelling over the country, those who are best known, all have their mascots, charms or lucky pieces.

Almost since the time baseball became a popular sport, many of the greatest players were and are still superstitious to a marked degree, but in this respect, they do not rank

with the wrestlers. Charms and talismans of all descriptions and all sorts of mascots are used.

Marshall does not carry a rabbit's foot or a charm of any sort, but he declares Friday is his lucky day. He believes that if he enters the ring on any other day, he will find everything going against him, but if an important match takes place on a Friday, he is supremely confident of winning, no matter how formidable his opponent may be.

In this respect, however, the popular Colorado champion is not an exception, for there are undoubtedly a great many people who have the same notion that certain days are more lucky for them than others. Marshall was born on Friday; had his first wrestling match on Friday; defeated Stecher on Friday, and it was on a Friday that he won the Midwest tournament. And he won his "claim" to the world heavyweight title on Friday. And in addition to the topnotch wrestlers, there are any number of lesser lights whose defeat at the hands of Marshall occurred on a Friday.

An unusual talisman carried by a wrestler is possessed by Stanislaus Zbyszko, the famous Polish grappler. When Zbyszko became a professional wrestler many years ago, he tucked a small piece of an elephant's tusk into his trunks to bring him luck. He won the match and the bit of ivory has been in his possession ever since.

* * *

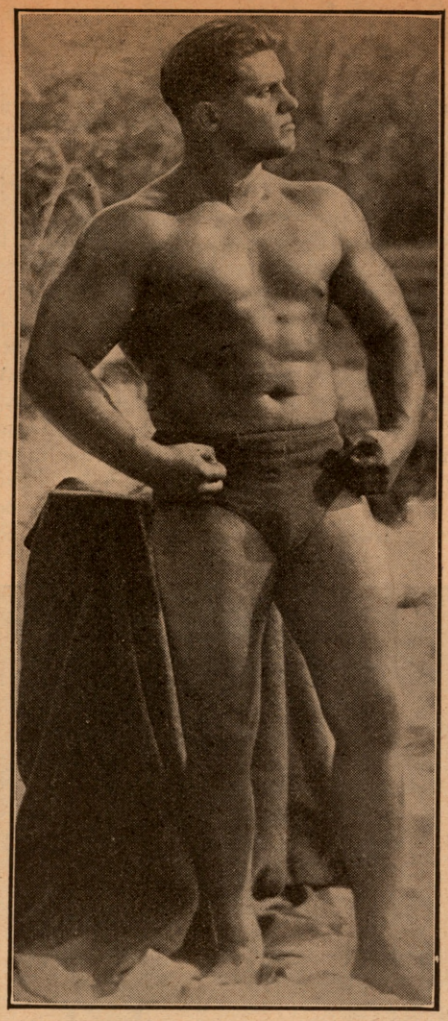
WHILE Gus Kallio trips about the country and at times, the universe, sporting his claim to the world's middleweight wrestling title, Northwestern mat addicts, especially those in and around the territory of Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota, have their own minds made up as to who is the rightful bearer of the 160-pound world laurels. Fans in that section and critics alike will swear by their beloved tall corn that the king of the middleweights is none other than Henry Kolln, the Davenport star. Henry's trio of victories over the Finn haven't been forgotten, and the one-time bearded Iowan also points to the 1929 decisive win he scored over Ralph Parcaut of Newton, Iowa, which ran Kolln's total of successive victories to sixty-seven. Parcaut, until his defeat by Kolln, was considered the greatest of the great in the 160-pound division. Kolln's defeats of the champion and Parcaut didn't seem to click with the National Wrestling Association for Henry never was awarded the belt.

Henry's mat record has been nothing short of sensational. He has beaten the best in the middle, light-heavy and heavyweight divisions. Among those of the leaders who have fallen prey to Kolln were Earl Wampler, the noted Hawkeye rabbit puncher; Frank French and Herb Tatenburg, among others. After his most recent and successful jaunt down Mississippi way, Henry returned to his native heath and waded through the best in Minnesota, namely Jimmy Warwick, Floyd Eichorn, Dick Hopkins, Jimmie Watson and Nick Schmidt. Walter O'Connor and Abe Cooley, two of Iowa's leaders in the middleweights, were the sole ones to try out Henry's claims and both fell before his rising march.

The Iowan hopes to meet Kallio again and if and when that match materializes, Henry says that he will demand that the belt emblematic of the world's championship be at stake.

* * *

THE recent defeat of Dick Shikat at the hands of Ali Baba recalls to mind the match between Frank Gotch and Fred Beall, for Ali Baba, like Beall, is a much smaller man.



Corporal Morris Shapiro of Plattsburg Barracks, who has a fine record.

Fred Beall sprang into world-wide fame as a wrestler December 1, 1906, when he gave Gotch the surprise of his career. Beall, a pigmy in stature but a giant in strength, crashed Gotch to the mat in New Orleans and won the world's heavyweight championship.

Beall smashed his heavier foe to the mat with such force that it required five minutes to restore Gotch to consciousness. Gotch again collapsed in the dressing room and bled profusely. Beall, seeing that Gotch was almost helpless for the second fall, rushed in to win in a hurry. He put Gotch down almost without resistance and won the fall in less than five minutes. The wrestling world was surprised at Gotch's defeat for Beall only weighed 187 pounds, but Gotch came back later to defeat Beall in a return engagement.

* * *

WRESTLING NOTATIONS, by J. Jimmie Amann, follow:

Gordon Fyfe, manager of Bert Assirati, English and British Empire heavyweight champion, is en route to New York, where he plans to sign up for a series of matches for the Englishman with Jack Curley . . . . Assirati will arrive in this country around November 1 . . . . incidentally, speaking of Assirati, I rank him second to Dean Detton, heavyweight champion, in my National Wrestling Ratings, which have listed over 2000 of the leading heavyweights to welterweights in the world . . . . Johnny Stote in one of his most recent matches on the West Coast, defeated Lord Lansdowne Finnegan . . . . Stote is back in the welterweight ranks and seems to have finally got started in the western climes . . . . he's going like a house afire . . . . add new subscribers to my National Wrestling Ratings: "Spider" Mascall and David Cavadas, RING writers, and Jack Pfefer, New York mat impresario.

Out in Madisonville, Ohio, they believe they have the coming middleweight champion in Motzy Hill, a fairly good boy . . . . Motzy is being groomed by none other than Promoter Cricket Helson . . . . Hill has figured in several matches this season at Helson's outdoor arena and will probably develop into a sell-out figure during the indoor season . . . . New Richmond, Ohio, can be added to Mid-West mat circles . . . . they plan to get going around October 15 . . . . Paul Bozzell, the rough Oklahoma light-heavy, is back in his home at Muskogee . . . . plans to come back North early winter period . . . . Toledo is fast becoming the best wrestling town in the Middle West . . . . under the careful promotions of Cliff Maupin, the Ohio city is drawing bigger houses each week.

Dorey Davidson, young Clarksville, Tenn., light-heavy, is coming along . . . . dropping his first two Northern matches, Dorey came back and chalked up ten straight in Middle Western cities . . . . looks to have the real goods and should be heard from soon . . . . I wonder what has become of Pancho Sanchez, the little Mexican welterweight, who was a sensation in these parts last winter? . . . . last heard from Sanchez was in Little Rock, Arkansas . . . . would like to hear from you, Pancho . . . . Blondie Black, tri-state welterweight champion, involving the states of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, continues on his merry way . . . . looks like the former college boy will be sitting on that perch for some time . . . . Sailor Parker's stock went sky high following his two-hour draw with Billy Thom at Indianapolis . . . . Hugh Nichols is wrestling on the Coast. *(Cont. on page 43)*

Dean Detton Wins Crown

By ALEX SULLIVAN

FOR the fourth time within a period of four months, the world heavyweight championship changed hands, when on the night of September 28, 1936, Dean Detton, the 24 year old Mormon matman who hails from Salt Lake City, pinned the shoulders of Dave Levin after two hours, five minutes and fifty-two seconds of wrestling in the Philadelphia Arena. Thus Detton gained the mantle that adorned the shoulders of Levin for less than a quarter of a year.

Levin was forced to yield to Detton after a leglock which crippled the conqueror of Ali Baba and Vincent Lopez, proved too much for him. The finish climaxed one of the greatest wrestling bouts seen in Philadelphia, a city that long has been one of the mat centers of America. There were times when Detton's case looked hopeless, and at other times he looked so superior to Levin that the 9,000 spectators wondered why the match was not brought to a close sooner, but it was not until the lad from Salt Lake City clamped on his favorite hold that the outcome was assured.

Levin, recognized as world champion in most states but not in Pennsylvania, took everything Detton had until Dean put on that toe hold that made Gotch so famous and then Levin had to cry quits. His face contorted with agony, he signalled to Referee Billy Clark that he could stand it no longer.

Detton finished the contest with his left eye half closed. For more than an hour the bout was all that could be desired, and then the dirty work began. Each started to rough the other. When Detton opened with a punching and elbow offensive at the hour and a half mark, Levin willingly met the issue. Then Dean switched to a flying-tackle attack and knocked the Jamaica, N. Y. boy through the ropes onto the concrete. Levin was dazed when he returned to the platform and Detton continued his rough charging.

* * *

IT was just a few minutes before 1 A.M. when Dave gave up, but practically all the 9,000 fans who saw the match begin were still present at the finish, and most of them were astonished by the result.

The slim chance of witnessing such an upset was not the only thing that held the crowd. The match itself was an absorbingly fascinating duel of holds and counter-holds, so earnestly and skillfully contested that nobody complained about the absence of the customary pyro-technics.

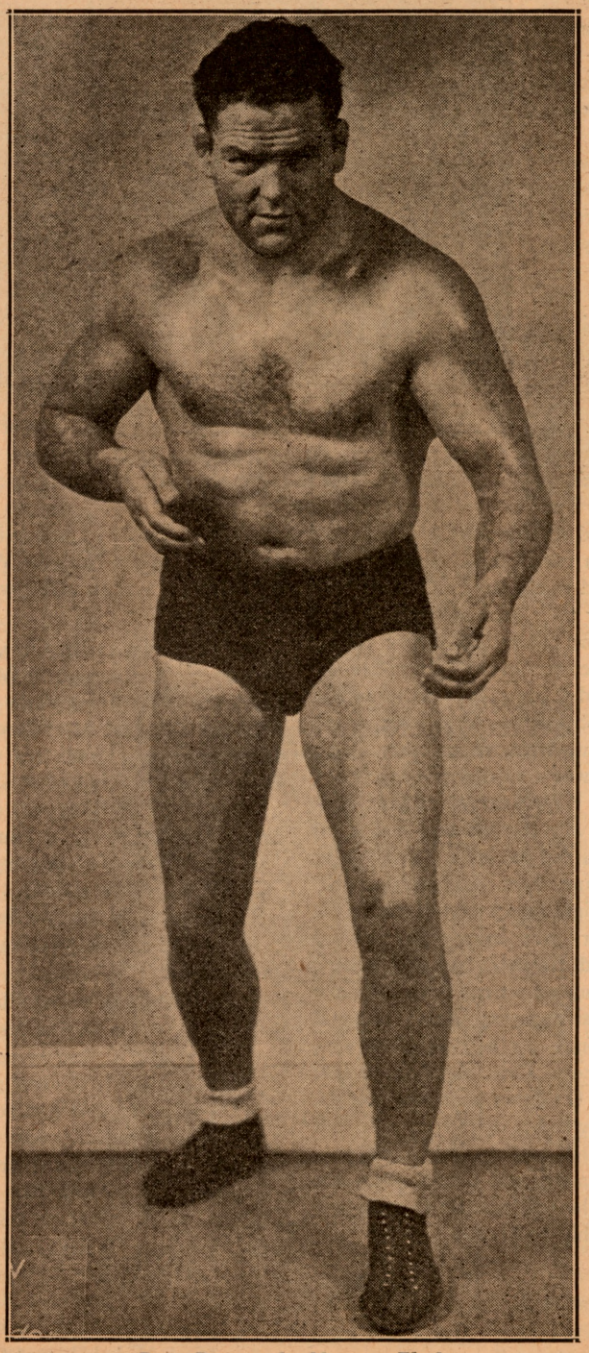
Levin, despite his brief experience as a professional matman, displayed a surprising assortment of leverage holds, offensive and defensive. During the first 90 minutes he bent Detton to his will almost every time they came to grips.

Dean looked discouraged enough to quit, for everything he tried seemed to be turned against him. But Dave, weighing only 195 pounds in a profession that abounds in 230-pounders, lacked the strength to put his 202-pound rival down on his back for the count and didn't have anything in his capacious bag of tricks to do it by leverage alone.

At length the butcher boy began to tire. Detton's persistent attack on his left foot and increasingly rough tactics hastened the wearing-down process and soon Levin was barely able to stand.

There was a time, along about the end of the ninety minutes of action, when Levin looked like a certain winner. He had the better of Detton in an exchange of body charging and deathlocks. Both had fallen out of the ring but always it was Levin who came up fresher than the boy from Salt Lake City.

At the end of one hour and a half of very even wrestling, Detton secured and executed four of the deathlocks made famous by Chief Little Wolf. Levin escaped all of them, despite terrific torture, and countered with a couple of leg splits that kept Dean in distress for fully ten minutes.



Dean Detton, the Mormon Flash.

* * *

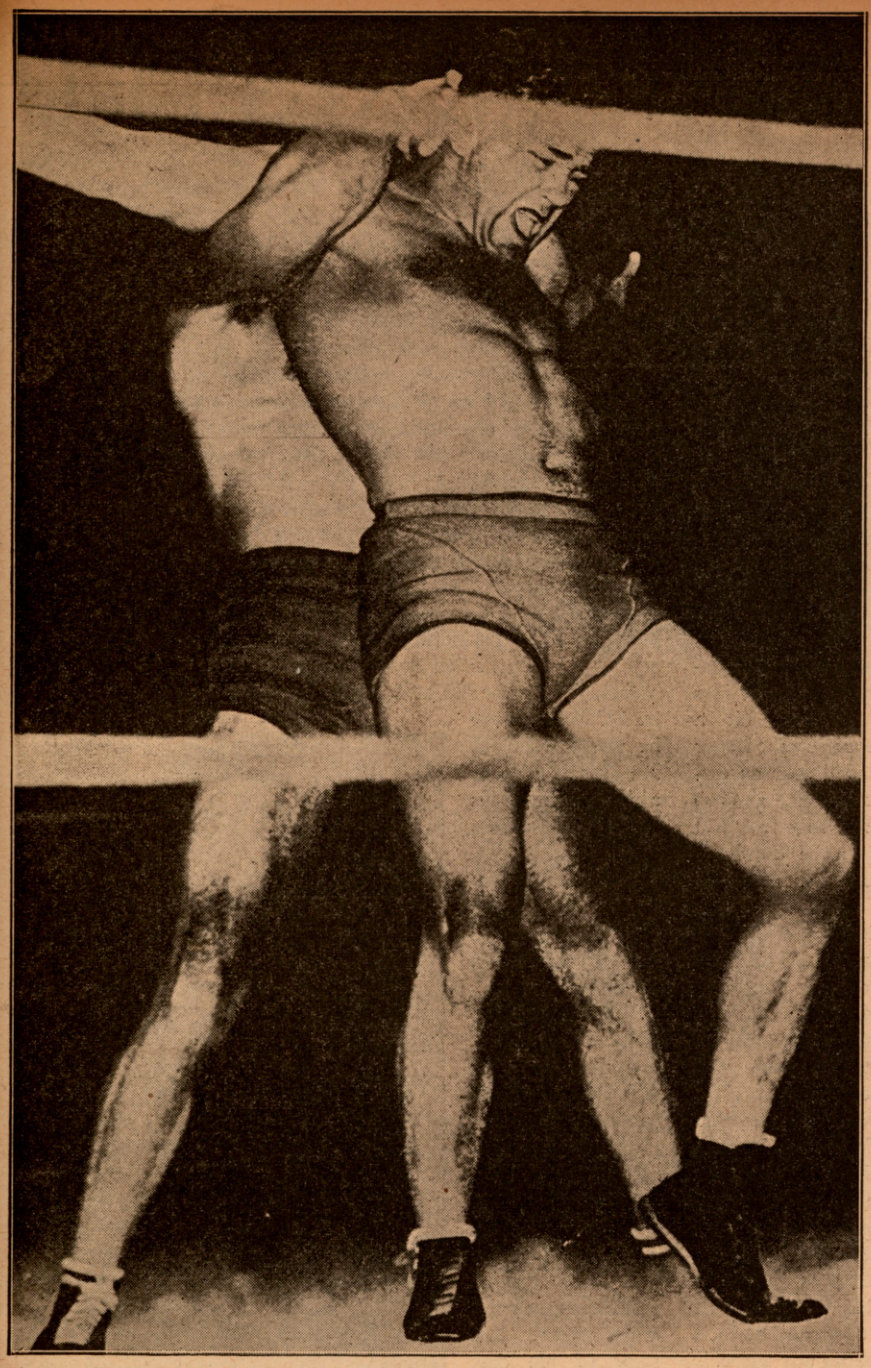
TWICE in the closing minutes Detton bumped Levin off the ring and into the front rows of chairs, both times throwing the referee out of his way to pile into Dave when the latter was outside the ropes.

When Levin crawled back the second time, he looked all tuckered out. The crowd refused to be taken in by appearances, however. Too often they have seen a wrestler simulate semi-consciousness and then suddenly spring on his opponent with the ferocity of a wild animal and toss him for a fall.

At the end of two hours, although the going had been close, it looked like Levin's bout. It was then, however, that Detton seemed to find new strength and with a whirlwind attack, which he concentrated on Levin's legs, eventually succeeded in putting over the leverage that won him the bout, and with it recognition of world's heavyweight champion.

Dean Detton is the first Mormon to win world honors in wrestling. The Mormons also boast of a championship in boxing, as Jack Dempsey has Mormon blood in him.

The first Mormon to win real attention in the wrestling world is Dean Detton, who is a genuine member of that faith. He was born in Richmond, Utah. Detton says he owes his mat success to the fact that he religiously follows the tenets of his Church, and is known as the Mormon Flash. He'll make a colorful champion.



Dave Levin holding a full nelson on Dean Detton. This is a neck-breaking grip, but Dean broke away after several minutes of agony.

IT was during the past winter that Detton won the international championship tourney conducted by Ray Fabiani in Philadelphia and sanctioned by the Pennsylvania State Commission after Danno O'Mahoney had failed to carry out a contract there to engage in a contest with Sergei Kalmikoff, the Bearded Russian.

Detton, in order to battle his way to the finals, eliminated such stars as Jim Browning, Sando Szabo, Kalmikoff, Hans Steinke and Hank Barber, the Jewish star. It was the famous old warhorse, Ed Strangler Lewis, whom Dean had to face in Pennsylvania's championship finals, and he tossed him and then, with his victory over Levin, he became the undisputed champion of the world.

Detton first attracted attention in the grappling world when he defeated nine stars in the championship tourney held in Los Angeles in the summer of 1935. An injury kept him from continuing. He was looked upon as a sure winner until he met with the accident and it was Vince Lopez who eventually won.

Detton is managed by Gentleman Jack Washburn, a veteran from whom Dean has learned many wrestling tricks. Washburn thinks much of Detton and predicts a long reign for him.

THE Mormon has always been regarded as an ideal athlete. He has the body of a young Hercules and knows all the holds and is game to the core. Dean has evidently torn a page from the book of that old Greek philosopher, Jim Londos, and is sold on the fact that condition is half the battle.

Nobody has perfected the toe-hold since the days of Frank Gotch, its inventor, as he has done. He has also mastered all the sensational holds that have helped to make modern grappling an exciting pastime. He can execute the Jim Londos "airplane" spin, the Joe Savoldi "flying drop-kick," the Gus Sonnenberg "flying tackle," the Ed Strangler Lewis "headlock," the Chief Little Wolf "Indian deathlock," and the Danno O'Mahoney "Irish whip"—all almost as impressively as the men long identified with them. But his forte undoubtedly is the "toe-hold" which made Levin surrender in Philadelphia after two hours, five minutes and fifty-two seconds of sensational mat work.

Detton has been for a long time knocking at the championship door, rarely ever beaten. He looked like a sure winner of the California tourney which Lopez eventually won, but after winning nine straight bouts and being a standout, he was obliged to retire because of a leg injury. Then he went to Philadelphia and easily won the tourney staged there last winter.

Commissioner Joe Rainey, at the conclusion of the Detton-Levin bout, announced Dean as the new world's champion and presented to him the $10,000 belt which Levin gamely put on the block.

* * *

DEAN has been wrestling nine years in all, four of them as an amateur. He weighs 220 pounds and stands six feet.

Detton was a member of the Ike Armstrong Utah University football team that went five years once without a defeat.

When Dean made his professional debut, he went to a two-hour draw with Hugh Nichols, then light-heavyweight champion, in Salt Lake City. It was that feat that won financial backing for him and which led to his two trips to Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii for experience.

Detton is proud of the fact that he is a real Mormon. He says both his father and mother are Mormons. His father, Joe, was a lightweight wrestler and once held the Pacific Coast title. His father's father was English and his father's mother Danish, while both his grandparents on his mother's side were Danish.

It was in 1926—when he had just turned seventeen—he is twenty-seven now—that he entered the University of Utah. He worked his way through as a janitor, soda-jerker, counterman and furnaceman. It took him five years before he graduated, largely because of the fact that due to lack of funds he was only able to attend classes part time.

In 1927 he began his mat career as a welterweight, winning all his intercollegiate matches, but losing in the finals of the Inter-Mountain A.A.U. championships.

In 1928 he went undefeated in the middleweight or 156-pound class. In 1929 he won all his bouts in the light-heavyweight class, it being noticed that he was taking on weight all the time.

In 1930 he earned gold medals by capturing the light-heavyweight and heavyweight Inter-Mountain A.A.U. titles, held at Pocatello, Idaho, March 28 and 29 of that year. He captained the wrestling team that year.

It was in 1931 that Dean wrestled his first professional match

GETTING ACQUAINTED

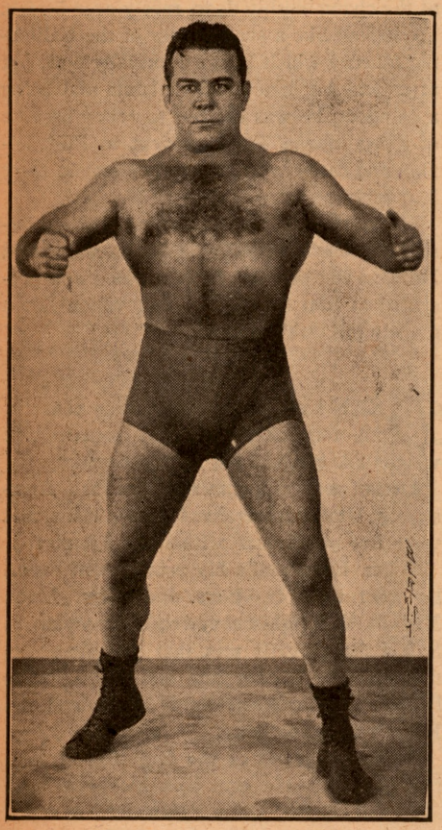
Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By NAT FRANK

JIM COFFIELD, Kansas City wrestler, isn't chicken hearted, but—

Before Jimmy became a matman, he handled the big cars in racing competition. He was entered in almost every big race in the Middle West. He won many events, lost some, but he seemed to have a lucky charm with him all the time. He was a daredevil on the dirt track and a heady pilot. He knew how to take the dangerous turns and was one of the rare few to escape without a scratch.

Coffield and the late Bobby Roscoe were inseparable buddies. What was Jimmy's was Bobby's, and the same worked the other way. Roscoe also was lucky until a Kansas City meet in 1929, where both he and Jimmy were entered.



Jim Coffield, the Kansas City wrestler.

The race was nip and tuck until Roscoe's car went into a tailspin, hit a fence, crashed over it, fell over an embankment, a drop of twenty feet, and then the car burst into flames.

Coffield sensed the danger his pal was facing. He dropped out of the race to aid his buddy but was too late. Roscoe was dead. It was right then and there that Coffield decided to give up competitive auto racing. The death of his pal unnerved him and he felt he wouldn't be able to do himself justice on the tracks any more.

Jimmy was born in Kansas City, January 1, 1913. He attended the Westport High School, where he captained the wrestling team. After graduating, he became an amateur grappler and eventually won the light-heavyweight and heavyweight championships of Missouri Valley.

It then dawned on him that if he could succeed as a Simon-pure, then surely he could make a go of it in professional wrestling, but before doing that, he became an auto driver until 1929, when that fatal accident to his buddy curtailed his piloting career. From 1929 to 1931 he trained under the supervision of Joe Stetcher, former grappling champ. Stetcher taught Coffield the various holds, especially the dreaded scissors, that only Stetcher could apply.

In the fall of 1931, Coffield embarked on a pro mat career, meeting with such success that his services were soon in wide demand in all sections of the country. In his five years of grappling, Jimmy participated in over one thousand engagements. His style is pleasing to the patrons and naturally he is a big box office attraction.

He stands five feet ten inches and scales 210 pounds. He is well acquainted with all the tricks of the trade. He can grapple rough and wrestle according to Hoyle. It all depends on the methods his opponents employ.

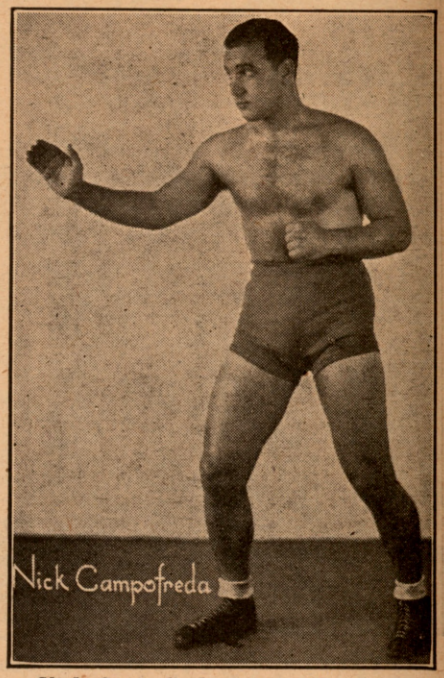
At the present time, Coffield owns a fifty-acre farm on the outskirts of Kansas City, and employs fifteen hands. He hopes to purchase additional farms with his mat earnings, so that he will be able to realize a neat income after his wrestling days are terminated.

And had it not been for the unfortunate death of his pal, Bobby Roscoe, Jimmy Coffield would still be a daring auto driver instead of one of the leading wrestlers now before the public in the East.

* * *

"NICK CAMPOFREDA is likely to run away with all opposition in the pro mat ranks in the same manner as he did while sporting the colors of Western Maryland College, where he was undefeated. He has natural ability, learns quickly and thinks fast."

The speaker was Jesse Linthicum, sports editor of the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*. Linthicum is an acknowledged authority on sports, and when he predicted a spectacular wrestling future for Campofreda, it is a foregone conclusion that Nick has the necessary IT.



Nick Campofreda, former Maryland College all-around athlete.

"It has been my policy to train youngsters seeking a mat career. I had some of the best grapplers in the world under my jurisdiction, but seldom have I had the pleasure of aiding so good a pupil as Nick Campofreda. Generally, when a college-bred wrestler turns pro, he has to go through an entire new course in learning the pro system, but Nick seems to know what it's all about. What he doesn't know he picks up instantly. I go on record as predicting a bright future for this eager youngster."

George Bothner, one of the greatest wrestlers of all time, uttered the above. When Bothner puts the stamp of approval on anyone, then it is a certainty he *must have the goods.*

The name of Campofreda is a byword in all college circles. He was and always will be idolized by his alma mater, Western Maryland, where he graduated with an A. B. degree.

This strapping youngster, who turned twenty-two last January 14, was a five-letter man. His 228 pounds of beef and brawn, plus his six feet one inch stature, stood him in good stead to successfully combat his way to victory as a heavyweight boxer and wrestler.

Besides boxing and wrestling, Campofreda, who recently embarked on a professional wrestling career, also played lacrosse, basketball and captained the football team.

Tiger Daula

(Continued from page 35)

THE TIGER has four brothers of whom Fazul Mohammed is the eldest. He is 47. Three of the brothers are wrestlers and one a farmer. There are several sisters also. Because their father is dead, Fazul Mohammed succeeds him as master of the household and all must unquestionably obey him. When I told you that there are 40 in the family you probably accused me of exaggeration, but please consider that includes the mother, the children, their children, close relations and their children. All live together and are governed by one—Fazul Mohammed.

Fazul Mohammed is here in America with the Tiger. He, too, is an excellent wrestler and has been quite successful here. It was not my pleasure to meet him but I daresay it would have done little good if I had, for he speaks no English at all. Tiger is by no means a fluent speaker of our language, but though at times I encountered some difficulty in understanding him, I think he does remarkably well.

Tiger prefers his own native dress to our conventional clothes, although he wears the latter here. The Mohammedan's attire consists of a "skirt" (it has a name but I can't pronounce it, much less spell it) that is wound around the hips and falls to the ankles. Over this is worn a "shirt" that is about knee length.

* * *

I DISCOVERED that turbans do not come like hats but are simply pieces of cloth that are wound around the head. One of the most beautiful fabrics that I have ever seen, was a turban of Tiger's, and which he says costs him $100. It is a vivid scarlet piece of a soft silk, extravagantly embroidered in gold. Another thing that caught my eye was a pair of sandals made of gold. They were really lovely, though, you can imagine, quite large.

Around his neck, Tiger always wears a small silver locket, even when he enters the ring. In this are some Punjabi words of good luck. He also wears a small bracelet around his upper arm which is a good luck token.

His best friends in this country are Morris Sigel, Houston promoter, and Dr. Karl Sarpolis, wrestler. He owes his successful invasion of the south to Sigel, he says, for when the Houston promoter heard of Tiger's exploits in the northwest, he sent Sarpolis to Vancouver to see if he was as good as advertised. Sarpolis hastily wired back that he was, and returned to Houston with Tiger and Fazul Mohammed in tow.

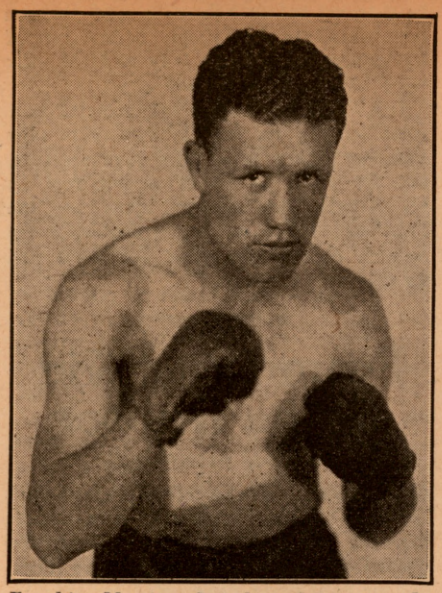
* * *

SOME weeks later, in return for the kindness shown them, Tiger and Fazul planned a small, informal dinner party for his benefactors. In preparation Tiger and Fazul had cooked 14 chickens and were vastly disappointed when the guests did away with only three of the fowls. So (and the members of the party swear by this) Tiger and Fazul Mohammed sat down and consumed the remains—only 11 chickens.

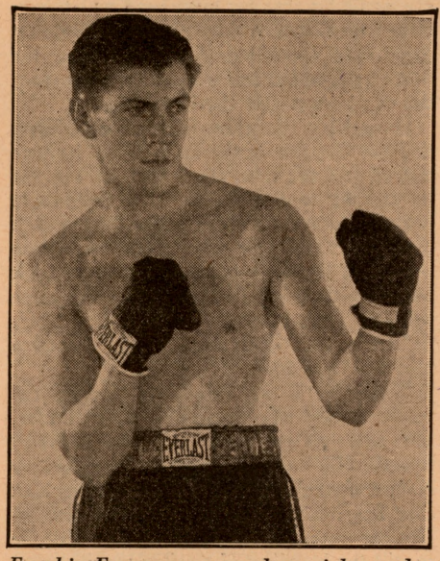
The Tiger neither smokes nor drinks. Tiger could not tell anything about his wife, not even so much as to tell me her name, but he did let me look at a picture of her. She is an amazingly beautiful woman, with dark skin and large expressive eyes. They have been married five years and have one son.

And so my Magic Carpet returns. And somehow, with the land of dashing Bengal lancers, Mosaque domes on marble palaces, elephants and the eerie tune of a snake charmer's pipe, so clearly pictured in my mind, I can understand the lonely, distant look I have often seen in Fazul Mohammed's eyes.

India is a lovely country, and Tiger Daula and Fazul Mohammed, two of its highest esteemed athletes, are great wrestlers.



Frankie Martin, Canadian bantamweight champion, who recently whipped Baltasar Sangchili.



Frankie Eagen, young welterweight, under management of Joe Smith of Philadelphia.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 15)

gering. A left hook to the jaw, and Brescia follows Luis Angel Firpo into the knocked out column.

Now you have seen the third fistic appearance of Joe Louis after his knockout by Schmeling. What is your impression of Louis, what is your estimate of his championship potentialities?

The moral of the fight is that Louis still cannot get away from a right-hand punch; that he still lacks supreme confidence in himself; that he is not the terrific killer he was touted to be after the victory over Max the Phony Baer.

However, there seems to be another moral somewhere. Louis is only twenty-two, and has time to develop and learn. That is, if those legs of his do not get too lardy. There lies the greatest danger to the future of Mr. Louis. Those lardy thighs of his. The lardier, the slower, the heavier, the more labored the shuffle, and with a flat-footed fighter—well, now you make your own moral.

New York, N. Y.:—Tony Canzoneri and Jimmy McLarnin put on the Fight of the Wooden Soldiers.

OCTOBER Night in the Garden in New York. In this corner, Tony Canzoneri, who has lost the lightweight title to Lew Ambers. In that corner, Jimmy McLarnin, former welterweight champion. Ten rounds, while the air is loaded with World Series excitement.

October Night, and Canzoneri fighting McLarnin. The crowd is good. The contest is a fight of a couple of Wooden Soldiers. Canzoneri takes a beating. He takes a gory beating, and he takes it from a McLarnin who is far, far from the McLarnin of his heyday.

The Battle of the Wooden Soldiers. Why is Canzoneri in that ring, taking a shellacking, when he doesn't have to do all this? Why is this once marvellous fighter in there risking the fate of so many fighters who keep right on going in spite of obvious evidence that they no longer can fight with the best. The customary wind-up in such cases is the condition which is known as "punch drunk."

Too many fighters close their careers cutting out paper dolls and walking on their heels. There is no apparent reason for Canzoneri to go on, risking the dolls and the heels.

And let us remind Mr. McLarnin that he isn't so hot himself. The signs and the portents are quite evident.

October Night, and the battle of the Wooden Soldiers is finished—and good riddance!

Just Rasslin'

(Continued from page 39)

I am considered quite an individual among my little brother's (age twelve) gang . . . . they are perpetually poring over my RING magazines and collection of wrestlers' pictures, dragging me out in the yard to referee their scuffles, or asking me preposterous questions about the matmen . . . . the prize one of all came when Chief Little Wolf was in town and my little brother demanded to know whether it was true that a whole section of the Auditorium had been reserved for Little Wolf's tribe to view the match . . . . such imagination!

Louis Makes Good

(Continued from page 4)

JACK wrote his story for this publication. Somehow, it seemed that the burly Negro resented the stories that had been printed ever so often calling Joe Louis the greatest of modern fighters, and he decided to prove to the experts that such was far from being the case.

He saw Max Schmeling and informed the German of the weakness and we all know what happened. What was this weakness? According to Johnson, it was an extraordinarily poor stance which tossed the fighter off balance when he missed a right, and an utter lack of protection against a right hook. Was he correct? Of course he was, for what happened to Louis as a result of that discovery is now ring history.

Now let's come to the aftermath. Has Louis corrected the faults to the extent that he again is the super-fighter? I for one don't think so. I think that Joe is the greatest fighter we have at this stage, excepting Schmeling, but he is not as great now as he was prior to the Schmeling contest, but I still believe that he will again reach the heights and be better than he ever was.

His work against Ettore and Brescia indicated that Joe has not fully learned how to protect his chin against a right and also proved that his mentor, Jack Blackburne, one of the greatest teachers of boxing in modern times, has not taught the Bomber the proper stance. For a clever fighter who knows the value of stance in boxing, I'm surprised that Blackburne has not taught Joe how to avoid getting off balance when he misses, and in the Ettore fight, Joe missed often.

* * *

YET, the Brown Slugger can hit like nobody else in the game today, not even Max Schmeling, his conqueror. Max's strength rests in his great defense and in his powerful right, whereas Louis has tremendous force behind his punches in either hand, but his defense is quite crude.

Perhaps his punch will carry him to the top, as it did Dempsey, but if Louis can overcome the two great faults he still has, I believe we'll be able to stick to that super-fighter story. Joe is a phenom when it comes to hitting, as every one of his opponents to date has testified, and if he can measure up even half way in defense, there will be no further halting of the Bomber.

Even Ettore made him wince when, in the third round, he crashed his right against Joe's chin. And if you've seen the pictures, you'll agree with me that the Bomber became momentarily panicky. That's significant. It proves that a fighter who can hit and is quick-witted and will follow up his punches can tag Joe with sufficient force to bring him down and possibly beat him. Louis must overcome that fault, just as he must hurdle the other two mentioned.

* * *

I SUPPOSE I'll be bombarded with letters asking me why I'm hedging on Louis, but the truth is that I'm not. I'm with Joe as I always have been, but am pointing out faults that have come to light, faults that could not be detected before Schmeling and Johnson enlightened us, and simply because all of the Bomber's opponents prior to Herr Max were afraid of the Detroit Negro.

I still contend that there remains only small chance for the heavyweights now parading before us to take Joe's measure, but the Dark Destroyer cannot rest on his laurels. His mentors must see the light and insist on his overcoming the hazards or else—the great Joe Louis will go the way of others.

From Road Kid to the Bruiser

(Continued from page 18)

twice, losing the first on a decision and knocking Conway out on their second meeting. He never met Johnny Kilbane, the champion. They were matched three times, but the fight never came off.

In all, he fought 44 fights and was getting a thousand dollars a bout when he quit to become a writer. He didn't write for money. He wrote because his huge head was throbbing with things it wanted to get down on paper. He spent ten years perfecting his first novel, and it was a smash success from the day it first saw the light of print.

He got his education from an orphanage and the libraries of the land. When he was a road kid the first place he'd hit out for on landing in a town was not the jungle but the library. He once teamed up with a Jew boy. The Jew boy would make the rounds of Jewish backdoors and come back loaded with food. Jim would try the same thing at Irish houses.

"All I ever came back with," he once told me, "was good advice."

Today he is no longer, of course, the featherweight who began as a main-eventer. He now weighs close to two hundred pounds. His huge head and mass of flaming curly hair make him look like a mighty oak that has been hammered down by the relentless pounding of modern life. But he is still the blending of terrible humility and overwhelming pride he was twenty years ago. He was made bitter early, but he has grown. He has grown where it's hardest to grow, in humor.

* * *

AS proof of this, when he once so far forgot himself as to take a poke at poor old John Gilbert and was chided for hitting a matinee idol, he said, "I didn't hit him. He was swinging away at me and I was afraid he'd fan himself to death. So I put him out of his misery and saved him an earlier death."

Recently his father, who brushed him off to an orphanage when Jim was a boy of five and hasn't hesitated to ask for help for the last fifty years, had an operation. The old man was eighty-six at the time. He wrote Jim for some dough. He had been a ditch-digger, like his father before him, for fifty years.

"What did they take out of your back," wired Jim, with the requested money, "a shovel?"

Tough in talk, he is the most generous author I know, both in purse and praise, and it is an honor to tell the readers of THE RING about one of their own who has climbed to a place among the immortals of letters.

They will enjoy *The Bruiser* anyway, because they know the real McCoy from a phony, but they may enjoy it even more when they know that its author is Bunyon's Greatheart with a sock in either hand, and, in another writer's opinion, the greatest writer of our time.

Jack Dempsey, asked to give his opinion of *The Bruiser*, says:

"If I still had the punch in the ring that Jim Tully packs in *The Bruiser*, I'd be the heavyweight champion of the world today."

They Loved to Fight

(Continued from page 21)

The house was in an uproar as the champion of Nevada kicked down at Kelly and Kelly tried to grab his feet and pulled him down. Finally Thomas jumped off the ladder, over the footlights, and ran out the front door, Kelly still after him.

When McGrath and Kelly showed up to claim the $25, the manager flatly refused to pay it. "G'wan!" he shouted. "You guys ruined my show!"

"We only did it because we were hungry," howled the Spider right back at him, "and if you don't pay up, I'll bite a hunk right out of you!"

He paid up.

* * *

MANY modern fans consider that championship fights are too short nowadays; fifteen rounds at the most, and sometimes ten. That's a big risk for a champion; but nothing compared to the risks that John L. Sullivan took. He defended his title in four-round bouts on several occasions, where the decision of the referee would have been enough to take his world's title away from him. You'd think almost any first class challenger would be fast enough to last four rounds.

Yet these were some of the men who tried it, and failed: Charley Mitchell, whose bout with Sullivan was stopped in the third after he had been knocked over the ropes and out of the ring in the second; Herbert Slade, the Maori giant especially trained to take the title from Sullivan, knocked out in three rounds; and Alf. Greenfield, English champion, who lasted two rounds on one ocacsion and four on another.

Then there was Paddy Ryan, who challenged John L. after losing the title to him. Whatever he learned about Sullivan in the first bout seems to have done him no good, because he lasted three rounds on one occasion and one on another.

It's no wonder that John L. was confident. On the way to the arena at the Olympic Club in New Orleans for the fight in which he lost his title to Corbett, Charley Johnson asked him: "How long'll the fight last?"

"Oh, I'll knock that dude's head off in half a dozen rounds. It'll be short and sweet. Get all the bets down on me you can!"

Poor John! It was neither short nor sweet, and he never recovered from the blow his pride received when he took a licking from that "dude."

Playboy of the Ring

(Continued from page 29)

Maxie kept in shape by fighting, no opponent was too tough, no purse too small or no hamlet too obscure for Maxie Rosenbloom. He specialized in boxing colored boys. "Get Rosenbloom" became a watchword among matchmakers whenever a formidable Negro boxer appeared on the horizon. At the rate he was going, it was inevitable that the title would eventually be his.

He turned back all opposition in the New York State Boxing Commission's tournament for Tommy Loughran's vacated title and then placed the crown firmly on his head by beating his old nemesis, Jimmy Slattery, the N.B.A. nominee, in 1930. He was equally successful in the role of champion and won with monotonous regularity until Bob Olin relieved him of his title in 1934 in the Garden.

* * *

AS both champion and challenger, Maxie seldom allowed his fighting to interfere with his fun. Until he heard about Hollywood, no night club opening along Broadway was complete without Maxie Rosenbloom, where, with a little urging, he would oblige with a crooning imitation of Harry Richman or a soft shoe dance.

Rosenbloom had been twelve years in the ring when he dropped his title and ring critics expected to witness his rapid decline, but once again, Maxie startled everyone by rolling up a brand new winning streak that included no less a ring celebrity than John Henry Lewis, from whom he has taken two decisions since Lewis won the title.

He has been counted out once in his career. This happened in London, England, with Maxie on the floor claiming a foul and Tommy Milligan being declared winner by a kayo. Rosenbloom's jaunts about the country have become less frequent in the past year or so, the lure of a movie career keeping him close to the kleig lights, but he is still one of the ring's most active boxers.

His recent Australian argosy was not particularly profitable. While over there he engaged in several bouts, two of them with Leo Kelly, colored American, who was something of a sensation. No one ever connects Rosenbloom with retirement from the ring. It seems to be taken for granted that he will be slapping and cuffing his way to a decision in some forgotten byway of fistiana until the end of time, one of the busiest of all boxers and according to the record books, one of the best.

German's Laughter

(Continued from page 11)

century, a battle worth going across the continent to witness! Men with weak hearts had best not take it in. I gives fair warning, only the strongest of hearts will be able to withstand this ordeal. It is a battle to the death and oftentimes I turns away, weak at the sight of the thing. Right this way, men, the small price of fifty cents admitting you to one of the greatest fights of all time. The mongoose and the cobra are playful kittens along side of a bulldog and a badger."

Then would come the battle! Covered with canvas, the crate entrapping the vicious badger would be carried out gingerly and placed on the floor. A chain attached to the badger's neck would dangle from between the slats. Gingerly Fitz would tip toe toward the door of the cage. The bulldog, ribbed and goaded into the prospects of meeting up with something unusual from out that box, would stand bristling, held fast by a chain in the hands of its owner. Old Fitz would take hold of the other chain leading into the box.

"When I pulls with all me might and main, Jerry, you lift up that sliding door and I'll drag him out into the open. Mike you hold tight onto your bulldog. Let me get this badger out where he'll have a fair chance to defend himself. I don't want that bulldog jumping this badger until the animal is turned around for a fair fight.

"Steady now Jerry. When I works him near the door, you lift it and I'll drag him out. Get ready Jerry, I'm pulling him toward the door. Gentlemen keep your places. All I am 'oping for is that this chain doesn't break. I got one thick enough so he won't be apt to snap it in two though they've been known to do it. Steady men. Here he comes—here he COMES!"

By this time, in feverish expectancy, the crowd stands. Fitz would give a final jerk and out into the open would come not a living badger but an old-fashioned, taffy-colored bedroom thunder mug, an honest to goodness, unblushing boudoir pot pulled into the limelight by the chain which was fastened to its handle! It was a scream!

Well of course Fitz enjoyed it. He would roll on the floor with laughter over his dramatic coup. Spectators would join in the general uproar and then Fitz would order all hands to meander into the barroom of the training-camp hotel to have the drinks on him. Usually he spent the entire "gate" on the crowd which was always willing to admit that it had been taken for a swell buggy ride.

Mickey Walker was forever attaching one of those fearful noise producers, the make-believe bomb to the motor of some visitor's motor car. It is a long sky rocket-looking affair with wires protruding from each end. These wires are so attached to the starter that when the foot is pressed down to operate the car, a terrific explosion takes place.

Sparks and smoke of different colors come pouring from under the hood of the car. Many a visitor has leaped from his car in a Mickey Walker camp, fearing that the "black hand" or some other secret society has run him down. Usually Mickey would view all this rumpus from behind a neighboring automobile.

All champions have taken on "Battling Keefe." He is a little undersized man who really believes that he has conquered the best fighters in the world. He has his printed record to prove that he has knocked out Jack Dempsey, Stanley Ketchel, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, Jimmy McLarnin, Jack Johnson, Tommy Loughran, Abe Attell, and many other champions. Only recently this writer received a postal from O'Keefe setting forth that he was claiming the heavyweight title because Jim Braddock, Max Schmeling and Joe Louis had not answered his letters in regard to a challenge for the undisputed heavyweight championship of the world.

Every boxer of note, when informed of O'Keefe's belief in his qualities as a fighter, has taken one on the chin for the Battler. O'Keefe never has caught up with the idea that he has been kidded by the best fighters who ever lived. O'Keefe's printed record has their names listed, recounting the K.O. scores. He was sorely disappointed when Louis, Braddock and Schmeling paid no attention to his open challenge.

"Battling O'Keefe," indeed one of the strangest characters I've run across in all my years of following the fighting men!

Boshter Bill's Failure

(Continued from page 34)

everything he had, bet that way. But the majority of the customers, being quite as credulous in those days as they have been ever since, felt that Squires would slaughter the comparatively diminutive Burns.

As the thing was scheduled for forty-five rounds, there was a great sale of cushions. The bare planks of Mr. Coffroth's arena would begin to feel uncomfortable at the end of so many three-minute periods.

There was an Australian sportsman in our party who had bet heavily on Boshter Bill. He still had money to bet and was looking around for more Burns money. His back was toward the ring, when the bout started.

Squires came out of his corner using a stance that was modeled after the position of Thomas Figg in the old woodcuts. His chin was high and the left foot was about a yard in advance of the right. He moved slowly and impressively.

Burns skipped lightly out of his corner and circled around the giant. Then suddenly the little Canadian hopped close and let go the first blow. It was a looping swing which did not catch Squires on the jaw. Instead it landed high on the left temple.

Burns stepped back. Squires wabbled for a moment, then he went down to the mat as flat as Joe Beckett himself. It looked like a chance blow. The crowd waited bewildered for the giant to rise and slay the pygmy.

The count started. There was no move on the part of Boshter Bill. "And out," said the referee.

Then the baffled customers went wild. They threw down their cushions into the ring until the "successor of Fitzsimmons" was buried.

By this time the Australian sportsman had succeeded in getting down another $1,000 bet. He looked at the ring bewildered. They were digging the champion of Australia from under the debris.

"Who shot him?" screamed the Australian sportsman.

And one of the scribes replied: "Tommy Burns carried a stick of dynamite into the ring and it exploded just as Tommy tested it on Boshter Bill's jaw."

And so Tommy stepped a little nearer the throne which he gained by eliminating all the good Americans and every foreigner of note after beating Marvin Hart, Jeff's choice for champion.

Lamb Stew He Did Not Eat, Beat Fitz

(Continued from page 33)

referee finally decided that if both were on their feet at the end of the 80th round, he would call it a draw. And that's the way it ended.

If that fight had taken place in Madison Square Garden in the present day, it would have ended about five hours sooner, with both men being thrown out into the alley.

* * *

EVERY now and then, somebody came along and asked, "Joe, did you ever do any fighting yourself?" Of course, I had my share of battles as a kid, fights on the dock, struggles in the street. But I never had any aspirations as a professional battler. I have managed to confine all of my ring battles to verbal bouts.

Acting as a fight announcer sometimes has its aggressive and rambunctious moments. It isn't just going into the ring and telling the folks that Joe Smith is fighting Jake Jones, and one weighs 180 and the other 180 and—a half.

The announcer is the contact between the promoter and the fans. His duty is to keep the crowd in good humor and to smooth over any rough spots that may crop out in the show, either on account of questioned decisions, substitutions, slow draggy fights, or a thousand and one other causes.

For example, about a dozen years ago Sailor White and Arthur Pelky (whose fight with Luther McCarthy resulted in the latter's death) met in Madison Square Garden, New York, then run by Billy Gibson. It was a slow, uninteresting Graeco-Roman hugging match with no holds barred and before long the crowd, which had been expecting a real fight, began to give evidence of their displeasure. Earlier in the evening the skylights had been opened but a heavy rainstorm came up and they had to be closed.

I remember, by the way, that some of the ringsiders hoisted umbrellas when the downpour started. A few minutes later Pelky and White were pulling each other around the ring when suddenly, in the midst of a deathlike silence, some gallery wit yelled "Hey, Joe, open up the skylights again and drown them two bums."

So loud did this voice sound in the stillness which bespoke the disgust of the fans that even the fighters stopped and looked around. After the final gong put an end to the farce, the fans got noisy until I stopped them with an announcement.

"I've got great news for you," I yelled. Everybody quieted down. Then I continued, "Sailor White and Arthur Pelky have been rematched—" (boos from the crowd)—"but not here," (cheers). "On the first rainy night," I went on, "they will fight at Barren Island before the phonograph." And the mob, which had shown some indication of becoming ugly, went away laughing.

A crowd is a funny animal—especially a fight crowd. I guess the fight must get into their blood. I'll always remember the bout between good old Frank Moran and Jim Coffey, the Dublin Giant. Moran was of the species known as Irish-American, his home being in Pittsburg, while Coffey was a product of Ireland. There was a big crowd of Irish and Irish-Americans, and pretty much equally divided as to allegiance.

When I stood up in the ring to introduce the men, a soft but evidently determined voice, with a rich brogue, said "Coffey fairst!" I raised my hand for silence and again came the voice with a note of warning, "Coffey fairst!"

This was repeated time and again and there was a rumble from the Moran rooters that predicted a protest on their part. Finally I said, "Wait a minute, now, we'll put it to a vote; all in favor of Coffey fairst say 'aye'." There was a rousing chorus of "ayes." So quickly I yelled, "the ayes have it, so just for the sake of variety we'll serve the Coffey fairst!" The grumble turned into a laugh, which was just what I wanted. There was a lot of feeling about that fight and I wasn't going to take any chances of rubbing the crowd's fur the wrong way.

And when they laugh, I figure that everything is rosy.

(To Be Continued)

THIS series of articles, of which the one printed here is No. 2, was written by Joe Humphreys, the greatest announcer in ring history, some time before he died. Nat Fleischer, editor of "The Ring" Magazine, collaborated with Joe and together they got up one of the most interesting stories yet written about fights and fighters.

The Last of the Bare-Knuckle Days

(Continued from page 12)

times, and eventually got the decision in the 110th round, Sallars being too dazed and exhausted to continue.

Many and many a time I saw "Happy Nig" in his grey-haired respected old age—he looked just like one of those old-time pre-civil war retainers on the homesteads of southern states. Heart of gold, that was Happy Nig.

I saw him spar with Jem Mace in Melbourne in the 'seventies—there was a sight to set the imagination soaring, for Jem Mace had been a bosom pal of Tom Sayers and Tom King. Both King and Sayers fought John C. Heenan the Benicia Boy, and Mace himself fought King and beat him.

* * *

BUT the most sensational bare-knuckle fight ever held on Australian soil was the 71 round draw between Sandy Ross and Larry Foley. It was held some time between 1866 and 1876. You can get up an argument even now by naming a definite year, even by mentioning the fight in fact, because it was a deadly do-or-die bout between the orange and the green. I think it was in the late sixties myself because feeling was running very high at the time over the Fenian riots, and Larry Foley, for all his Australian birth, was a true racy of the soil Irishman, a southern Irishman, addicted to the wearin' o' the green on the slightest pretext. And Ross was north of Ireland, and an Orangeman. Neither man made any secret of his feelings in that respect, and they got into the ring wearing a green and an orange sash respectively.

For hours the fight raged, with first one man getting the better of it and then the other, and with all the spectators about as fighting mad as the contestants. They were well matched as regards ability although Ross was much the bigger man, and in determination, well it was plain that neither would leave the ring while he could lift a hand, unless it was as victor.

The drawn decision was given at the end of two hours forty minutes as much with a view to preventing trouble among the spectators as for any other reason. So intense was the interest displayed in the match that a long piece of poetry was made up about it, and for a quarter of a century or more afterwards, you would hear that piece recited in all sorts of places and at all sorts of times. Arty Tully, who was with me in South Africa and who won the lightweight championship in Jo'burg, was the best I ever heard at reciting it. If he had an audience of Irishmen, it was almost like going into a lion's den with the trainer to be with Tully when he did his stuff.

As it was anybody's fight all through of course there would be verse after verse extolling Ross's ability and giving gruesome details such as "the fist of Ross was stained with Fenian gore" and so on. The audience, nearly always composed of Fenian sympathizers, would grow distinctly hostile to Tully at such stages in the recitation, and sometimes it would be difficult to hear his voice above the mutterings, growlings and threats of his scowling hearers.

"Howld yer tongue—stop that nonsense—be off wid yer!" were some of the commands Arty would receive when with dramatic gestures he would describe a telling hit or knock down by Ross. But of course sooner or later, there would be verses extolling Foley and then the audience would be all smiles and sweet compliments.

"A mighty blow then laid Ross low" Arty would chant, or "Red blood stained the orange sash and there was cheering for the green." Then he would look around and say, "Well, do you want me to stop—have you heard enough?"

"No, divil a bit—go on wid yer Arty. Sure but isn't he the fine reciter. 'Tis as good as seein' the foight—keep goin', lad!"

And on Arty would go, but soon he would be singing Ross's praises again, and be the target for savage glares and impatient mutterings as before.

Larry Foley was a participant in the last great bare-knuckle fight on Australian soil, when he met Abe Hicken of England and America in a bush ring near the Murray River in 1879. Jem Mace was Foley's second. Hicken, who came with a good overseas reputation, was favorite, but was beaten in the sixteenth round after receiving fearful punishment. The first round, full of fierce exchanges, lasted twenty-two minutes.

Out of that fight Larry Foley emerged champion of Australia, and richer by 2500 dollars plus the friendship of Jem Mace. It was a landmark in Australian pugilism.

It marked the close of the old bare-knuckle days, because Mace and Foley, though they were both bare-fist bruisers, elected to teach, not the old rules, but the new code inaugurated by the Marquess of Queensberry. All the great battles after that in Australia were fought with gloves.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

A FEW weeks ago I came across the following editorial which is deserving of attention by the army of RING readers because it concerns a great fighter of the past. Perhaps, after reading it, some help will come to this boy—now a wreck and unable to take care of himself. The article speaks for itself.

"There are streets," wrote Vauvenargues, "haunted by aborted glories and broken hearts." The Rue Lepic, Montmartre, is one of them. Among life's cripples here is Francis Charles, ex-boxing champion of Europe—once noted, well-to-do, happily married and a proud father. Today, at the age of thirty-seven, he is blind, poverty-stricken, forgotten, and death has robbed him of his wife and only daughter. A human pack-horse, he ekes out a miserable existence like Crainquebille by vending vegetables, which he drags up and down the rough-paved street in a barrow.

Charles, who never suffered a knock-out, began his boxing career when twelve years old. In 1927, the retina of his left eye was injured at Berlin in a bout with Schmeling, and the following year at Paris his other eye was hurt in a fight with Bouquillon. In vain he spent thousands of francs to save his vision. In a lodging-house of the Rue Lepic, the former champion lives alone in a little wretched chamber where there is scarcely room to die. The walls are hung with photos of his famous matches, of his wife and daughter, and here, among these souvenirs of departed glory and delight, he stares with sightless orbs into a hopeless future.

ANGUS MACDONNELL,
Monrovia, California.

* * *

LIKE your correspondent, "House of Boys" Leicester, England, I consider Dan M. Daniel's "RING's Globe Trotter" very interesting. It is racy, amusing, *AND* original.

"Nat Fleischer Says" is also good reading, and is usually more than kind to our English boxers, bad as some of them are.

I like Hype Igoe, but I definitely line up with your correspondent, Cecil Taggart, Spencer, N. Jersey, who ridicules Hype's assertion that Joe Walcott would have beaten Joe Louis.

I think the old timers are overrated by elderly boxing writers, (and I am old enough to remember Jim Corbett's fight with Charlie Mitchell). Statistics in all other athletic sports in which records can be kept, prove my statement to be correct.

Readers' letters are a good feature in your paper but you allow them too much space, they should be restricted to about 150 words, thus eliminating much of the axe-grinding element.

WALTER GREEN,
Clapham Common, London Sw 4.

* * *

WHEN reading the October issue of THE RING, I was very surprised to read a letter sent to you by W. E. Holt, from Surrey, England. He says there is no excuse for Louis not winning against Schmeling and that Max was the better man. It is true Schmeling did win very handily, but I think Louis was improperly trained.

I saw the moving pictures of that fight and Louis had no snap to his punches. If he fought Schmeling as he did Baer and Carnera, he would have defeated Max and cut him to ribbons in short order. Baer knocked out Schmeling a few years ago and yet Louis defeated Max in four rounds.

And Baer was a man who could take a lot of punishment, far more than Max Schmeling could ever hope to take. So figure that out Mr. Holt. I lost a lot of money on that fight, but if Max Schmeling ever faces Louis again I'll still put my money on Louis, to put Max away before six rounds is over.

Now Mr. Holt, you ask Nat Fleischer if he must feel like a sucker after picking Louis to beat Schmeling. Well I don't think he did, and I didn't either, you'll be the sucker if Louis ever meets Schmeling again. Don't forget Louis will win by a K.O. before six rounds is ended.

F. G. T., Toronto, Canada.

* * *

I NOTE the controversy in September issue of THE RING with reference to infected eyes of fighters. As an interested follower of the game for the past quarter century, I would like to suggest some of the salient features of infection from my observation and show a preventative cycle which has proved beneficial many years.

We must realize that with such a delicate organ as the eye, infection is very rapid and thus with whatever preventative we employ, the element of time of its application, is the factor governing its success.

The average training in boxing consists of a certain number of rounds in preparation for a bout. Spectators, managers and trainers carry into the gymnasium a multitude of bacteriological hazards on their shoes; fighters walk the gymnasium and carry them to the resin of the ring; gloves are vaselined and this film on gloves makes them incubators and willing hosts of such unwelcome and dangerous enemies. My opinion is that most eye troubles are contracted in training due to old gloves.

A procedure I have adopted which I have placed through the baptism of fire and found absolutely satisfactory, is the following sample:

Let the trainer drop three drops of a 5% solution of Argyrol in each eye one minute before the boys start their boxing. About 30 to 45 seconds after administration the momentary blurred vision will return to normal. Repeat the treatment immediately after the bout is over—before the boy leaves the ring. As time is the essence of this plan's success, I repeat—use Argyrol *immediately before* a bout and *immediately after.*

If this precaution is adopted, every time a boxer dons the gloves, and managers will insist on their trainers doing this as their daily routine with their charges, both in workouts and in contests, it will go far in eradicating the loss of one of our most valued senses.

As pugilism moves onward I hope I may live to see the day when such a cycle of precaution will be incorporated in the Boxing Commission rulings throughout our country.

GEORGE LAFAYETTE,
New York City.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

* * *

FOR the benefit of RING readers who, like myself, live in pretty well out-of-the-way places, I think it would be a good plan to print "round-to-round" accounts of the major battles of the month. We don't get a chance of hearing of most of the fighting that goes on in the world. For instance: strange as it may seem I could not find any account of the Schmeling-Louis fight barring the barest details that Schmeling had won on a knock-out in the twelfth round. Again I only heard that Canzoneri had defeated McLarnin on points and nothing else! So I for one would like very much to see accounts as well as reviews of the hectic glove-swapping that goes on.

Now there is another thing. Would it be possible to rake up and print detailed accounts of famous old fights since Sullivan's day? I'd like to know what happened when Fitzsimmons relieved Corbett of his title and what Dempsey did to Willard and Firpo. It was very interesting to read the "Globe Trotter's" accounts of old fights, but they weren't enough and detailed sufficiently for me.

B. V. POWRY,
Lismore, Umtata, Transkei, South Africa.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

A. W. General Sherman, Balboa, Panama

Q.—We have a fellow on board the ship who claims he is Pal Moran, the New Orleans lightweight of some years ago. Can you tell me if this is the same man and would appreciate an identification of him.

A.—Pal Moran was from last accounts in New Orleans or he shipped from there. He was tall, thin, his hair was graying although he had a nice crop. He spoke very politely with a slight southern accent and his legs were very thin. We have no available picture at the office at this moment but this description should give a fairly good idea.

Dan McLean, Toledo

Q.—Would you please tell me what the time is between counts on a man in boxing? What are the weights of different divisions in boxing? I am sixteen years of age. Is there any boxing club in Toledo and how can I get started in boxing?

A.—One second. 112 flyweight—118 bantamweight—126 featherweight—135 lightweight—147 welterweight—160 middleweight—175 light-heavyweight—all over 175—heavyweights. Joe Griffith and Ed McDaniel are boxing promoters in Toledo. Join an amateur boxing association to get experience before you can become a professional.

Lloyd Watmough, Shaughnessy, Alberta, Canada

Q.—I have a good left jab but have trouble in getting my right into action at the right time. How may I obtain the right timing? What were the ages of Tunney and Dempsey at the time of their second fight? Can you tell me something about Andre Lenglet?

A.—It is merely a matter of coordination between the mind and body. When a left jab is delivered to its mark, the right should follow almost instantaneously with the left jab acting as a guide. Tunney was 29 and Dempsey 32 when they fought their second battle. Lenglet is a good prospect. He is 22 years of age and has been coming along nicely in this country.

Charles Gossin, Miami, Fla.

Q.—What is the measurement of an official ring? What is the size of the platform? What is the size of the inside ropes and how high are the posts?

A.—The regulation size is 24 by 24 feet, such as is in the Garden of New York and 20th Century Sporting Club. Other official sizes are 20 by 20, 19 by 19.

The posts are eight feet from the ground. The inside ropes are placed in a square 21 feet by 21 feet—That constitutes the exact space occupied for fighting purposes because the ropes are placed one and a half feet from the edge of the platform. which is 26 feet square in a regulation ring. If the ring is smaller, the ropes occupy the space after one and a half feet are deducted on each side. The space between the ropes is one and a half feet.

Martin Flaherty, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is Jake Kilrain still alive?

A.—Yes, he gave an interview in New York only a few weeks ago to Hype Igoe.

Andy Wallace, Ring Reader.

Q.—Are you still accepting the record of past and present day fighters for your proposed record book?

A.—Yes, Andy. Unfortunately, I find that the old timers have enough pride to make certain that they get the record in the book, but I cannot say that about the present day fighters and managers. Candidly, I don't blame the fighters, but I do blame the poor specimen of money-mad-managers who work the kids to death but don't think enough about giving the boy a break by having his record printed, especially when there is no cost attached. Am asking nothing but cooperation but cannot get that and may have to abandon the plan as to date, I have only the old timers records but cannot get the boys of to-day to send in complete records of themselves, including birthday, place of birth, date and place of each fight, result, height and weight of fighter and manager's name. Of course Andy, the poor managers are so overworked that getting up a record is asking too much of them. Then again, Andy, we must sympathize with some of the managers because they can neither read nor write, but know how to get their third of the boxer's income—that's all they book after.

Ring Reader, Tonopah, Nevada

Q.—Is Arthritis curable?

A.—Yes. I had it and was cured by Dr. Alfred E. Phelps of Rockville Center, Long Island, one of the leaders in that branch of medicine. He also has an office at 16 Park Avenue, New York City and is a recognized authority on arthritis.

Q.—Has Jimmy Braddock arthritis or is he ducking Schmeling?

A.—He has the disease but should be O.K. by summer of next year.

Q.—What is the price of your Universal Boxing Course for one person?

A.—$3.98.

Billy Johnson, N. Y. C.

Q.—I am fifteen years old, weigh 138 pounds and am five feet six and one half inches tall, with my shoes on. What is the greatest height and weight I will attain naturally? Is height measured by the Boxing Commission in bare feet or shoes?

A.—You may reach 5 feet 8 inches. The Commission does not measure height. Only takes your weight.

Hiram Swanson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—What is the order of heavyweight champions from Sullivan to the present day?

A.—You will find the complete list of heavyweight champions in the last issue of The Ring, in which all their bouts in which the title was defended, also was given. The champions in their order, follow: Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock.

Martin Schweitzer, Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—Can a referee in New York disqualify a fighter?

A.—Yes, he can. There is no ruling against that. Unfortunately, some officials have misunderstood the no-foul rule. That, as General Phelan explained a few weeks ago, is only in use when a foul is landed. A referee, even in that case, if he thinks a fighter has deliberately fouled out his opponent, may disqualify the perpetrator of the outrage and award the fight to the fallen fighter. Elsewhere in this book, you will find a list of offenses for which a fighter may be disqualified.

R. D. Ross, Ottawa, Canada

Q.—What were the measurements of Corbett and Fitzsimmons.

A.—In their prime, they had the following measurements:

Corbett		Fitzsimmons
6 ft. 1 in.	Height	5 ft. 10½ in.
182 lbs.	Weight	162 lbs.
73 in.	Reach	71¾ in.
38 in.	Chest (Normal)	44 in.
42 in.	Chest (expanded)	48 in.
33 in.	Waist	32 in.
14½ in.	Biceps	12 in.
17 in.	Neck	15 in.
6½ in.	Wrist	7½ in.
14½ in.	Calf	13½ in.
8½ in.	Ankle	8¼ in.
21 in.	Thigh	20½ in.
12¾ in.	Fist	12½ in.
11½ in.	Forearm	11½ in.

Martin Fisher, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—What is the chest development of Canzoneri? Has he a 40 expansion?

A.—36 inches, normal, 38½ expanded.

Dennig Whong, Washington, S. C.

Q.—How is it you refrained from ranking Frankie Battaglia, Canadian middleweight, among the first ten middleweights in Eddie Borden's page? I have been reading THE RING since February and you have always ranked Battaglia fourth. He has not retired, nor has he been beaten recently so why was he not ranked in September's issue? Did George Nichols ever hold a title? If so from whom did he win it and what was it? What nationality is Lou Brouillard? Do you think Ben Foord would have any chance against American heavies? Who do you think he could beat? What do you think of Cowboy Howard Scott?

A.—Battaglia was overlooked because it looked like he was ready to enter the light-heavyweight division because of weight difficulties. Nichols won the N. B. A. light-heavyweight tournament in Chicago several years but he was never seriously recognized. Brouillard is a French-Canadian. Foord is a young South African heavy who has been fighting in good form and might do well against the best except Braddock, Schmeling, Louis. Scott is a rough, tough performer who is entitled to a break among the lightweights.

Bob Willis, Weeping Water, Neb.

Q.—Does Johnny Risko still fight or has he retired? Who T.K.O.'ed Jimmy Braddock. Who do you consider the best heavyweight champion since Tunney? Is Jack Sharkey an American? What is a sneak punch?

A.—Risko has retired from boxing. Lew Scozza stopped Braddock because of a cut eye in San Francisco. Max Baer was about the best. Sharkey is an American of Lithuanian extraction. A sneak punch is one delivered very fast, either on the break or one that the referee can't see. It is considered an unfair punch.

George J. Christensen, Phila, Pa.

Q.—Did Peter Jackson and Corbett wear long tights in their fight or short ones?

A.—Long ones. Corbett wore short ones in the fight with Sullivan. The picture which you saw in which Peter and Gentleman Jim are wearing short ones, is from a painting.

Ernie Cross, Sherbrooke, Que.

Q.—If Yvon Roberts is not the world's heavyweight wrestling champion who is? Why isn't Roberts given credit?

A.—Certainly not. He never won the title and is just another of the Bowser-made champions. If you want to get the full data on the heavyweight situation, get a copy of Nat Fleischer's latest book, "From Milo to Londos," which traces the heavyweight title from Muldoon to Dave Levin. It will be out on November 10 and will contain 40 pages. You'll understand then why Roberts is not the title holder. Dean Delton is the official world heavyweight king.

W. Walker, Montclair, N. J.

Q.—Was there ever a fighter by the name of Luther McCarty? Also Arthur Pelkey? Were they good? What is the date of birth of each?

A.—Yes. Both were excellent fighters. They fought at a time when the White Hope craze was on and were right on top. McCarty was killed by Pelkey in a bout on May 24, 1913, in first round. McCarty was born at Driftwood Creek, Neb., March 20, 1892 and Pelkey was born Oct. 27, 1884 at Chatham, Ont. Canada.

Robert Brooks, Fesseston, Ont. Can.

Q.—Is Larry Gains still fighting? Will he again make the grade? Is Firpo still making a comeback? How do you rate the heavyweight champions?

A.—Yes, but I doubt he'll ever make the grade again. Firpo retired after having been knocked out recently. Matter of opinion, with Jack Johnson, in my opinion, the best.

John Phalin, Nova Scotia, Can.

Q.—How old should a boy be before he fights professionally? Who has fought more bouts—Baer, Braddock or Louis.

A.—Eighteen years is a good time although many start when 16. Baer, Braddock and Louis, in order named.

Fred Windy Winsor, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—Haven't you erred in using a photo of Herrera and labelled it Joe Rivers in October RING?

A.—Yes. Thanks a lot, Windy. We received 100 inquiries on this, showing how closely our readers follow both text and photos in The Ring. Had a photo of Herrera and Rivers at printing plant and the wrong one was picked up. Sorry we made the error. We try hard to avoid errors, Windy, but sometimes miss.

Art Williams, Butte, Mont.

Q.—Is Jimmy Johnston of the Madison Square Garden rated a great matchmaker?

A.—He is one of the best in America.

John F. Thomas, Allston, Mass.

Q.—What was the date of the Battling Levinsky-Jim Coffey fight held in Boston several years ago? Why can't a southpaw fighter develop a right jab just like other fighters develop a left jab? Is there any place in Boston where a boy can learn to box?

A.—January 3, 1914. There is no reason why a southpaw can't develop a right jab. Lew Tendler had the right jab and he was the greatest southpaw of recent years. Harry Kelly's gym in Boston would be a good place to learn, or Johnny Buckley's.

Wally Kelley, Kirkwood, Mo.

Q.—I am a boy of fifteen years of age and am interested in boxing but cannot get anyone in the neighborhood to box with me. Where can I get boys of my age to box me. I weigh 100 pounds and am five feet 3½ inches in height. Do you think I will ever be a middleweight. Do they teach boxing at the Y.M.C.A. If Max Baer fought the kind of fight he fought with Schmeling and Carnera, do you think he would beat Braddock or Louis?

A.—The Y.M.C.A. is the only place that you can box with boys of your own age and improve your boxing skill. You may reach the lightweight limit but hardly the middleweights. Baer would have had a much better chance had he fought Louis and Braddock like he did Schmeling and Carnera.

A Reader

Q.—Will you please tell me how my measurements shape up. My chest is 26½ inches, expanded 29½. Biceps 9, waist 22½. Do you think they are okay. Are they average, small or large for a boy of my age. What do you think of the Atlas Course?

A.—They are average measurements for a boy of your age. The Atlas Course has proved successful with most students.

Morris Goldfarb, Newark, N. J.

Q.—I would like to know if Jack Sharkey was champion when he lost to Max Schmeling and was he champion twice?

A.—The title was vacant when Tunney retired and Sharkey and Schmeling were considered the two outstanding challengers. When Schmeling won on a foul he won his right to the title and later lost it to Sharkey on decision.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

JOE LOUIS started off pugilistic activities at the New York Hippodrome when he polished off Jorge Brescia, the South American, in the third round of their scheduled ten. Brescia, a rank novice, although a fine prospect, was tossed into the ring with less than ten professional encounters to recommend him, to face one of the greatest heavyweights of modern times.

For two rounds he gave a fairly good account of himself, though he showed timidness and uncertainty in the crucial spots. The third round, in which he was stiffened, was Brescia's finest showing. He nailed Louis with a few right handers on the chin and revealed a few flaws in Louis' makeup, particularly when Louis was hit. A left hook finished Jorge for the evening.

The gate receipts amounting to $20,624 net figures did not come up to the expectations.

In the semi-final, Gunnar Barlund, Paul Damski's latest heavyweight importation, delivered the goods in first class style when he flattened Sandy McDonald in two rounds. Eddie Blunt was credited with a technical knockout over Eduardo Primo, another South American, when he failed to come out for the ninth round. Dave Clark scored over Phil Sommese in six while Jack Moran outpointed Bill Irby in the four round opener.

General John J. Phelan, chairman of our athletic commission, again showed poor judgment when he failed to give Jack Portney the necessary recognition that was promised him the last time Portney and his manager, George Sheppard, appeared before them. A few months ago Portney was promised that the eliminations would include him before Barney Ross would be given permission to show his wares in this state.

The latest lineup shows that Ceferino Garcia and Izzy Jannazzo were paired, with the winner to meet Barney Ross in the Garden on November 27. Those in Fisticuff Alley regard this as another victory by Madison Square Garden Corporation over the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, because, during the summer, Ross and his mentors were determined to stay out of New York unless they fought for Mike Jacobs. Apparently idleness and lack of big gates have riled Ross and his mentors and they are now willing to deal with Jimmy Johnston, whom they previously had ignored.

Jimmy McLarnin turned the tables on Tony Canzoneri in their return go at the Garden, but this match lacked the thrills which the first meeting provided. McLarnin depended strictly upon left-hand hitting and refused to meet the challenges of his opponent in slugging it out and consequently the fight lagged.

Canzoneri suffered injuries over the eye and his lip injury did not heal sufficiently to withstand McLarnin's jabbing and as a result Tony's bleeding incessantly made the fight appear worse than it really was.

Lorenzo Pack won by a wide margin over Eddie Simms in the ten-round semi-final, but it was called a draw. Holman Williams and Ritchie Fontaine, both lightweights, made their first appearance in New York, fought as if their life depended on the outcome, the bout ending with honors evenly divided. It was the best fight of the night. Al Gainer pummelled Domenico Ceccarelli around for ten rounds in winning the verdict, while Manuel Herrera scored over Albert Synott in the four-round curtain-raiser. The house drew $54,189 in gross figures.

Izzy Jannazzo, formerly of Birmingham, Alabama, but now of Brooklyn, showed championship form in giving Gustave Eder an unmerciful trouncing at the St. Nick's. Jannazzo won fourteen of fifteen rounds fought and the only reason for losing that lone chapter was because of an unintentional low blow. Baby Casanova disposed of Allie Todesco in one session on the same show—Lawson Bampton, our Montreal scribe, was honeymooning in our town and in addition brought along Oliver Shanks, his young heavyweight, probably for a chaperone—Although the boost comes a trifle late for the summer season, we have to doff our hat to the good work that Billy Brown put over at the Queensboro Arena in his first season as matchmaker. He was responsible for building Harry Balsamo into a potential middleweight contender, started Tony Marino in good style when he whipped Lou Salica, gave Dave Crowley his golden opportunity when he drew with Mike Belloise and gave Johnny Clinton, local welterweight, his first feature opportunity. Billy is going to try his luck at Stauch's Coney Island Casino for the coming indoor season and with his knack of developing local talent should do all right.

Ceferino Garcia, in his metropolitan debut at the Garden, decisively whipped Cleto Locatelli in a rough, gruelling and bitterly fought contest. Locatelli was in good form and made Garcia fight his hardest. The Filipino brought a new type of blow to this city. It is called a Bolo punch. It is a sweeping right-hand uppercut, and landing successfully, it looks like a sure-shot K.O. wallop. He caught Cleto a few times with the punch and executed his severest damage through that medium.

Aldo Spoldi outscored Al Roth in a tiresome ten-rounder. Al had one of his real bad nights.

Johnny Morro, Bronx lightweight, furnished a real surprise when he outboxed Baby Casanova in ten thrilling rounds.

Enrico Venturi defeated Orville Drouillard in a scorching ten-round session. Drouillard, while outpunched, waded in fearlessly and aggressively and made a decided hit. Tony Ciacco bested Johnny McHale in the four-rounder.

Fillo Echeverria, Cuban featherweight, is another New York entry looking for recognition in the championship quest. Fillo is just a trifle too heavy for the bantam class and not strong enough for the matured featherweights. He is a classy boxer and has enough natural ability to carry him through.

His manager, Manolo Brana, has turned him over to Sammy Goldman to handle, which is a good point in his favor—Frankie Genaro, old-time flyweight king, is now an ambitious boxing promoter and will stage his shows at the Paterson Armory—Billy Stevens was around yelling that Izzy Singer was given the worst of it when he clashed with Tony Galento in Newark.

While Tony was the official winner, Billy is flashing the local papers, which credit Singer with the best of it—Ray Impellitiere seems to be fighting well under the California sun. The form he showed in whipping Phil Brubaker may lead to a Joe Louis match in San Francisco under the promotion of Tony Palazolo.

Lew Raymond is giving the natives of St. Louis some mighty attractive shows—Babe Cullen, running the Laurel Gardens in Newark, always manages to come through with some unknown talent—Billy Beauhold, who claims St. Louis and Jersey City his home, is one of the best attractions around Jersey, and Matchmaker Jackie Farrell hopes that he will never desert his Jersey City environment—Joe Malone, who recently returned from a Mid-Western tour with Frankie Wallace that took him to Kansas City and Grand Rapids, is highly enthusiastic about the treatment accorded him in both cities—Frankie Gatto, in K. C., and Al Schwartz, the Grand Rapids promoter, are high class promoters and extended him every possible courtesy—My opinion is that Gus Wilson has a potential champion in Bob Nestell of Los Angeles. In nine professional starts he has become the rage of the movie colony and Gus is already starting to glance at offers from the East.

New York City is getting to be a beehive of industry as far as boxing goes. Besides Madison Square Garden in action, there is the New York Hippodrome, St. Nicholas Palace, Bronx Coliseum, Mecca Sports Arena, Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club and the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn, and the White Plains Sporting Centre doing business in surrounding territory.

Babe Baron came in time for the World Series and to take in the Canzoneri-McLarnin tilt—Babe hails from Chicago and will travel miles to see a sporting event where a bet may be wagered—Jim Mullen of the Chicago Stadium took a long gamble in sending for several English boxers so he may have drawing cards for the Chicago Stadium this coming season. Maurice Strickland, New Zealand heavyweight, and Joe Connolly, Scottish lightweight, are two of the outstanding boys that arrived.

They say that bad luck travels in threes, so maybe the circle is completed. Within two weeks' time, Bobby Gunnis, popular Philadelphia promoter; Matt Hinkle, veteran promoter and referee from Cleveland, and Tony Palozzolo, trainer of Jack Sharkey, all passed the Great Divide. The trio were well known to all followers of the fistic sport and needless to say, they will be missed. Tony, from New Orleans, started his career with Pete Herman and finished up when Jack Sharkey made his unsuccessful stand against Joe Louis.

Harry Voiller, part manager of Al Roth and Al Delaney, added Lorenzo Pack to his list of future champions—Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who acted as adviser to Brescia for his scrap with Joe Louis, turned in a nifty piece of work considering the short space of time that he was in charge. Jorge was merely a victim of over-matching—Lou Ambers intends being an active champion, judging by the amount of matches that Al Weill has arranged for him. The bout with Jimmy McLarnin should prove how good Lou Ambers really is.

Lew Diamond is acting as ambassador of good will between Florida and New York. Lew recently turned correspondent, extolling the good qualities of Florida as a boxing center. He is also managing Chino Alvarez, Southern lightweight champion, who looks like the goods—Chris Dundee, who makes his headquarters in Richmond, has a good string of gladiators headed by Ken Overlin, middleweight, and Norment Quarles, a lightweight—Gabe Menendez, young Washington manager, is doing the managerial work for Cowboy Howard Scott, who was going great guns until he ran into the dynamic right hand of Chino Alvarez. Gabe would like to get that return match for Washington—While Pete Reilly is on the Coast with Mike Belloise, he is well represented in the East by Mrs. Reilly, Maurie Waxman, Dan Florio, Harry Gordon, George Rushmer, Jack Gorman and Hugh Reilly.

Pinkie George has resumed running professional boxing shows in Des Moines, Iowa, while Dave Fidler is concentrating on the amateurs—Benny Ray is still going strong at the Marigold Gardens, Chicago, where shows are being staged weekly—George Trafton, former football star and gymnasium owner, is now handling the affairs of Oscar Rankins, colored middleweight—Harvey Cohn has been appointed assistant matchmaker at the Boston Garden with George Brown handling the reins as matchmaker—There is quite a dispute about Al McCoy's legal right in claiming the Canadian heavyweight title. That should not disturb him in any way as he is a good looking fighter. Incidentally, in whipping Charley Belanger over the fifteen-round route in Quebec City recently, it gave boxing a needed stimulus in that vicinity. Belanger, although a veteran, gave a good account of himself—Manager Scotty Strachan has not lost any faith in Belanger because of that defeat.

Phil Lewis, veteran manager, is now handling the affairs of Roy Lazer, promising Paterson heavyweight—Pal Silvers has been running in good form since entering the heavyweight ranks and has turned in sixteen victories and one draw in his last starts—Charley Bennett and Billy Stevens have doubled in managerial endeavors and their latest charge is Henry Hooks, the Indianapolis bantamweight—F. St. John Dean, the representative of the Transvaal Sporting Club of Johannesburg, South Africa, left New York last month after making an extensive study of the business methods practised by our fight managers. He went from Coast to Coast and I imagine his fistic education is now complete, after his various contacts—Laurie Stevens and his bride were honeymooning and spent several

(Continued on page 50)

ADAM HATS ON THE AIR WHN 1010 KC. ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

JOE LOUIS continued to hold the fistic heavyweight spotlight by blasting Al Ettore and Jorge Brescia into the ring resin in five and three rounds, respectively. John Henry Lewis knocked out Red Burman in two rounds of an overweight match. Jimmy McLarnin evened matters with Tony Canzoneri by scoring over the former lightweight champion in ten rounds in Madison Square Garden, while in the major upset of the month, comparatively unknown Harry Jeffra of Baltimore, an oversized bantamweight, scored in an overweight match against the world's champion, Sixto Escobar.

The major heavyweight contests are, of course, Louis' aforementioned knockouts. Max Baer continued his successful tour of the tank towns by scoring kayoes over Sammy Evans in three heats, Tim Charles in four rounds, and winning a six-round decision over Bearcat Wright, but then was whipped by an unknown, Willie Davis, in a six-round contest. Tommy Loughran disposed of Tony Rossalia in three stanzas and defeated huge Ray Impellitiere, who in turn outscored Phil Brubaker. Al McCoy won over Charley Belanger. Promising Bob Nestell kayoed Nash Garrison in two. Bob Pastor kayoed Jimmy De Sola in two. King Levinsky beat Leo Lomski. Red Burman won the award over Billy Ketchell. Andre Lenglet was held to a draw by Jack Roper.

Max Marek outpointed Max Zona. Charley Killer Coates scored a duo of three-round knockouts over Junior Munsell and Nash Garrison. Lee Savoldi entered the knockout picture by disposing of Karl Walker in six, and Ford Smith in four rounds. Buck Everett beat Marty Gallagher. Sandy McDonald won over Paul Hoft in one round and in turn was stopped by Gunnar Barlund in two heats. Willie Reddish defeated Obie Walker. Tommy Farr kayoed Jimmy Wilde in seven stanzas. Lorenzo Pack and Eddie Simms drew. Buddy Knox kept busy by stopping Tyrus Smith in two rounds, besting Billy Treest, and boxing a draw with Joe Ketchell. Harry Thomas knocked out Lloyd K. O. Clements, and then was beaten by Unknown Winston.

Johnny Whiters kayoed Ralph Barbara in two sessions, and Barbara followed with a victory over Fanis Tzanatopolous. Tony Galento bested Izzy Singer. Maurice Strickland stopped Gustave Limousin in nine rounds. Benny O'Dell won one and lost one to Tom Beaupre. Johnny Erjavec scored over Bob Davey in four heats. Adolph Heuser kayoed Dave Carstens in five.

Leroy Brown won over Carl Knowles. Dan Hassett defeated Terry Mitchell, and Frankie Hammer kayoed Pietro George in the fourth round. Eddie Blunt kayoed Eduardo Primo in nine rounds. Leo Lomski knocked out Mickey Dugan in three sessions. Pal Silvers outpointed Rad Barry. Joe Lipps beat Barney Brock, who in turn decisioned Al Boros.

World's Light-Heavyweight Champion John Henry Lewis engaged in two overweight matches and scored knockouts over Tiger Hairston in one and Red Burman in two rounds. Al Gainer easily defeated Domenico Ceccarelli, who previously had scored over Jimmy DeSola. Jock McAvoy knocked out Albert Barjolin in two rounds. Gus Lesnovich won the award over Carmen Barth. Fred Lenhart bested Eddie Wenstob. Dave Clark scored a brace of victories over Tom Henry and Phil Sommese. Henry kayoed Walter Kirkwood. John Anderson drew with Freddie Fiducia. Joey Parks came along to knock out Sammy Slaughter in three rounds. Frankie Misko beat the veteran Tait Littman. Bud Mignault outscored Red Bruce and Stanley Hasrato stopped Frankie Slevin in one round.

The most important victory scored in the middleweight division was Fred Apostoli's decision over Lou Brouillard. Solly Krieger whipped Frank Battaglia and John Anderson. Oscar Rankins scored a spectacular kayo over Al Quaill in four sessions. Young Corbett scored over Joe Bernal. Teddy Yarosz outpointed Babe Risko. Johnny Rossi won a decision over Danny Wright. Walter Woods scored a knockout in the first round over Billy Mosca and then defeated Caspare LaRosa. Ben Brown was awarded the decision over Bob Turner. Joe Butch Lynch defeated Jackie Aldare. Tony Fisher won over Thys Menger. Fred Henneberry kayoed Tommy Jones in nine rounds.

Jimmy McLarnin's win over Tony Canzoneri was the standout welterweight attraction. Ceferino Garcia outpointed Cleto Locatelli. Izzy Jannazzo won from Gustave Eder. Fritzie Zivic decisioned Jackie McFarland and stopped Johnny Durso in two cantos. Cocoa Kid outpointed Jackie Elverrillo. Jack Portney won from Joe Pennino. Jimmy Leto defeated Phil Furr. Wildcat O'Connor won two victories, outpointing Chuck Woods and Tony Falco. Woods defeated Laddie Tonielli. Andrea Jessurun won from Ray Napolitano and Bobby Cortez.

Al Manfredo drew with Chief Paris and lost to Abie Miller. Saverio Turiello decisioned Bobby Allen and was in turn defeated by Frankie Cinque. Milt Aron kayoed Harold Brown in eight rounds. Sonny Jones won a decision over Ernie Roderick. Frankie Blair scored over Wicky Harkins. Bobby Wilson defeated Bobby Orr, knocked out Ernie Faccinto in three heats and drew with Six Second Powell. Midnight Bell beat Billy Lee, while Leo Zorrita bested Gale Harrington. Joey Speigal topped Simon Neblosky. Gene Buffalo won from Eddie McGeever, who in turn stopped Pete DeRuzza in seven sessions.

The lightweight division seethed with action. Enrico Venturi continued on his winning trail by besting Orville Drouillard and Eddie Zivic. Chino Alvarez stopped Howard Scott in the tenth round. Indian Hurtado conquered Charley Gomer. Gomer in turn kayoed Young Chappie in seven rounds and decisioned Carl Red Guggino. Aldo Spoldi beat Al Roth and blasted out Orville Drouillard in five rounds. Wesley Ramey defeated Frankie Wallace. Wallace defeated Pat Kissinger. Ramey also outpointed Speedy Johnson. Joey Alcanter forged to the front with a victory over Jimmy Garrison. Lew Feldman outpointed Jose Santos and kayoed Al Dunbar, but was defeated by Joey Greb. Norment Quarles beat George Esrick. Davey Day kayoed Carl Fasnaugh in nine rounds. Lew Massey outscored Tony Morgano. Jimmy Walsh scored twice by knockouts, over Fred Lowbridge in one, and Billy Hughes in five rounds.

Leo Rodak defeated Armanda Sicilia and stopped Frankie Wolfram in the second heat. Holman Williams and Ritchie Fontaine drew. Irving Eldridge stopped Sammy Athas in the fifth. Johnny Morro scored a clean-cut victory over Baby Casanova, and Casanova came on to kayo Allie Todesco in the first. Perfecto Lopez outpointed Midget Wolgast. Jimmy Vaughn beat Ray Sharkey. Phil Baker bested Freddie Red Cochrane. Edwin Waling defeated Pat Robertson. Steve Halaiko kayoed Paolo Villa in the fourth round.

The featherweight champion, Petey Sarron, was held to a draw by Nick Camarata, who in turn was turned back by Joe Rivers. Henry Armstrong kayoed Dommy Ganzon in one round. Mike Belloise beat Al Spina, who in turn bested Abie Israel. Dick Corbett kayoed Jean Locatelli in the fourth. Johnny McGrory beat Nel Tarleton. Freddie Miller kayoed Willie Smith in six rounds.

Frankie Castillo was beaten by Wally Hally and Sonny Valdez. Kid Chocolate beat Jose Santos. Johnny Pena and Varias Milling drew. Pete DeGrasse beat Wally Hally. Jimmy Perrin kayoed Skippy Allen in the second session. Victor Vallee beat Billy Bullock and knocked out Sammy Crocett in the first.

A genuine surprise and upset in the bantamweight division was Harry Jeffra's victory over Champion Sixto Escobar in an overweight match. Indian Quintana beat Willie Skidmore. Frankie Martin outpointed Baltasar Sangchili. K. O. Morgan kayoed Gilbert Cairns in four rounds. Benny Sharkey bested Johnny King. Nicky Jerome twice defeated Lou Salica. Henry Hooks took the measure of Kid Laredo in the second. Pancho Leyvas beat Star Frisco. Pat McStravick outpointed Jim McKenzie. McKenzie in turn beat Jack Mussen. Joe Mendiola kayoed Baby Face Matheson. Jackie Brown whipped Len Hampston.

Benny Lynch kayoed Pat Palmer in the eighth round. Palmer also lost on a foul in the tenth round to Eugene Huat. Peter Kane beat Ernest Weiss. Valentin Anglemann kayoed Johnny Sili in the third. Small Montana bested Abe Koraaikele. Maurice Huguenin beat Sandu. Katsuma Morioka beat Jim Campbell. Phil Milligan kayoed Jack Gubbons in one. Tiny Bostock kayoed Peter Miller in nine rounds. Tut Whalley kayoed Pat Warburton in one round. Tommy Rose disposed of Tommy Pardoe in eleven rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Douglas Hollings, England.
Bantamweight—John Cusick, England.
Featherweight—Charley Aldino, Willimantic, Conn.
Lightweight—Johnny Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Welterweight—Mike Piskin, Freehold, N. J.
Middleweight—Ralph De John, Buffalo, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Floyd Findley, Los Angeles, Calif.
Heavyweight—Johnny Whiters, Pontiac, Mich.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending October 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Freddie Steele	Jack Carroll
2—Joe Louis	Leo Kelly	Fred Apostoli	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Maxey Rosenbloom	Jock McAvoy	Ken Overlin	Ceferino Garcia
4—Jack Trammell	Gus Lesnovich	Lou Brouillard	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Tommy Loughran	Carmen Barth	Solly Krieger	Cleto Locatelli
6—Ray Impellitiere	Ray Actis	Oscar Rankins	Fritzie Zivic
7—Al Ettore	Fred Lenhart	Erich Seelig	Cocoa Kid
8—Ben Foord	Dave Clark	Young Corbett	Jack Portney
9—Al McCoy	Steve Carr	Teddy Yarosz	Gustave Eder
10—Bob Pastor	Joey Parks	Harry Balsamo	Jimmy Leto

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Henry Armstrong	Indian Quintana	Jim Warnock
2—Pedro Montanez	Mike Belloise	Frankie Martin	Benny Lynch
3—Enrico Venturi	Freddie Miller	Tony Marino	Small Montana
4—Laurie Stevens	Baby Arizmendi	Lou Salica	Peter Kane
5—Chino Alvarez	Dick Corbett	K. O. Morgan	Valentin Anglemann
6—Indian Hurtado	Johnny McGrory	Baltasar Sangchili	Maurice Huguenin
7—Aldo Spoldi	Nel Tarleton	Johnny King	Katsuma Morioka
8—Wesley Ramey	Tony Chavez	Henry Hooks	Enrico Urbinati
9—Howard Scott	Fillo Echeverria	Pancho Leyvas	Phil Milligan
10—Joey Alcanter	Benny Sharkey	Jackie Brown	Syd Parker

(Continued from page 49)

months here. He is contracted for a meeting with some outstanding lightweight in Johannesburg in December and returned to begin active training.

Enrico Venturi, Italian lightweight, was given a stubborn ten-round struggle at the St. Nicholas Palace by Eddie Zivic. It was undoubtedly Venturi's toughest assignment to date. Baby Salvy Saban disposed of Billy Burkett in two rounds after an exciting first session. Al Reid outpointed Frankie Terranova in the six—Nicky Jerome, promising Brooklyn featherweight, earned considerable prestige when he turned in two consecutive victories over Lou Salica at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club—Small Montana has returned from his Hawaiian jaunt, sadder but much the wiser. Instead of making the fortune that he had anticipated under the direction of Leo Levitt, he encountered nothing but trouble.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

CHICAGO STADIUM made a profit estimated at $5,000 on the fall inaugural October 2, featuring a heavyweight bout between John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, and Red Burman. James Code Mullen, making his debut as sole matchmaker at the West Side building, announced that 11,343 fans were attracted to the encounter, which was won by the champion on a technical knockout in two minutes and twenty seconds of the second round. Gross receipts were $24,397 and the net was $21,331.

Lewis was paid 30 per cent, which amounted to $6,099, and his foe from Baltimore, Md., received 25 per cent, $5,082. The preliminary card cost $2,335, and incidentals, such as transportation, advertising, etc., were estimated at $2,000. Figures include:

Ed Winston, Hartford, Conn., who defeated Harry Thomas, $300; Thomas, Eagle Bend, Minn., $500.

Buddy Knox, Dayton, O., who beat Billy Treest, $400; Treest, Batavia, Ill., $400.

Johnny Erjavec, Duluth, Minn., who stopped Bob Davey, $200; Davey, Houston, Tex., $150.

Norbe Gerardin, Green Bay, Wis., who stopped Phil Kenneally, $35; Kenneally, Chicago, $50.

Honeyboy Jones, Pittsburgh, who whipped Charley Dawson, $200; Dawson, St. Louis, $100.

The show was one of the greatest held at the Stadium.

Burman, who had recorded a string of ten victories prior to meeting his colored opponent from Phoenix, Ariz., was floored seven times, on four occasions in the opening round and three times in the final session. It was the 22-year-old champion's eleventh consecutive triumph and the best of his career.

Jim Mullen was presented with a blackthorn shillalah from Ireland by Patrick Michael Barry, Maurice Strickland, Eddie Pierce and Joe Connolly upon the arrival of the quartet of European fighters for bouts in this country under the direction of the Stadium . . . . John Benedetto, matchmaker, obtained two dates in October and one in November for boxing shows at the Shrine Temple in Rockford, Ill. . . . . Bill Daly, Paterson, N. J., fight manager, who returned recently from a tour in England, says: "John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, had better keep his punches in fair territory in his title defense against Len Harvey at London in November, or he will lose his crown. English referees are very strict," Daly explained, "and if Lewis lands any foul blows he will be disqualified without any warning and the fight given to his opponent."

Cowboy Frankie Edgren, Denver, Colo., heavyweight, who aptly calls himself a clown, embarrassed Harry Thomas, Eagle Bend, Minn., slugger, and Art Sykes, Elmira, N. Y., boxer, in sparring drills at Trafton's Gymnasium, handing each a black eye . . . . Benny Ray wears his late mother's wedding ring on the middle left finger . . . . Miss Hazel Work, secretary for Jack Dempsey and Mike Jacobs when the two promoted shows here, is doing part-time work for co-Promoters Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun of Marigold Gardens.

George De Bray, former heavyweight boxer, who presents weekly shows at Northwest Stadium during the outdoor season, has transferred his activities to an arena at Irving Park Boulevard and Kilpatrick Avenue during the winter . . . . Nick Scialaba, former Chicago bantamweight, who became a father several weeks ago, intends to conduct weekly amateur fights at People's Auditorium, Campbell Street and Chicago Avenue, during the indoor season . . . . The field entered in the race for the late Packey McFarland's job as a member of the Illinois Athletic Commission includes Roger Whalen, present chief inspector of the board; Gene Meany and Louis (Chip) London, both of whom are former commission secretaries, and Harold Ryan, erstwhile gymnasium inspector . . . . Davey Day, Illinois' best lightweight, bruised his right hand while scoring a nine-round technical knockout over Carl Fasnaugh, Toledo, O., protege of Tom Walsh, at Marigold Gardens in October before a capacity crowd. Max Chowaniec, Milwaukee light-heavyweight protege of Ritchie Mitchell, scored his fourteenth knockout in nineteen appearances in the semi-final by stopping Matt Rhoades, Denver, Colo., in five rounds. Emil Campagna and Henry Woods fought four rounds to a draw, Rolla Taylor stopped Mike Krizmis in two sessions, and Billy Evans beat Jackie Leonard in four rounds.

Emil Scibior, who boxes under the name of Mickey O'Shea, and Miss Segdell Mandell, night club entertainer, were married October 2, the North Side welterweight announced recently . . . . Lorenzo Pack, whose management contract with Jack Kearns expired August 24, when the former Chicago Golden Gloves heavyweight became twenty-one, now is being managed by Harry Voiler, fight film promoter, according to reports here . . . . The Schenley Athletic Club, which offers a huge boxing and wrestling carnival annually, has a skillful publicity director in Louis G. Cowan . . . . Frankie Talaber, ex-Central A. A. U. wrestling champion, is competing successfully as a professional throughout the Southland . . . . "Ten and Out!" the evolution of boxing in America, written by Alexander Johnson, with a foreword by Jack Dempsey, is being distributed among the sports editors and fight writers throughout the country . . . . Nick Scialaba, 1931 Chicago Golden Gloves bantamweight champion, is employed as a shipping clerk at a manufacturing company here.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—W. L. (Young) Stribling stopped Frankie Busch (6) at Memphis, Tenn. . . . . James Henry (Spug) Myers, Pocatello, Ida., lightweight, and Miss May Norris, also of that city, were married . . . . Tommy Freeman, Cleveland welterweight, beat Georgie Levine of New York at Cleveland . . . . The New York Boxing Commission declined to sanction a featherweight elimination tournament following the request of Phil Glassman, manager of Benny Bass, Philadelphia challenger, to find a successor to the title vacated by Louis (Kid) Kaplan . . . . The New York Commission maintained that Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y., continues to be the logical contender for the bantamweight title despite Graham's defeat by Young Montreal, Providence, R. I. . . . . Mushy Callahan dethroned Pinky Mitchell as junior welterweight king by whipping the Milwaukee boxer in ten rounds at Vernon, Cal. . . . . Mickey Walker knocked out Shuffle Callahan in five rounds in Chicago.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

MAX "BOO BOO" HOFF has leased the Arena for boxing shows during the 1936-1937 season. He intends to run twice monthly and his opening show will be around November 2. Hoff will run alternating Monday nights with Ray Fabiani, who has a lease calling for wrestling dates twice a month.

The old label still fits the Brown Bomber: "Explosive—Handle with Care." Joe Louis knocked out Al Ettore at the Municipal Stadium, and thus eliminated him as a championship contender. He did so in one minute, twenty-eight seconds of the fifth round. The fight, biggest in point of attendance and receipts since the Dempsey-Tunney fight ten years ago, grossed $215,279.80.

Jimmy Toppi, Olympia A. C. promoter, also started his 1936 season with a natural match, Tony Morgano and Lew Massey, Italian rivals of long standing. The show drew a capacity house. Massey gained the decision after one of the greatest scraps seen here in years.

Municipal Stadium—Joe Louis K.O.'ed Al Ettore in five rounds, Willie Reddish outpointed Obie Walker, Otis Thomas outclassed Terry Mitchell, Danny Hassett decisioned Steve Carr, Dave Clark won over Tom Henry, Sandy McDonald T.K.O.'ed Paul Hoft.

Cambria A. C. (first show)—Frankie Blair outfought Wickie Harkins, Freddy Lewis decisioned Johnny Paulus, Charley Loughran shaded Charley Uberle, Johnny Cubbins won over Jimmy General, Jack Sheppard outpointed Charley Shea. Second show—Danny Hassett easily defeated Terry Mitchell, Harry Rubin outfought "Baby Kid" Chocolate, Gus Darazio stopped Bob Mitchell, Joe Loughran outpointed Jack Carter, Tommy Ricco K.O.'ed Tony Stenza.

Olympia—Lew Massey won over Tony Morgano, Henry Taylor outclassed Wally Sears, Joe Flocco decisioned Bucky Jones, Jack Hiller stopped Cowboy Clancy, Tommy Forte K.O.'ed Frankie Spina.

Johnny Hutchinson T.K.O.'ed Johnny Defoe . . . . Tommy Cross drew with Pete Galiano . . . . Tony Falco lost to Wildcat O'Connor . . . . Red Burman won over Billy Ketchell . . . . Johnny Duca defeated Charley Marshall . . . . Roxie Fargione dropped a decision to Thys Menger . . . . Tom Henry kayoed Walter Kirkwood . . . . Frankie Thomas hopes to break his colored lightweight star, Johnny Johnson, in New York clubs.

Benny Bass has resumed training for another try at lightweight supremacy . . . . Max Hoff now has Philly's newest night life hot spot . . . . Gus Dorazio is now gunning for the better heavyweights . . . . Freddy Jenkins, Leroy Haynes' trainer, is running a benefit show for Billy Jones, erstwhile Philly star . . . . Jackie Willis is planning to resume leather pushing in Chicago . . . . Bobby Green wants to meet Johnny Marcellino and Tommy Forte for city bantamweight recognition . . . . Scotty Hemphill is promoting at Harrisburg . . . . Joe Miller opened up his Northside A. C. at Atlantic City for boxing, with Joe Wenke as matchmaker . . . . Jack Sheppard looks like a comer. He is being handled by Gary Barrett and Lou Marlin.

NOW . . .
You Can Buy a Complete
BARBELL OUTFIT
INCLUDING ILLUSTRATED COURSE FOR AS LITTLE AS $5

Now Is the Ideal Time for Barbell Training

Strong Men of All Times Have Used Barbells to Gain Their Great Strength

● Now for the first time Barbells are within the reach of every man. Formerly costing as high as $50.00 they now can be obtained for as low as $5.00!

● Of course YOU want a symmetrical heman body that commands admiration wherever you go! Of course you want steel-spring muscles and extraordinary strength that lasts for life! And you want to get them the quick, sure, most inexpensive way—by the Saxon Super System. Now is the time to start.

Look at the Records of Our Pupils

● Our pupils are famous for their strength and development—many are world champions. We will show YOU how to be as successful if you will follow the Saxon Super System. It never fails. The Saxon Super System is the only way. It builds big, shapely, proportionate muscles packed with steel-strong strength. Select the Saxon progressive barbell and dumbell method. It is unfailing!

Full Course of Instructions Included FREE

● Six complete, illustrated courses are now provided with Saxon Barbell Outfits. The True Continental System, illustrated with new Forms of barbell, dumbbell and kettle bell instruction never before published! These courses are included FREE with the various outfits.

World's Finest Barbell Sets

● We are the inventors of the best modernized Barbell sets. Our newly invented features make handling and training easier. Better results. These rights are exclusively ours to make and sell. Write for FREE information and illustrations. No obligation!

SEND FOR Special FREE OFFER!

Saxon Barbell, Dept. 2012,
4324 Paul St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOMETHING NEW
Revolving Barbell at less than standard cost of regular barbells. Send for Free circular!

Kindly send me your free folder of information on the Saxon Super System, giving full descriptions of outfits and costs.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Duty FREE to Canadians. Address
CANADIAN ATHLETIC APP. CO., Morrisburg, Ontario

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

PETER KANE was given a hard fight before the referee stopped the bout in his favor in the last round of ten at Ulster Hall, Belfast. His opponent was a youngster, Tommy Stewart, and Promoter Frank Goldstein and Matchmaker Harry Hanley are to be congratulated for giving Stewart his chance in first class company. The bout was full of thrills and although Kane was always in the lead, he found one after his own heart, who was in there giving his best.

In other bouts, George Odwell stopped Billy Smith in the sixth of a ten-round contest; Jack Powell of Sheffield received the decision over Jack McKnight after ten rousing rounds.

Len Beynon defeated Al Capone at Swansea when he forced the latter to retire with a badly cut eye after a good bout.

Some important boxing bouts have been taking place on the Continent, especially in Vienna, and if it interests my readers, I will give the results of one of the big shows.

Carl Blaho, Austrian lightweight champion, defeated the German champion, Willie Seissler, on points after ten rounds. Another regular performer in Austrian rings is the popular South American, Angel Cliville, who beat Huditch on points.

Paul Rebel, French welterweight champion, lost his title to Pernot at Algiers, North Africa, when he was outpointed over the championship course.

Johnny Best's Liverpool Stadium lived up to its name as "Graveyard of Champions" once again when Jack Robinson defended his Northern Area cruiserweight championship against Jack Stanner. The bout, after a cautious start, livened up, with some hard punching, and in the eighth a right to the jaw put Robinson down for the full count.

The I.B.U. issued a statement of their recognized world champions. Take a look at 'em!

FLYWEIGHT—Valentin Angelmann.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Baltazar Sangchili.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Petey Sarron.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Lou Ambers.
WELTERWEIGHT—Barney Ross.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Marcel Thil.
CRUISERWEIGHT—John Henry Lewis.
HEAVYWEIGHT—The winner of the forthcoming bout between J. J. Braddock and Max Schmeling will get the blessing of the I.B.U.

George Odwell forced Billy Brooks to retire with a damaged ear at the end of the sixth at Mile End Arena. On the same card, Phineas John fought a great bout with Jimmy Lester, the former receiving the verdict over twelve rounds. Freddie Mitchell seemed to have the better of matters with "Boyo" Pat Cassidy, but the referee after twelve rounds declared a draw.

Roy Mills caught a tartar when he met Alban Mulrooney, who won with a bit to spare at West Hartlepool after ten rounds.

The news from South Africa is that Willie Smith, featherweight champion of South Africa, outpointed Maurice Holtzer, featherweight champion of Europe over twelve rounds at Johannesburg.

Jimmy Walsh, lightweight champion of Great Britain, won over Fred Lowbridge after ten rounds at Wolverhampton before a packed house.

Jim Wicks, the Wandsworth promoter, was rewarded with a crowd of twelve thousand at his open-air show on behalf of Battersea Hospital.

In the chief bout, Maurice Strickland caused the referee to stop his bout with Gustav Limousin of Belgium, who was put down for two counts in the eighth, and after taking considerable punishment in the ninth, was led to his corner, a game but beaten man.

Harry Rowles and Frank Hough fought out their match of ten rounds, and after a great fight, Hough was declared the winner on points.

Paul Schaefer, the Canadian welterweight, who by now must be recognized as a British title contender in the welters, fought a sensational bout with Dave McCleave, the ex-champ, over ten rounds. He put McCleave down for four in the last session, but it seemed that McCleave's early lead had given him the decision. The referee, however, called a draw.

Tom Curran conceded height and eighteen pounds in weight to Ernie Simmons and was unlucky to hear the decision of Referee Jack Dare given against him after twelve rounds of hard fighting.

On the same card, George Odwell had another quick win when he stopped George Chaplin in the second.

Phil Milligan successfully defended his Northern Area flyweight championship against Tut Whalley, the hard-hitting southpaw, at the Junction Stadium, Manchester. The bout was full of sensational fighting, and in the fourth, after an even battle, Milligan crossed a right and sent Whalley to sleep for the count.

George Rose boxed in his best style to outpoint Pat Haley over the twelve-round course at Mile End Arena.

In other bouts, Jim Brady, the Scottish boxer, was a little unlucky to get a draw against Jack Gubbins.

Tiny Bostock made every one of his twelve rounds a winning one with Billy Nash, who seems to have gone off form, and the former won on points.

Freddie Mitchell gained a good win after twelve rounds against Arnold (Kid) Shepperd, the colored battler from Cardiff.

Katsumi Morioka, the Canadian Japanese flyweight, scored a meritorious points win over ten rounds against Joe Curran of Liverpool at Caledonian Stadium, Glasgow.

Maurice Strickland, the New Zealand heavyweight champion, made short work of Arthur Holsgrove of Birkenhead, who was K.O.'ed in the fourth at Plymouth.

In the supporter, Billy Gannon seemed to have the better of matters against Harry Reynolds, but the referee gave the latter the decision.

Jeff Dickson, known as Europe's Tex Rickard, started his French boxing season at the Salle Wagram with a bout between Willie Seissler, lightweight champion of Germany, and the latest French lightweight champion, Maurice Bricourt, and the latter won on points after ten rounds.

Freddie Morris won over Phineas John by a very narrow margin after a ten-rounder of fast fighting at Mile End Arena.

Jimmy Lester won over Joe Brahams in another fast ten rounds, and Boyo Cassidy gained the decision over Chris Benson after twelve gruelling rounds.

Liverpool Stadium was again packed to the doors and Johnny Best had to refuse admission to many hundreds of people who wanted to see the Liverpool sensation, Peter Kane, meet the Austrian flyweight champion, Ernest Wiess, over twelve rounds. After a most exciting contest lasting the distance, Kane won on points. Ernie Roderick, the local challenger for the welterweight title, had his first contest since his suspension when he easily defeated George "Panther" Purchase of South Africa after twelve rounds.

Percy Fox and Jack Green reopened the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds, to a packed house when the local, Len Hampston, met Ken Barret of Wales, who lasted up till the ninth before the latter's seconds skied the towel as a token of defeat.

A big surprise was waiting for the big crowd at Junction Stadium when Pat Warburton was to meet Tut Whalley, who was substituting for Joe Hardy. The bout lasted one minute forty seconds, during which Whalley met the rushes of the Welshman with a left swing and followed by a right to the jaw. Warburton went down like a log to be counted out.

What proved to be a great bout was the return of ten rounds between Tommy Martin and Dai Jones at Plymouth. At the end the referee gave a popular decision of a draw, which was well received.

Another champion of the world was created by the I.B.U. when they called the bout between Gustave Roth and Heinz Lazzek of Austria as for the world cruiserweight championship. The bout was full of thrills and interesting, but the clever work of Roth gave him full value for a points win.

George Odwell again demonstrated his power of punch by K.O.'ing Tommy John in the fifth of a ten-rounder at Mile End Arena.

George Davis made short work of Chris Benson when he planted a sweet right-hand punch on the colored boy's jaw in the second at Hammersmith.

Reinus De Boer, cruiser champ of Holland, gained a points win over Jack Stannel in the star bout at Liverpool Stadium over twelve rounds.

Jock McAvoy gained an easy victory over another continental in Albert Barjolin of France, when the latter retired in the second of a twelve-rounder at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Tommy Farr gained the heavyweight championship of Wales when he K.O.'ed Jim Wilde in the seventh of a fifteen-round bout at Vietch Field, Swansea. A crowd of sixteen thousand cheered their favorites, and the bout soon showed the needle element.

In the seventh, a right under the heart put Wilde down for eight and when he got up, fought back fiercely, but to no avail, as a left to the pit of the stomach and a right to the jaw put Wilde down for the full count.

Adolf Heuser of Germany K.O.'ed the South African, Dave Carstens, in the fifth of a ten-rounder in Berlin.

Valentin Angelmann, the I.B.U. world's flyweight champion, K.O.'ed Sili, the Italian, in the third in Paris.

George Bunter seemed to have a shade the better of the boxing with Chuck Parker at Hartlepool, but the referee called a draw.

Katsumi Morioka again proved victorious in his battle of ten rounds against Jim Campbell, the local flyweight, at the Caledonian Stadium, Glasgow.

Jimmy Walsh, Britain's No. 1 lightweight, did not lose much time when he met Fred Lowbridge in their return twelve-round contest at Liverpool Stadium. In the one minute forty seconds that the bout lasted, he put the Midland champ down six times before the referee stopped the one-sided contest and declared Walsh the winner.

A crowd of forty thousand people gathered at Shawfield Park, Glasgow, to witness the contest between Benny Lynch and Pat Palmer, for what was described as for the world's, European and British flyweight titles that are held by Lynch. Benny knocked Palmer out in the eighth round with a perfect left hook to the body.

I still contend that the world's title is a disputed claim between Small Montana and Benny Lynch, and until these two have met for the vacant world's title, I shall call Lynch the claimant to the crown.

For a Limited Time

THE OLD TIMERS' RECORD BOOK

Contains the records of the old fistic stars from 1885 to 1907, inclusive.

These records have the date of each fight, the place, the year and the decision—something you cannot find in any other books. Every sports writer should have one.

Send $1.00 either in Money Order or cash to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden, New York City

A Few More Left

During the past month, we have returned 46 orders for **"Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," by Nat Fleischer.** The entire issue of 16,000 has been sold. There are still available, however, **22 De Luxe Editions,** autographed by Jack and the Author and printed on heavy, India paper with a beautiful Blue Leather binding. These will be sold until disposed of, at **$10 each.**

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
Madison Square Garden, N. Y. C.

The All-America Sports Magazine

A new 128-page book
A Sports Fiction Magazine
written by
AMERICA'S FOREMOST SPORTS WRITERS
for
AMERICA'S SPORTS READERS

The book of the day! Surpasses any magazine on sports now on the market. In a class all by itself. Read it and you will agree with us.

Price 15 cents

The Magazine of Thrills in Sports Fiction
Another Nat Fleischer publication—
That Means Class

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

In the supporting bout, Sonny Jones proved too good for Ernie Roderick and won on points after ten rounds.

Jack Hyams was the complete master of Roy Mills and a ready winner at the end of the ten rounds at the Mile End Arena. The best bout on the card was the supporting ten rounds between Mickey O'Niel and Dave Keller, son of Sam Keller, who was one of the best flyweights in the world a quarter of a century ago, with Keller winning on points.

The new rule that all boxers must weigh in at the ringside, who have not contracted to weigh at two o'clock, was carried out by Capt. Boultbee, secretary of the Eastern Counties branch of the B.B.B.C. on the occasion when Albert Green staged the match between Archie Sexton, weight 160 pounds, and Jack Robinson, 171 pounds, at the Yarmouth Hippodrome.

From the first to last, both punched with great force, and after a couple of rounds Sexton forged ahead and dealt out considerable punishment to the northerner, who was compelled to take a count of nine in the ninth round, but pluckily lasted the distance.

Bob Firmin won his eliminating contest against Ernie Simmons when the referee, Jack Morris, stopped the contest at the end of the eleventh round, when the latter had his eye very badly cut and declared Firmin the winner at Wolverhampton.

Dick Corbett knocked out Jean Locatelli in the fourth round at Walsall, the latter proving no match for the clever red-topped featherweight.

Before a crowd of 12,648 paid customers at Liverpool Football Ground, Nel Tarleton, Great Britain's king of the featherweights and one of our greatest boxers, made a glorious exit from the ring when he lost his title to Johnny McGrory of Glasgow, over fifteen rounds.

McGrory thus becomes the third Scottish boxer to hold a British title, others being Benny Lynch, flyweight, and Jake Kilrain, welterweight.

Tarleton was glorious in defeat, and the 21-year-old Scottish lad is a worthy champion.

As Nel spoke into the microphone after the bout, he said: "I gave you all I had, and now I leave the ring to the younger fellows, and wish Johnny McGrory all the best of luck."

Other results on the same card were:

Jimmy Walsh, lightweight champion of Great Britain, stopped Billy Hughes in the fifth of a one-sided bout scheduled for ten rounds.

Gustave Ansini defeated Ginger Foran on points over ten rounds. Peter Banasko outpointed Bob Williamson on points. Tommy Hyams lost on a foul in the fourth of an eight-rounder to Peter Clarke of Liverpool.

If you want THE RING Magazine monthly, send P.O. for 1/4 to the writer, 3 Edward Street, London, E. 1, and also enclosed will be the British price list of books obtainable from THE RING Bookshop.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

PROVIDED that there is no last-minute change of plans, Maxie Rosenbloom will reach 'Frisco by the "Monterey," Oct. 5. I have no idea what Maxie may say about Australia generally, but if he lets off a little steam, he is entitled to. During his rather long sojourn here he has had only three fights—George Simpson (K.O., three rounds), and two against Leo Kelly for a win and a draw. The "we don't know where we are" complex that developed in the Palmer-N. B. C. protracted negotiations had Rosenbloom on the spot and while at one stage everything appeared rosy, even to Palmer coming to Sydney to prepare for the fight, four days before the big event was scheduled to take place, Palmer grabbed his grips and returned to Melbourne.

According to Palmer, the N.B.C., after allegedly having agreed to pay him a guarantee of five thousand dollars, detracted and substituted an offer that was not on par with the previous one. The N.B.C. denied Palmer's statement and through its manager, Jack Munro, declared that Palmer had not signed the N.B.C.'s contract, consequently the blame, if any, was entirely on Palmer's shoulders. Through all this controversy, Rosenbloom had to sit tight and await developments. If he had gone out looking for somebody with a gun, nobody could hardly have blamed him, and the finish of it all was that Maxie was left high and dry.

If hearing is believing, Rosenbloom has dropped many decisions to the bookmakers. The racing game has helped Maxie to fill in most of his time, but whether he has dropped as much coin as he is leading people to think, is purely a matter of opinion.

Frankie Doyle, after an early attack of homesickness, settled down to make a host of friends. An ideal partner for Maxie, he allowed the latter to do most of the talking, but never missed a cue and was always ready to carry on when the signal was given.

The N.B.C.'s battle with Al Romero has been settled amiably with Romero receiving the percentage due to him. The hitch should never have taken place in the first place, as all these matters are pounced upon by the "sour-bellies" who are ever snooping around to kick the fight game.

A person claiming himself as Romero's manager took the matter of his own percentage to the law courts. Apparently this also has been settled satisfactorily. Romero at the moment is preparing for a fight with Ron Richards, a bout that looks like being hectic from the first buzzer.

While Palmer has declared that he is through with boxing for good, feelers were put out to Leichhardt Stadium as to whether the club was prepared to talk business with the former champion. George Jones, the principal executive at Leichhardt, however, was not enamoured with the prospects and at present prefers to hold to the club's policy of sticking to the smaller fry. Since reopening his mid-week shows, Jones has gone after encouraging young talent and although it was a hard job at the outset, he is now being rewarded for his enterprise, as there are many youngsters breaking the headlines now that were not heard of six months ago.

After a very long stay at Leichhardt, Tom Lurich has transferred to the opposition camp and now wrestles under the banner of the N.B.C. It is the opinion of many people that Lurich has made a mistake and that he is not likely to meet with the same success in his new home as that which greeted him at Leichhardt. In the meanwhile, Jones is arranging for a new team of grapplers to go in at Leichhardt. Probably both sides will find the going hard at the start, but as Leichhardt is generally recognized as the headquarters of wrestling in Australia, the club starts off with an advantage.

A new middleweight has hit the front in Jack Wilson, a twenty-year-old Melbourne youth. He has had a string of K.O. wins to his credit and handed in his best performance to date when he knocked out the colored fighter, Mark Hough. It only took Wilson five rounds in which to do the trick. With Henneberry, Jones, Romero and Richards hanging around, there will be plenty of work for him.

Mickey Miller, present holder of the Australian 8-6, is a fully fledged featherweight these days, and it would be interesting to see what Mickey will do when some ambitious 118-pounder takes it into his head to challenge Miller for the "crown." Miller's manager may decide to claim the 9-0 title, which is without a holder, despite the opinion that Joe Hall occupies No. 1 position. It is very doubtful whether Hall, who held the title before Blandon took it from him, could make 126 pounds. Just now he is in New Zealand making nice money "trimming the ears" of that country's lightweights. Blandon, as yet, does not mention anything about returning to the ring.

Young fighters who are showing exceptional promise are: Norm Green (116 pounds), Young Farrington (126 pounds), Harry Cohen (126 pounds), George Elliott (126 pounds), "Chicka" Hobbs (132 pounds), Hughie Mehegan (135 pounds), "Hockey" Bennell (140 pounds), Jack Brander (152 pounds). Bennell and Cohen are former amateur state champions.

Jack Laurence was a happy lad when he secured a match against Fred Henneberry for his colored protege, Tommy Jones. He is not so pleased with things now, as Jones was knocked out in the ninth round, as well as now nursing a fractured right hand. Another case of where a good little man couldn't pace it with a heavier opponent. Jones was spotting Henneberry seven pounds.

Jones can still make 147 pounds without any trouble and as a welterweight he will continue to make things mighty interesting for any of the opposition. His injury against Henneberry happened in the fourth round, consequently some idea can be gauged how Jones carried on under severe handicap, especially as Henneberry was shooting from all angles and fought his best fight for months. The Australian champion has now regained all his old-time vigor and punching power, and should Battaglia decide to make the trip to Australia, he will have his hands full finishing ahead of Henneberry.

Jack Carroll will be going again following his two easy wins over Van Glaveren. It has been arranged for him to meet Herb Bishop in Melbourne. Despite that Bishop has been showing good form since returning to the ring, he can hardly be given a chance against Carroll, who should punch too consistently and often for the former lightweight champion.

Dick Humphreys has started training again. This young welter looks to have a future. His only weakness is his right hand, and when he learns to develop it, there is definite trouble ahead for the fellow occupying the opposite corner.

It has been suggested that Mickey Miller and Max Richards (younger brother to Ron Richards) shall meet for the bantam title. It is doubtful whether either lad can do himself justice at the poundage, but that's a thing for them to decide.

Send for These Famous BODY-BUILDING COURSES! All 6 for ONLY $1.00!

I Will Include Absolutely FREE A SIX MONTHS SUBSCRIPTION TO *The* BODY BUILDER

WORTH $1.50!

GEORGE F. JOWETT, Editor

YOU want to train those muscles of yours to *do* things and to show their power. There is no place on the ladder of success today for the weakling. You may have been held back by some physical handicap in the past, but don't let that stop you! Many of today's champions were once puny and sickly. THEY trained themselves into the spotlight of admiration! THEY knew how to train the *right* way! Send for these 6 books by Geo. F. Jowett, champion of champions! Learn from a master trainer, just how to develop those muscles the quickest, surest way!

SIX ISSUES OF BODY BUILDER INCLUDED FREE!

■ This is your chance to get that wonderful new magazine of health and strength—FREE for six months! All the newest discoveries in the field of training . . . stories of the famous strong men of the day . . . advice on body building for the modern girl and man. You will find this magazine alive with interest from cover to cover!

A $3 VALUE FOR ONLY $1!

■ Each book is sold separately for 25c, but we offer you all 6 for $1.00. So many men have ordered one book and then sent back for the other five. You save 50c! In addition, you get a 6-months subscription, worth $1.50 . . . for only $1.00!

YOU ALSO GET "NERVES OF STEEL" FREE!

■ Mail your order now and "NERVES OF STEEL, MUSCLES LIKE IRON" will be included FREE! It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the Jowett Way! Reach out . . . Grasp This Special Offer . . . Rush the Coupon TODAY!

FREE BOOK WITH PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
DEPT. 57Md, 422 POPLAR ST.
SCRANTON, PA.

I am enclosing $1.00 for which send by return mail, postpaid, 6 Book STRONG MAN'S LIBRARY Subscription to BODY BUILDER a copy of "NERVES OF STEEL"!

A $3.00 Value *all* for $1.00

Name ..... Age....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

THE PLACE WHERE ALL SPORTSMEN GO

Headquarters for the
NEW YORK BOXING WRITERS' ASSOCIATION

ON BOXING AND WRESTLING NIGHTS, GO WHERE THE CROWD GOES

The Sportsmen's Rendezvous

Special arrangements made for accommodating boxers, wrestlers, managers, promoters and visiting boxing writers.

In NEW YORK
it's the

FORREST HOTEL

WEST FORTY-NINTH STREET
(Just off Broadway)
Across the street from Madison Square Garden

Telephone, Chickering 4—7070

$2.50 Single || $3.50 Double

Suites for parties of two or more
$6.00 and up

Club Breakfast 25c up Luncheon 50c
DeLuxe Dinner 75c
All meals served in room without extra charge
Banquet Facilities

DREIER MANAGEMENT

NOT THE LARGEST HOTEL IN TIMES SQUARE, BUT ONE OF THE FINEST

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

TEDDY Yarosz won a ten-round battle from Babe Risko at Pittsburgh, the two former middleweight champions pulling a $15,000 crowd at Forbes Field, scene of their title conflict a year ago. Yarosz, fresh from his three-round knockout over Young Terry of Trenton, outboxed the Syracusan in the majority of the rounds, although Babe put in some hefty licks in the closing sessions. The loss will probably cost Risko his return bout with Freddie Steele on the coast.

Bushy Graham, the Utica dancing master has broken with his pilot, Joe Falcone, according to stories appearing in Utica newspapers. Seems as if Bushy craved some Big Town action and Falcone could not come to terms with the Jimmy Johnston outfit. Graham has not done any fighting since he kayoed Joey Zodda in Utica in a couple of heats.

Kicked downstairs twice by a fiickle Fate, just as he was knocking at the door of top ranking and big money, little Joey Brown, the tiny Syracuse torpedoer is at last convinced he has hung a knockout punch on the chin of his jinx and is on the way back up for the third time. Two sensational victories over Midget Doyle at Binghamton within three weeks seem to back up the mighty mite's opinion.

Doyle had been unbeaten in a Binghamton ring and was a prime favorite with Southern Tier fans when Joey met him the first time. The two fiery featherweghts fought fiercely for six sensational rounds, with Brown hammering out an impressive victory, and they were promptly rematched. The second fight was even more spectacular than the first, for Doyle started off furiously knocking Brown completely out of the ring in the second round. Then Brown's craft and courage went to work, and combining a bewildering assortment of left-hooks, jabs and uppercuts with a blazing right, he went on to win every round and had the Midget in a bad way at the finish.

Brown returned from Cuba two months ago where he fought a slashing 10-rounder against Kid Chocolate, which heralded his return to the fistic spotlight. Joey is now being handled by Curley Vandeboncouer, and appears to be going places.

Amateur boxing is still going stong in Syracuse. Results of the last four main events, follow: Lou Presto, Buffalo defeated Sam Leta, Rochester (5); Jimmy Rocco, Toronto decisioned Mal Lewis, Nanticoke, Pa. (5); Joe Matisi, Endicott outpunched Art Anderson, Jamestown (5); and Bert Courage, Hobart College knocked out Joe Borrell, Endicott (3).

Bert Courage, fighting son of a Utica Methodist minister, is still the biggest box-office attraction in upstate amateur rings, pulling crowds ranging from 2,000 to 5,000 every time out. He jammed the Majestic Theater at Elmira in a thriller with Obie Taylor, Binghamton Negro, scoring a two-round knockout after being on the canvas twice in the first round himself.

A walk up North-Salina street brought into our range of vision sueh one-time ring favorites as: Chuck (Young) Fisher, Joe Baker, Al Wise, Frankie Koagel, Frankie Tropia, Joe Lamanna, Kid Dyke, Jackie and Ralph Brady and Patsy Russo.

Ralph De John, Joe Netro's star still winning fights at Buffalo. Ralph twice defeated Leo (Red) Finnegan of New York, former Utican, in the Bison City.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

GUS McLELLAN, aggressive little fighter from Nova Scotia, fought thirteen fights in thirteen weeks, which proves he is a willing worker. McLellan plans to make a trip home shortly.

Johnny Baranowski showed he could punch when he stowed away Leon Willis in one round at Holyoke. Lou Alpert is boxing regularly, winning at Buffalo, N. Y., and Newark, N. J. He also won over Joe Marceinte of Brooklyn in the last outdoor show at North Adams. Lou is a good showman and is a card wherever he once fights. Next summer he will pack them in there.

Roy Carvell, the amateur fighter out of Springfield, has been doing well at Thompsonville, Conn., this summer.

Johnny Schebelli of Springfield won over Alec Veradt in a main bout of eight rounds at North Adams. Elmer Ciccone won over Doug Murchie in eight. Johnny Dube won over Sammy Athas. Young Flynn won over Johnny Barrows in four.

Saverio Turiello of Italy proved himself a good defensive fighter in his bout with Bobby Allen of Nova Scotia. Allen buckled him up with a right to the heart near the end of the fourth round, the hardest punch of the fight. Turiello's five-second flurries in each round made a hit with the fans, but did no damage.

Charlie Gomer of Baltimore stopped Young Chappie in the main bout at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, in the seventh round of a real fight. Georgie Holmes of New York won a close decision over Tony Dupre, the New England bantam champ, in the semi-final of ten rounds. Holmes was a very aggressive fighter, and kept Dupre on the run but got careless at times and Dupre would score with good punches. Jimmy Stewart of New Haven knocked out Willie Pal of New Hampshire in the third round; Sammy Athas won over Joe Burkenmeier of Saratoga in four rounds. Leon Willis did not like the punching ability of Johnny Baranowski of Dalton, who stowed Willis away in one round.

Bennington, Vt., will open this season with Bill Craven and Billy Garoun at the helm and Jimmy Quinton doing the matchmaking.

Brattleboro, Vt., might open up with mixed matches. As there is no boxing commission, this may be done.

Tommy Grady and Sammy Athas are fighting regularly in New York and vicinity. Terry Rogers is looking for a chance to break in at Holyoke. Rogers is a strong boy who might do well at the Arena if brought along with care.

Jimmy Leto, who made a hit in Holyoke a couple of years back, is doing well in New York under Al Weill.

Tommy Logan of Barre, Vt., now making his home in Holyoke, has been seen on many of the recent Arena cards and is well liked by the fans.

Anyone with news on boxing can reach me at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

REGULARLY scheduled boxing was reinaugurated in New Orleans, La., but to date "gate" receipts were sorrowfully disappointing. Jimmy Perrin, Crescent City's only fistic luminary, demonstrated his true form in easily and quickly kayoing Johnny "Skippy" Allen, New York City featherweight, in the second round of a tenner.

Willard Brown, Indiana welterweight, still remains the kingpin in Baton Rouge, La. Brown decisioned Ritchie Mack of San Antonio, Tex., in ten rounds. Previously, Mack had whipped Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans.

Billy Hogroder, Baton Rouge featherweight veteran, ran afoul of his first knockout when he went down before the concrete fists of Merlin Springer, New Orleans, at Baton Rouge.

A new favorite for the Negro boxing fans, Hayward Storey, Chicago, Ill., middleweight, established himself with two easy wins. Against Bud Creed of Milwaukee, Wis., he pounded out a ten-round decision and with Cuban Harvey Massey, Chicago Jack Eile's protege, Storey gained the nod in likely form.

Another victory was chalked up in favor of Louis "Kid" Cocoa, Negro welterweight of New Haven, Conn., when he pummelled Jackie Elverillo, Chicago, Ill., for ten rounds at Heinemann Baseball Park, New Orleans.

Oscar Matthews, the only outstanding Negro heavyweight in the South, kayoed three opponents during the month at Tallulah, La. His victims were Moise Howard of New Orleans, La., Big Jim Jackson of Clarksdale, Miss., and Kid Chicasha of Mobile, Ala.

Other colored bouts ended in the following fashion: Herman "Kid" Collins, now a middleweight, kayoed Battling Pal and decisioned Speedy Jack Oates; Jimmy Brown stopped Baby Wills and Battling Sam, all middleweights. Jackie Young of Detroit, Mich., outpointed Kid Willie; K. O. Brown chilled Ace Leon; Kid Carl knocked out Kid Harry, all welterweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Marty Burke, using Heinemann Baseball Park in New Orleans, is doing quite well in a promoting way with Negro performers . . . . Other promoters, even using both "white" and "colored" fighters, cannot seem to attract the old-time fans . . . . Two gymnasiums, Kelly's and Weaver's, are competing for the small business in New Orleans along with many small private gyms . . . . There has not been a wrestling show in New Orleans for several months . . . . Promoter Schlesinger has long departed with his grunters for Galveston, Tex. . . . . The writer will make a trip through the northern states, always on the lookout for good boxing talent . . . . My address is 1028 No. Salcedo, New Orleans, La.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JOHNNY STEVENS, Bob Bonner's left-handed clouting lightweight champion from Cincinnati, still is pecking them over and is heading for the tops.

Johnny clipped Roger Bernard's wings a couple of times in Cincinnati and then topped it with a ten-round decision over Lou Terry of St. Louis on the big Covington, Ky., charity program which was sponsored by the Junior Board of the Associated Charities. While Stevens is stealing all the smoke in Freddie Miller's backyard, Freddie is in South Africa.

Lloyd Pine, Coventry's great little featherweight, stepped into the limelight on September 15th at Akron's Armory when he defeated Paul Lee of Indianapolis in 10 rounds with Jack Dempsey as the referee. In the semi-final, Wesley Martin of Cleveland defeated Jimmy Shannon of Indianapolis. Chet O'Kelly licked Max Schadle and Floyd Sarvis lost to George Cerosky in some of the preliminary bouts that Promoter Herman Wollins and Matchmaker Johnny Hanninson billed.

Pat Wright, former Cincinnati and Louisville manager, and well noted for his development of Cecil Payne, has two classy boys out on the Coast in Wishy Jones, the Louisville lightie, and Chino Hernandez, the Mexican. In Jones' most recent start, according to Pat, Wishy gave George Hansford, ranking Coast lightweight, a good going over. Hernandez is also undefeated in Western climes.

Eddie Borden's "Bang" magazine should make a tremendous hit with the promoters and managers alike. Eddie is on the right track on weeding out the undesirables in the sport. I agree with Eddie on many of foresights, especially on commission-ruled programs. Every promoter, boxer, manager and fan should get this weekly. It's a wham!

My National Boxing Ratings have drawn a lot of attention around the universe. You fans can secure my Ratings by dropping 25 cents in cash and a stamped envelope to me at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Dewey Fragetta bulletins that he has Roy Lazer, heavyweight, and Joe Pennino, a welterweight, under his management . . . . a word or two for E. C. Adams, deputy boxing and wrestling commissioner for the State Board in Kentucky . . . . Adams is in the Paducah district and all reports from that sector are that Adams is making a great success of the programs staged in his territory . . . . another fine commissioner is Harry Vandt in the Covington district . . . . Henry Huerta, Mexican featherweight, who is now fighting under the banner of Jack Lofthouse, Peoria, Ill., is going great guns in the Middle Western states . . . . Lofthouse, through this column, is challenging all of the featherweights in this territory . . . . the Mexican can really step . . . . his record on the Coast was A-1 . . . . Lofthouse also has another good looking prospect in Ross White . . . . P. T. Root of Parma, Ohio, will soon get back in the game as a promoter . . . . Root plans his first show for Cleveland . . . . he is managing Patsy Severo, the Forest City lightweight, at the present time . . . . Bob Bonner at this time is angling for a shot at Lloyd Pine for Johnny Stevens . . . . Louisville was hot for the match following Pine's win over Jimmy Buckler . . . . Akron is tipped to get the go with Johnny Hannison the promoter . . . . Red Ferguson is back in Louisville after a campaign around Sioux City with his stable of scrappers . . . . Red has some real jaw slappers under his listing . . . . Warren Magee of St. Augustine, Fla., sends on word that he is promoting semi-monthly fights in his city . . . . he can be reached at the Y.M.C.A.

Frankie Palmo and Smokey Maggard, two of Cincinnati's veteran heavyweights, fought eight hard rounds to a draw on one of Bill Saffin's Mount Washington programs. Carl Turner, Columbus, pulled a surprise in trimming Tiger Kid Walker, Cincinnati, in another main event at the suburban arena. Saffin has billed mostly talent from that section of the county and is getting real results from this form of matchmaking, plus development of new talent, much needed in this vicinity.

Joe Mueller, Cincinnati's heavyweight champion claimant, turned back Tony Koenig, rival challenger, in an eight-round bout on one of Herman Katz's programs at Parkway Arena. At this writing, Katz is dickering for a strong opening card at the Music Hall indoor arena.

I would like to hear from some good heavyweights who would like to make a trip to the West Coast.

Lee Cox, pleasing Cincinnati welterweight, expects to leave for California on or around the middle of November. Three other local scrappers will be in the Cox party.

Archie Hindman staged a great card at Richmond, Indiana, on September 21. Archie had Si Neblosky, Cincinnati, and Karl Martin, St. Louis, topping his card.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JACK DEMPSEY and his barnstorming troupe of wrestlers showed Rochester fans the wares of the grunt and groan industry. Jack did the refereeing honors while Jake Corey did the promoting.

The "All America" tourney is going over in a big way and the writer is certain Rochester will be sure to land a few of its Simon-pure biffers as champions. The Hearst papers are doing a great thing in putting over a thing as this. Not merely to uncover a future ring great, but principally because it is such things that seem to join the youth of our great nation into something that will bring out good qualities in them. All you brawny boys join now.

With two amateur clubs going, Rochester is again enjoying to its heart's content the great game of boxing.

The following shows took place during the month:

MAIN EVENT

Sammy Goritz, 135, Rochester, won judges' decision over Tommy Todesco, 133, Niagara Falls; five rounds.

SEMI-FINAL

Sam Leta, 176, Rochester, won judges' decision over Peter Pellerito, 176, Watertown; five rounds.

Carl Abrams, 147, Watertown, won judges' decision over Eddie Thomas, 147, Rochester; five rounds.

Ross Armstrong, 147, Watertown, won judges' decision over Black Jack Garlin, 147, Rochester; five rounds.

MAIN EVENT—FIVE ROUNDS

Mike Martyk, 122, St. Catherines, Ont., won a judges' decision over Joey Stephano, five rounds.

Joe DiCarlo, 147, won by technical knockout over Doug Nicholson, St. Catherines, Ont. Nicholson failed to appear for fourth.

Peaches DiNapoli, St. Catherines, Ont., won judges' decision over Joe Birdie, five rounds.

Hank Smith, 126, won judges' decision over Sammy Devinie, Batavia, five rounds.

Paul Columbo, 112, Batavia, won by technical knockout over Jummy Reina in third round.

George Brant, 135, Rochester, won judges' decision over Joe Buca, three rounds.

Jackie Bullock, 126, Canandaigua, won judges' decision over Leo Fox, three rounds.

Johnny Alchter, 175, East Rochester, won by technical knockout over Oliver George, Lackawanna. George unable to answer bell at second round.

Bobby Smith, 140, Rochester, scored knockout over Jim Celli in fourth round. Time 1:25.

George Sprague, 135, Rochester, won judges' decision over Jack Pulvino, three rounds.

Joe DeCarlo, 147, Rochester, won judges' decision over Dean Hoffman, Johnson City, five rounds.

Jackie Taylor, 135, Johnson City, won judges' decision over Chris Mordeago, Williamson, five rounds.

George Brant, 126, Rochester, won by knockout over Joe Astray, Rochester, in first round. Time 1:40.

May Lewis, 126, Nanticoke, Pa., won judges' decision over Bobby Smith, Rochester, in five rounds.

Fred Lewis, 136, Nanticoke, Pa., won judges' decision over George Hostick, St. Catherines, Ont., five rounds.

Joe Kelly, 138, Nanticoke, Pa., won judges' decision over Al Stevens, St. Catherines, Ont., five rounds.

Joe De Carlo, 147, Rochester, won judges' decision over Peaches DiNapoli, St. Catherines, Ont., five rounds.

Mike Martyk, 122, St. Catherines, Ont., won judges' decision over Dick Powell, Nanticoke, Pa., five rounds.

A LITTLE FOR ALL—Al Stern is running weekly shows at Binghamton and drawing good houses. Harry Jacobs is packing them in at his weekly amateur shows. Al Traino is training daily and ready for the big money. Jack Leonard has a great boxing team at Ottawa. Tony Vincent has a good-looking fighter in Nick Hook. Sam Meyers has a first-class gym on State Street and all the boys train there. Jim Flood and Jake are back in fighting trim and ready for the best. Mike Lester, old-time welterweight, is now Rochester's champion timekeeper. K. O. Kelly, the K.O. king of years ago, is seconding the amateur boys and gets a kick out of it. Joe DiCarlo, 147-pound champ, is in the dough, working for the Bond Bread. That's all!

THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets the first of each month. The writer would like to hear from good amateur teams. Write 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

YOUNG PAULIE MAHONEY caught a tartar in Ralph DeJohn of Syracuse at Offermann Stadium and was the loser after six rounds in which De John displayed his superiority in practically all points of the game. Perhaps Mahoney is being rushed a little too fast. He's only a kid and can take his time.

Over 4,000 fans paid to see the Queensberry Club bouts, which were staged in the open air. It was the final show of the outdoor season. Inasmuch as the Broadway Auditorium will not be ready for boxing or for anything else until late in October, the chances are that Matchmaker Murray will try a couple of matches at Elmwood Music Hall on Buffalo's West Side. This building has never been successful for boxing. The East Side is where the promoters draw from and the Broadway Auditorium is located in that section of the city.

Getting back to Mahoney and De John. The Syracuse lad carried too many guns for Paulie and his punches had the South Side lad backing up, almost from the start. In other matches on the card, Billy Bommer, Detroit, knocked out Tommy O'Brien, Buffalo, in two rounds; Steve Halaiko won in six heats from George Martzo of Pittsburgh; Mickey Devine, Batavia, defeated Lou Alpert; Tiger Worth, Toronto, won from Jack Sylvester, and Manning Hill technically kayoed Jimmy Gamble.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—The Buffalo Sporting Club has changed hands again . . . . Founded by the late Ed Delivuk, it was later taken over by Hans Furst, an old-time wrestler . . . . Now the Cohen brothers, with Sam Cordovano as matchmaker, will seek to lure the fans through the turnstiles . . . . The Buffalo Sporting Club has never enjoyed much prosperity . . . . It has never staged any boxing shows, preferring to string along with Jack Curley's herd of grapplers, occasionally running a mat carnival . . . . Whether the new owners will offer much competition to C. J. Murray of the Queensberry Club remains to be seen . . . . Without a smart boxing matchmaker, it would seem a most difficult task, and even with a topnotch impresario in charge, the bankroll will have to be heavy for there is bound to be plenty of losing shows.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

NEODESHA, KANS.—Amateur boxing results. Max Decker beat Lee Phelps. Bill Lohr beat Elmer Carpenter. K. O. Gene Roberts knocked out Pete Harmison in 2. Tony Valention knocked out Johnny Davis in 2. Everett Ogle knocked out Cleo Jarvis in 2. Dwight Cochran knocked out George Caudell in 1. Bill Hogan beat Leo Harris. Red Hannah beat Kid Burgemeyer. Manuel Vasquez beat Reed Messa. Thurston Lane beat Dan Ramey. Mickey McGuire beat Jimmy Stipp.

Chanute, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Dick Rples knocked out Arnold Grimsley in 2. Everett Ogle knocked out Ivan Bishop in 1. View Sigler knocked out Jimmy Stipp in 1. Max Decker knocked out Floyd Everly in 2. Leo Ward knocked out Clyde Freeman in 2. Raymond Isle knocked out Bob Joyce in 1. Tony Lazerri knocked out John Isle in 2. Chick Pounds knocked out Merle Trimble in 1. George Caudell beat Gene Roberts.

From Milo *to* Londos

The story of wrestling through the Ages, from the earliest days to the present.

A complete history of the heavyweight championship from William Muldoon to Dean Detton.

A complete history of early wrestling traced through every country.

Special Limited Edition

Beautifully bound—Autographed by the author Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher of The Ring.

Numerous illustrations—old masters—present day stars.

This limited edition will be ready for distribution on November 10.

This limited edition, judging by the advance orders which are in the hands of the authors and will be honored first, will be quickly sold.

If you have placed your order with me, or if you are eager to become one of the subscribers to this limited edition, send your check or money order to me now.

Only 1000 copies of this limited edition will be printed.

Order now so that you won't be disappointed.

Send check or money order to

Nat Fleischer, THE RING
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
825 8TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please reserve for me ..... copies of your special, Limited Edition of "From Milo to Londos to Levin," for which find check or money order for $3.00 plus 25 cents for insurance and postage.

Name .....

Street .....

State or country .....

Jack Goodson beat Roy Kelly. Guilford Fulton beat Robert Muller. Johnny Wyatt beat Kayo Splane. Van Parks beat Kid Cunningham.

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Thurston Lane beat Leo Ward. Unk Gillian beat View Seigler. Mead Smith knocked out Bob Dodge in 2. Jack Wickers knocked out Archie Hatcher in 2. Ralph Peugh beat Jess McCloud. Manuel Vasquez beat Kid Burgemeyer. Conrad Friend beat Max Pixley. Don Higgins beat Fred Ward. Young Bill Hogan was forced to quit in the second round with Kid Green.

Chanute, Kans.—Everett Ogle knocked out View Seigler in 2. Dick Roles knocked out Bill Gillette in 1. Chick Pounds knocked out George Daniels in 1. Leo Ward knocked out Dwight Almond in 1. Ben Williams beat Max Decker. Lewis Williams beat Batt Stoker. Lee Montgomery beat John Thurman. Kayo Splane beat Ken Snyder.

Neodesha, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Frankie Rowden beat View Seigler. Curley Fraher knocked out Don Higgins in 1. Bill Payne knocked out Carl Decker in 1. Thurston Lane beat Max Decker. Guilford Fulton knocked out Mead Smith in 1. Conrad Friend beat Mickey McGuire. Johnny Wilson beat Kid Burgemeyer. Manuel Vasquez beat Albert Breese. Dwight Cochran beat Ed Osborne.

A very quiet month in the boxing game the past month in Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri. Cooler weather promises more activity in the fight game.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joey Alcanter defeated Jimmy Garrison in ten rounds, retaining his lightweight championship title of Missouri. Frankie Wallace beat Pat Kissinger in ten rounds. Amos Tiger outpointed Carl Acker in 6. Joey Parks beat Cap Harding in 8. Petey Alcanter beat Jimmy Mercier in 6 rounds.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

BECAUSE of a no-decision law in this state, boxing here has been dead, dormant, or both for many moons. With the law's repeal, the road was cleared for a renaissance of the sport and things began to brighten up on the fistic front. Another obstacle presented itself, however, in the deep entrenchment of wrestling.

Jim Londos has been something of an idol here since his 'teens and when that gentleman became King in name as well as Prince Charming in fact, he and his whole troupe moved in bag and baggage. As Jim has always paid his income tax here his role has been that of a local boy who made good. Londos is the only individual to date who has ever succeeded in filling the West End's mammoth Arena. That one may properly be impressed by this fact, let me hastily point out that such a "packer-inner" as Father Coughlin recently did just 33 per cent as well. So when boxing attempted to drive a wedge into that united front, its work was well cut out. But St. Louis was soon to get a break as far as boxing was concerned. Londos lost the title and with the unhorsing of Sir James the wrestlers began to be found out. As a result, wrestling is gradually moving toward the exit as boxing takes its rightful place in the local sports panorama. It is now doubtful whether another Londos coronation could even give the up-beat to wrestling's fortunes.

Wrestling pulled a sly one here when handwriting first began to appear on the wall. They goaded the boxing promoters into a mixed match involving Kingfish Levinsky—of all people—and Ray Steele, No. 1 finger man of the fraternity. Needless to say, the Stalin made short work of what Joe Louis had left of the Kink. As a trial balloon the stunt was a flop, as is evidenced by the increasing boxing attendance and the wane of wrestling patronage. Yes, boxing is again with us and let's hope, to stay.

There seems to be no reason why boxing shouldn't make good progress in St. Louis. The city's baseball mania is well known and invariably the ball fan is either the same or closely akin to his boxing brother.

Promoters Benny Greenberg and Lew Raymond have found that if the fans are given a legitimate attraction at reasonable rates a real turnout is the result. Out of seven fights only one has fallen appreciably below the 10,000 mark in attendance. Such a crowd doesn't look so impressive in the Arena and the promoters used judgment in transplanting operations to the Auditorium.

Though there has been no announcement, it is thought that the new lightweight champion, Lou Ambers, will head the next show . . . . Believe it or nay, the fans about here can't place Henry Armstrong, St. Louis' gift to the featherweight division, while on the Coast they say the little blackamoor should only be allowed to fight welters, he's so tough. Yet, Young Rightmire, Iowa feather, goes over in fine shape. It might be a shame if Armstrong gets homesick and comes home to go to work.

Joe Louis became A.A.U. light-heavyweight champion in the same ring that John Henry Lewis all but beat the heart out of Bob Olin and breathed on it, thereby winning the professional title. These two events gave us the necessary shot in the arm. In other words, the inspiration of Louis and more Lewis made a christian out of Saint Louis in regard to boxing. Since winning his title here, John Henry has returned to dispose of Eddie Simms, George Nichols, Al Stilman, and Tony Shucco; the latter two by knockouts. Lewis' cooperation in putting the game back on its feet is greatly appreciated and the city wishes him and his manager, Gus Greenlee, well, to say the least, and hurry back.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Hazleton—Steve Kahley of this city won a close eight-round verdict from Rex Fallabell, his fellow townsman. The contest was very close throughout the first six rounds, with Fallabell tiring in the last two, thus giving Kahley the edge. The local boys drew a capacity crowd, which should be a lesson to the promoters to use them often. In the other bouts, Johnny Tillman, Hazleton, won the six-round decision from Chester Martin of Kulpmont; Patsy Gall of Freeland easily outpointed Charlie Sharkus of Wilkes-Barre in another six; Bernie Dugan, Wilkes-Barre welter, decisioned Mickey Bellettere of Hazleton. In the curtain raiser, Johnny Leonard of Pittston got the nod over Lew Ferrance of Beaver Meadows.

At Shenandoah (amateurs)—In the three star bout matches at Hobbs Arena before a fairly good crowd, three Simon-pures hailing from Freeland emerged victorious in the top bouts. In the first, Joe Kiddish defeated Bobby Brennan of Drifton; the colorful Patsy DeFoe trounced Vic Gilli of Tamaqua, and in the last bout of the evening Charlie Lloyd won from Billy Mauser of Frackville.

Five Coal Region amateur boxers hailing from Nanticocke made a clean sweep at Philadelphia at the Arena A. C. Mal Lewis decisioned Tony Tedesco, Fred Lewis won over Herman Masselli, Joe Kelly outpointed Bill Maher, Bill Speary won from Tony Manzo, Dick Powell decisioned Al Brown. The Nanticocke boys are handled by Arthur Thomas.

At Scranton (wrestling)—In the star bout of one fall to a finish, Gino Garibaldi pinned Rudy Dusek after twenty-one minutes of exciting grappling. Jack Donovan drew in a thirty-minute match with Joe Cox . . . . Chief Little Beaver also drew with Cliff Olson in another thirty-minute fray. Nick Comofreda pinned Al Billings in eleven minutes.

In another wrestling show at Town Hall, Yvon Roberts pinned Gino Garibaldi in a contest which was even for forty minutes. The end came for Garibaldi when the French-Canadian displayed his back body press. In the other matches, Jack Donovan pinned Jim Coffield in seventeen minutes. Joe Cox threw George Lenihan. Mike Mazurki drew with John Kotan in the opener of thirty minutes.

JUST RAMBLING—Wildcat O'Connor of Forrest City outpointed Chuck Woods in ten rounds . . . . Eddie McGeever of Scranton won a ten-round verdict from Sammy Chivas at Detroit . . . . Eddie Brink of Scranton won in eight rounds from Lou Fox at New York City . . . . Joe Nealon and Steve Kahley will headline the next card for Jack Reno at Hazleton with the winner to meet Pete Susky . . . . Hank Stezar plans a show for his Town Hall Club, with Pete Susky or Chester Palutis on top with opponents to be selected later . . . . Jimmy Young, a middleweight protege of Jack Hennessey looks promising . . . . Jack Cambell, from Freeland, is now handling a new gang of amateur fighters including Johnny Petruce, Charlie Lloyd, Patsy Defoe, Tommy Lloyd, Danny Sharkey, Joe Kiddish and a young pro lightweight that shows promise . . . . Things look a bit brighter for the boys in the fight game hereabouts with Corbondale and Mt. Carmel planning to open up . . . . Any fighters planning to come to the Regions should contact Jack Hennessey at 220 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton . . . . You can buy THE RING at most newsstands throughout the Coal Regions. When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, Linden and Wyoming Ave.

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Fort Sumner, N. M.—Joe Perry, featherweight champion of New Mexico, stopped rough, tough, Battling Chico of Santa Fe in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-round go. After the opening session, the battle was Perry's by a wide margin. A badly slashed eye finally forced Chico to quit.

In the semi-final, Dick Vick, Fort Sumner, stopped Cyclone White, Clovis Negro, in the second round of a six-rounder. The latter pair are middleweights.

At Rock Springs, Wyo.—In an act that might well be labeled "The parade of Stoogies," the Baer brothers, Max and Buddy, shoved over a couple of round-heeled gentlemen by the names of Cyclone Bench and Babe Hunt, respectively. I wonder if Mr. Bench happened to be our old friend Cyclone Lynch of Walsenburg? Buddy's opponent, Hunt, is no relation whatsoever to the Oklahoma fighter of the same name. In fact, he is a big awkward kid by the name of Campbell and has no more business in the ring with Buddy Baer than would Mahatma Gandhi.

I can't for the life of me see how the Baer troupe is getting away with such rank buffoonery as this.

At Loveland, Colo.—Richie Proo, Denver welterweight, kayoed Bill Schmidt, Loveland battler, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Ed Shorty, Denver football and baseball star, found that boxing was everything but a bed of roses when he suffered a one-round kayo at the hands of Ted Ramer. The latter pair are heavyweights.

At Antonito, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg middleweight, outscored Mike Montoya of La Veta in a snappy ten-round battle. Not only is Louis the class of the present-day Colorado fistic crop, but he is about the busiest battler in the Rocky Mountain region. Rarely a week passes but what the dusky Thunderbolt engages in a fight.

At Cheyenne, Wyo.—This fellow Max Baer certainly is taking a lot of chances these days. Another victim being one Sam Evans of Cut Bank, Mont., and who ever heard of him? After clowning a couple of heats, the Gay Lothario tossed a couple of punches and Mr. Evans was through for the evening.

Isadoro Gastanaga, one-time fair heavyweight mauler, evidently has forsaken the ring game for good. After a miserable showing in a bout with Hank Hankinson in Denver, in which his purse was voided by the state boxing commission, the big Latin secured a job in a Denver mercantile concern, and is now a far better clerk than he was a fighter.

At Walsenburg, Colo.—Young Joe Louis turned in his most impressive battle to date in winning a one-sided ten-round battle from Jackie Burke of Ogden, Utah. Louis won eight of the rounds and in the sixth, almost had the game Irish mauler out. Louis scaled 148 pounds to Burke's 145.

Hank Bath is all set to get back into the midst of the fistic racket if he can get his contract with Jack Kearns voided. If not, he vows he'll never fight again.

Personally, I don't know what the trouble between the two is, but I must say that the kid got more publicity under Kearns' wing than he'll likely get under any other banner. I'd also risk the opinion that he made a lot more dough in the half a dozen or so fights under Jack's guidance than he'd have made otherwise.

At Alamosa, Colo.—Turning in his fifty-eighth consecutive victory, Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg colored welterweight, scored an impressive win over Ritchie Proo, Denver battler, in a ten-round go. Proo, at no stage of the battle, was ever able to make things interesting for the Negro. Both men tipped the beam at 148 pounds.

Matt Rhoades, Denver heavyweight prospect, now campaigning in and around Chicago, has issued a defy to Hank Bath. Now, I don't know if Mr. Rhoades is in earnest, but if he is, I'd say the pair would attract a better gate in Denver than most any bout I know of. By the time this appears in print, in all probability Hank's managerial squabble with Jack Kearns will be ironed out, and the Fort Morgan thumper will be ready for action. Maybe we'll have a Rhoades-Bath battle.

At Delta, Colo.—Dale Sparr, Olathe, Colorado, won a ten-round decision over Billy Pryor, Pueblo, in a slashing ten-round go. Sparr, who holds the U. S. Navy middleweight championship, carried too many guns for the game, but inexperienced Pueblian.

Both men weighed in at 156 pounds.

Ray Anderson, Goodland, Kansas. I have no dope whatever on any heavyweight fighter by the name of Willie Keeler. Could it be possible that you have the names mixed with the baseball player of forty years ago by that name?

Anyone wishing any dope on the fight game out this way can have it for the asking. But please inclose return postage if a reply is expected. I also have a list of active promoters out this way that you can have for a dime. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

PLENTY of action is promised in the Northwest this winter with the three main centers, Portland, Seattle and Vancouver, B. C., getting off to a flying start. New blood in the promotion is expected in Vancouver and Seattle, while Don Owen is doing well in Portland.

Midnight Bell, the dark dynamiter from Texas, returned to the Jubilee City of Vancouver and won a ten-round split decision from Billy Lee, Portland Piute Indian.

Al Hostack, Georgetown youngster, made his debut in Seattle as a main eventer when he knocked out the veteran Mike Bazonne. Nearly a year ago this column picked Hostack as an exceptionally promising youngster.

Al Spina, Italian featherweight from Oregon, rallied in the closing rounds to win a decision from Abie Isreal.

Eddie Ryan is disputing the claim of Buzz Brown as featherweight champion of the Northwest. Sonny Buxton is fighting for recognition as light-heavyweight champion of Canada. The decision of the Canadian Federation to recognize the McCoy-Belanger winner as champion is justly disputed. Eddie Wenstob beat Charlie Belanger, while Al McCoy is an American by birth of Irish and French descent. A Buxton-Wenstob fight would settle the question.

Leo Lomski, the former "Aberdeen Assassin," lost a decision to King Levinsky. Lomski was no match for the Kingfish and Referee Louttit's decision was unnecessary, as the result was obvious. The "gate" was about two thousand dollars.

Truman Kennedy won a decision from Al Ford. Johnny Killrane knocked out Cy Foster (1). Julius Troll decisioned Red Gray. Jackie Pascoe drew with Arnold Robinson. Gene O'Grady K.O.'ed Mike Walters (2). Jack Drews beat Kid Thornley. Eddie Norris knocked out Don Crowe (1). Homer DeBoise decisioned Clancy Murphy. Eddie Spina knocked out Dick Strokes (1). Tiny Cooper knocked out Tex Saunders. Meyer (Wildcat) Rowan, fresh from an Eastern campaign, knocked out Young Corpuz, a protege of Leo Druxman.

Ted Moore, one of the great fighters of the past, is training the best crop of youngsters in the Northwest in his little Niagara gym. Among them are Sonny Buxton, Chuck Nickason, Eddie Brady, Al Hicks, Eddie Hossack, Eddie Gerrard and Eddie Ryan.

Bud Davies, former Pacific Coast bantam title claimant, is laying plans to invade California this winter with his two heavyweight brothers, Manny and Danny Pahl.

Bobby Orr, one of Gordon Wallace's leading challengers, is making good progress in New York, thanks to Chas. (Mac) McDonald.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—Frank Smithers is planning a California trip with his fighters . . . . Dave Miller and Nate Druxman had an argument . . . . Only over fifteen hundred dollars . . . . Miller wants $7,500 for Steele to fight in Seattle and Druxman wants to pay $6,000 . . . . Come on, Nate, if you want to help boxing you will pay it as the house will sell out at $23,000 . . . . Billy Townsend will try a comeback, despite pleadings to the contrary from his friends . . . . Wm. J. Burnett is going to return to the game he loves and manage fighters . . . . Jack Allen is managing Truman Kennedy, John Kilbane and Bill Penfold . . . . Chas. "Spider" Mascall reports that wrestling is at its peak in California as well as the Northwest . . . . Address all queries to this writer at 1296 Hastings East, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Wanted—Will Exchange

Fight pictures, past or present champions or top-notchers for old record books.

Wanted—Any record books published by Rob Roy Benton, Frank Innis, Police Gazette, Tom Andrews, or other publications from 1885 to 1922, inclusive, except Police Gazette of 1918. I want these for "The Ring" Library.

ALSO WANTED

Any years of any British Record Books and Australian Record Books.

Tell me what you have and what you expect in return. If you prefer cash, let me know.

Nat F'eischer, THE RING
825 8th Ave., Madison Square Garden, New York City.

READ THIS
Then Act

Here's what the greatest teacher of boxers in America, Spike Webb, the man who has developed more Olympic and Intercollegiate Champion boxers than any other instructor or trainer, has to say about

The Newly Revised Eighth Edition of

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

The Newly Revised Third Edition of

"How to Box,"

And the Newly Revised Edition of

"HOW TO SECOND AND HOW TO MANAGE A BOXER"

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

When two or more of these books are ordered, add 10 cents extra for postage.

Here's a good recommendation:

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

January 16, 1936

Mr Nat Fleischer,
Editor The Ring,
New York City.

Dear Mr Fleischer,

I have just received 18 copies of your excellent books.

How to Box
Training for Boxers
How to second a Boxer

I feel certain these books are a valuable contribution to boxing as a sport. You are to be congratulated on their preparation. The foreword by that old dean of boxers Mr James J. Jorbett, is like the mark of Sterling on silver. I believe every young man interested in boxing should have a copy.

Very sincerely yours,
Spike Webb
Spike Webb

Every fighter, amateur or professional, and every trainer, manager and teacher should possess a copy of these three books. More than that—he should digest the contents until he has become thoroughly familiar with every chapter.

Spike Webb knows what's good for the boys.

He had charge of every Olympic boxing team in the last four Olympic Games and his boys at Annapolis have won more championships than any other institution.

What's good enough as a text book for Annapolis, should be good enough for you.

Get on the band wagon now.

Send for these three books.

Fill out the coupon below, check off what you want and mail to

THE RING BOOK SHOP
Madison Square Garden Arcade
8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City

Enclosed find $1.00 ($2.00), ($3.00), for which kindly send me, by return post, copies of

"Training for Boxing," with a foreword by Jack Dempsey.

"How to Box," with a foreword by James J. Corbett.

"How to Second and Manage a Boxer," with a foreword by William A. Brady.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY closed another fairly successful outdoor boxing season, and for the time being everything is at a standstill. There may be a few indoor cards according to different plans of promoters. The past season was not what it should have been. Too many fights was one of the reasons, and poor matches was another.

Keokuk, Ia.—A small crowd of five hundred fans turned out to see Max Baer, former heavyweight champion, clown his way through four rounds with Babe Davis of St. Louis. Buddy Baer knocked out Peter Gibbons of Detroit, Mich., in the third round of a four-round exhibition.

The closing boxing card of the season was an all-star amateur card staged in the Uptown Arena with the following results:

Frank Thompson, Winnebago, Neb., knocked out Al Steiner, 143, Sioux City, one.

Walter Brey, Pender, Neb., knocked out Dan Mitchell, 126, Winnebago, Neb., two.

Louis Rasche, 175, Iona, Minn., knocked out Howard Helzer, 171, Winnebago, Neb., two.

Levi Decora, 123, Winnebago, Neb., won decision over Leonard Beckley, 122, Ponca, Neb., three.

Want to Become Strong?

Here is a list of books for sale at the RING BOOK SHOP, 825-8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

MUSCLE CONTROL
with 54 full page illustrations. **Price $1.50.**

THOMAS INCH ON STRENGTH
with special chapters on Weight Lifting, and many illustrations. **Price $1.40.**

SUPER-PHYSIQUE
a body building bar-bell course, by **Siegmund Klein**, America's greatest exponent of strength exercises, many illustrations. **Price $1.00.**

MUSCLE BUILDING
with numerous illustrations, by **Earle Liederman. Price $2.00.**

SECRETS OF STRENGTH
by **Earle Liederman. Price $2.00.**

ENDURANCE
by **Earle Liederman. Price $1.00.**

THE WAY TO LIVE IN HEALTH AND PHYSICAL FITNESS
Fully illustrated with a special Bar-Bell course by the famous **Hackenschmidt. Price $1.15.**

WEIGHT LIFTING
with more than 50 illustrations, by **W. A. Pullum. Price $1.50.**

FEATS OF STRENGTH
with special photos, by **Sid Harmer. Price $1.00.**

SIMPLE STRENGTH TESTS
for Home entertainment by **The Editor of Health and Strength. Price 75 cents.**

THE TEXT BOOK OF JIU JITSU
as practiced in Japan. Illustrated. By **S. K. Uyenishi. Price $1.75.**

JIU JITSU AND OTHER METHODS OF SELF-DEFENSE
Illustrated. By **Percy Longhurst. Price 75 cents.**

JIU JITSU
by **A. G. Spaldings. Price 25 cents.**

THE SCIENCE OF WRESTLING AND THE ART OF JIU JITSU
Numerous illustrations. **Price $2.00.**

Take advantage of these low prices on books that are invaluable to the man who wants to be strong, fit physically or well developed.

Enclosed find ..... for the following books (check off the books you want) .....

Name .....

Street .....

State or Country .....

Leo Mahan, 146, Ponca, Neb., knocked out Ted Yellowcloud, 149, Winnebago, Neb., two.

Sheldon, Ia.—The barnstorming Baers, Max, former heavyweight champion, and his brother, Buddy, scored easy triumphs here. Max toyed and clowned with Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, while Buddy was forced to go five rounds before displacing Verne Trickle of Graettinger, Ia., by a knockout. Results of other bouts on the card were:

Jack Hill, Hawarden, 135, defeated Bob Pulliam, Carroll, 130, three rounds.

Kenneth Compton, Coon Rapids, 135, and Jay Reinhert, Des Moines, drew in three rounds.

Babe Sacco, Sioux City, 140, defeated George Lorenz, Spencer, 148, five rounds.

Sidney Porter, Sioux City, 170, knocked out Leo Reutledge, Rockwell City, 172, in the fifth round.

A crowd of two thousand witnessed the show.

Des Moines, Ia.—Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis, Minn., outpointed Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, in ten rounds. Bobby Venner, 147, of Hastings, Nebr., beat Dick Porter of Indianapolis, Ind., in ten rounds.

Spencer, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, giving away nearly twenty pounds in weight, dropped an eight-round decision to Henry Jones, Fort Dodge, Ia., heavyweight.

In the semi-windup, which was the most interesting of all the bouts, Mickey Slater of Sioux City, 128, drew in six rounds with Jimmy Salvadore of Fort Dodge, 128. Slater scored often with both hands throughout the fight, but Salvadore's ringwise ways brought him up even. The first and sixth rounds were scored for Slater and the second and fourth for Salvadore. The others were even.

In the preliminaries, Irish Callahan of Spencer, 142, knocked out Red Nary of Emmetsburg, 140; Johnny Goodsen of Ruthven, 170, outpointed "Wild Bill" Gerdes of Dickens, 170; Claudie Pettit of Emmetsburg, 140, won by a technical knockout over Johnny Salvadore of Fort Dodge, 140, and Hugo Kjellberg of Ruthven, 143, outpointed Kid Lorenz of Dickens, 145.

Ben Shine and Dr. H. G. Heckel promoted the fight card, which was one of a series.

Winnebago, Nebr.—The finals of the amateur boxing card presented here turned in the following results. The main bout was a draw between Wilber De Cora and Wilber Snake. Levi DeCora and Mel Rice staged a neat bout, with the former winning.

Uptown Arena, Sioux City, Ia.—Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, and Johnny Durso of Louisville, Ky., after looking over the small house refused to show their wares. The gross receipts, under the $200 margin, was a new low for this town. Durso stated he would appear if Legrone would, but the managers of Legrone kept their boy off. It is the opinion of the writer that Legrone should have gone on, owing to the fact he has always been treated pretty well in this city. The matchmaker, Ty Dillon, was unable to line up another main event on so short notice, and moved the semi-windup into the main spot, featuring Albert Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, and Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis. It ended in a draw. Billy Porter of Indianapolis scored a kayo over Chuck Broadus of Des Moines in five heats. Babe Barnes, doing a comeback, received a licking from Pee Wee Baker of Grand Forks, No. Dak. Barnes was on the receiving end throughout.

O'Neill, Nebr.—The feature attraction on the annual Free Day celebration staged here was an amateur boxing card arranged by L. D. Putman, Roy W. Carroll and Elmer Stolte, with the following results:

Walter Fick, Inman, 168, and Dick Tomulson, O'Neill, 177, draw.

Keith Lear, Bassett, 170, and Bill Zall, Bassett, 185, draw.

George Cook, O'Neill, 143, and Bus Cavanaugh, Chambers, 147, Cavanaugh won, first round, knockout.

Joe Lewis, Chambers, 150, and Ed Barnum, Chambers, 145, Barnum knocked out.

Jack Gunn, O'Neill, and Bill McKenzie, O'Neill, draw.

Don Bergstrom and Jack Dempsey, both of O'Neill, draw.

Pat Jeffrey and Mike Sullivan, both of O'Neill, Jeffrey won by knockout.

Clinton Wolf and George Fernholz, both of O'Neill, draw.

Lloyd Bellar and George Fernholz, both of O'Neill, draw.

Vernon Hixon, 155, Clearwater, and Henry Newman, 155, of Sioux City, draw.

Tibbett brothers of this city, shadow weights, draw.

Des Moines, Ia.—Max Baer, former heavyweight champion, and his brother, Buddy, scored unimpressive victories here. Max clowned his way to a six-round win over veteran Bear-Cat Wright of Omaha with sixteen-ounce gloves, while Buddy outpointed Pret Ferrat, Des Moines Negro, in another sixer.

Waterloo, Ia.—Henry Jones, Fort Dodge Negro heavyweight, knocked out Kid McSweeney of Little Rock, Ark., in three rounds. Don Schneck of Waterloo outpointed Paddy Harmon of Hot Springs, Ark., in another sixer. Kid Way, Waterloo, drew with Young Regan of Nebraska City, Nebr., in the special six-rounder.

Readers, be sure and have your notes in the writer's hands by the second day of each month, and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. The writer's phone number is 8-6224. Promoters around the state are requested to keep the writer posted on their fistic results.

SIDELINES—Ty Dillon, local boxing promoter, is a bundle wrapper in the mailing room of the Sioux City *Journal* . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin is manager of the Riverview Amusement Park and several sports enterprises, besides being manager of Everette Rightmire, featherweight contender . . . . The writer works in the traffic department of a railroad . . . . John Eliades, local wrestling promoter, operates a cafe . . . . Bill Green, announcer at the Uptown Arena, is a line man . . . . Harry Gibbons and Ted Zanfes are local coppers . . . . both are referees on the side and former boxers . . . . Louie Tattleman and Sammy Sacco, announcers, work for Sioux City newspapers . . . . Sacco just bought himself a new home.

YOUR QUESTIONS—H. C. D., Sioux Falls, So. Dak.: You are pretty old to start fighting . . . . B. T. Pate, West Palm Beach, Florida: Thanks for the offer. Will see what I can do. Mel Rice was a good boy at one time, personally a fine fellow, but washed up as far as fighting is concerned. He is married now, working in a packing plant . . . . E. C. V. Mitchell, So. Dak.: Mail me the results if you wish. Readers are interested in news.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Harry Lennon is promoting cards in St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Ben Shine, boxing promoter at Spencer, Ia., would like to hear from talent . . . . John Eliades, Sioux City wrestling promoter, has opened up the indoor mat season . . . . His first card featured "Bull" Martin of Boston and Joe Dusek of Omaha, with the latter winning two falls out of three . . . . Ty Dillon will try his hand at promoting boxing cards in Sioux Falls . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin moved out of this spot last season . . . . Maybe Dillon can make a go of it . . . . Milt Aron, Dubuque, Ia., stopped Harold Brown of Chicago in nine rounds . . . . Bobby Venner of Hastings, Nebr., will make his home in Des Moines . . . . a very good prospect and under the management of Pinkie George, who is also promoting cards in Des Moines with success . . . . H. Eagles of Dubuque, Ia., is also promoting cards . . . . His last card there featured Tommy Freeman and Sammy Slaughter in a fifteen-round bout and drew a $2800 gross . . . . Freeman had a very close edge . . . . Bob Crowley of Dubuque knocked out Rollie Williams in two rounds . . . . George Davidsaver went to a draw with Tony Mandell of Rockford . . . . Red Post was third man for the prelims, while Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, was third man for the main bout.

The card was held under the direction of the Trades and Labor Congress, who had eight committees selling tickets . . . . The best looking prospect for the month is Joe Matheson of Herman, Nebr., a welterweight . . . . A former Golden Gloves champion, the Nebraska boy is coming to the front fast . . . . He is under the management of Fern West of Herman, Nebr. . . . . Several fighters jumping their gym dues nearly forced the writer to close up the local punch shop . . . . Why fighters fail to take care of this matter is something that is too deep for the writer to understand . . . . George Truckenbaugh of Fort Dodge, Ia., has several boys under his management . . . . He is also matchmaker for the Elks Club there . . . . Everette Rightmire, local featherweight contender, receives THE RING Magazine's deepest sympathy in the death of his only brother . . . . Everette's brother was killed in a car crash-up over in Nebraska, while driving the local boy's car . . . . The car was completely wrecked, injuring several, and killing another member of the party . . . . Dave Nemo of Des Moines has some good looking prospects at all weights at the Jewish Community Center there . . . . Chet Billings is sports editor of the Spencer, Ia., *Daily Reporter*, and a very smart judge of fights and fighters . . . . It is very seldom that he misses when he calls them . . . . Managers making a dash for their home town papers with haywire results of bouts should be blacklisted . . . . Several have caught the eye of the writer during the past month . . . . Such bum decisions sent to the writer will be exposed in the future . . . . A fighter can only be built up on his merits, because, when the final test comes, he is just another fighter if he falls down.

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BOBBY LEITHAM, who relinquished his Canadian bantam title by retiring a few years ago, is again taking an active role in local fistic doings, but not as a fighter. Bobby, who has already acquired an early portliness of figure, is now a matchmaker and staged his first card at the Forum on Sept. 28th. It was an artistic if not a financial success, according to reports, as your correspondent was in New York at the time during a fortnight's visit. However, few promoters make money first time out so Leitham is not discouraged.

Frankie Martin, Leitham's brother-in-law, former stablemate and heir to the crown once worn so capably by Leitham, headlined the card in a ten-rounder with Baltasar Sangchili, Spanish wearer of the European title. Martin displayed one of his greatest fights to score decisively over the Spaniard, whose showing was something of a disappointment. Martin's style, however, was probably a major factor in putting Sangchili completely off his stride unless it was a shadow of the once-great Panama Al Brown he defeated twice in Europe. Martin's victory should put him in line for a battle with Tony Marino, and a victory over him, which is likely, would entitle him to a title match with Sixto Escobar, the Puerto Rican who made his name here.

Oliver Shank, Edmonton's Olympic boxer who is adopting Montreal as his home town, was the outstanding performer in the supporting card. The sensational youngster made his pro debut against the leading local heavyweight, Jim Willoughby, who crashed all opposition in quick succession in local white hope meets, and handed the white hope knockout king a severe dose of his own medicine. After letting Willoughby set the pace for the first minute Shank started firing his heavy artillery and Willoughby crashed to the canvas twice, the second time for the full count, while the crowd roared. The youthful cowboy ranks only behind the redoubtable Al McCoy here now.

Desse Greene, local flyweight, faltered in the last few rounds of his ten round semi-final with Aurelien Lamothe, Quebec, and it ended in a dead heat. Maxie Rubin, local Jewish bantam, scored an easy win over Roger Lapointe, his former amateur rival, in a six rounder though the decision was unjustly booed. Eddie Paul outscored George Boisseau in an all-local flyweight four round opener.

Al McCoy can officially claim the Canadian heavyweight title as soon as he proves he was born in Beauce County, Quebec, as a result of his decisive victory over Charlie Belanger, Winnipeg veteran, at Quebec City. McCoy did not get going in the first half of the 15-rounder and little damage was done, but throughout the latter half McCoy belted Belanger all over the ring but could not flatten him, as expected, though Belanger collapsed in his corner after the final gong. Inactivity this summer, aside from a pair of duels with Tommy Loughran, apparently did not help McCoy, but with plenty of work he should be having it out with the top-ranking heavies.

The battle was originally slated for the Canadian Heavyweight title, the Dominion Federation sanctioning it as such providing McCoy could produce a birth certificate proving he was a native son. This was not obtained by fight time and the titular recognition was withdrawn when McCoy won until such time as it could be produced. It is said that he was born in Lewiston, Maine, where he was reared, but Manager Bill Brennan insists McCoy first saw the light of day in Canada. Doug Marsh, former Montreal amateur star who is fast growing into a full-fledged welter, scored a two-round technical kayo in one of the prelims, flooring Al Rouleau, Beauce, several times before the referee halted it. The show was staged by Armand Vincent with the Quebec newspapers backing it, which is something of a novelty in the mitt game.

Solly Green, former lightweight favourite about 12 to 15 years back, is also on the verge of stepping into the promoforial field. Solly figures on starting off with a match between Tommy Loughran, who made a big hit in his two battles with Al McCoy here, and Andre Lenglet, the French heavyweight who has been doing so well in his invasion of American rings. This would be a good match that should draw well, and here's wishing Solly luck.

STRAY SHOTS—Oliver Shank attracted notice in his workouts at Stillman's Gym, New York, where he wisely trained for his bout with Jim Willoughby . . . . many thought he was overmatched for his first pro bout but he justified the implicit confidence of his sponsors . . . . Trainer Max Alper and Tommy Sullivan had an easy night in the corner . . . .Shank worked with Arturo Godoy, South American champ who kayoed Luis Firpo, and made the fur fly with the 200-pound Argentinian . . . . Dave Castilloux, Bill Brennan's lightweight ace, meets Tommy Rawson, Jr., in Boston shortly for the New England title . . . . Myer Alper, who has been visiting home in Montreal, will resume his campaigning in New York shortly under the direction of Bill McCormick . . . . Maxie Berger going strong on New York lightweight cards and may get a main bout shot with Irish Eddie Brink shortly . . . . Harry Gerson, Frankie Martin's leading rival last year, now in business . . . .amateur activities starting with novice meet . . . . cheerio till snow-time.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

FRANK LEONARD and his stable of amateur boxers in St. Catherines, Ont., deserve praise. Al Stevens and Mike Martyx are two boys that have met the best in Canada and the U.S.A., and George Bird, the boy that went to the Games and was ruled out for a chipped jaw-bone, is another member of this school. St. Catherines Shamrock A. C. is a well conducted club, and one that has developed some good talent.

Eddie Wenstrob, Western light-heavyweight, is thinking of going under the manager of the old Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle, and Jack Hurley will be just the man to develop the talents in this boy.

Cliff McWhirter, the London, Ont., featherweight, wants to meet Vince Glionna and then Ray Cook, the Canadian title-holder.

The writer can now be reached at 229 Young St., Winnipeg, Man., having been appointed in charge of Ontario and Western Canada sales. Anyone wishing for personal replies, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Any news must reach the writer by 30th.

Paul Schaeffer of Winnipeg, Man., fighting in England, met and drew with Dave Cleave. The winner was to be matched to fight Jake Kilrain, British title-holder in the welterweight ranks. These two will naturally meet again to determine a winner.

In reply to Frank Kemecki of Winnipeg, you can see me at 299 Young St., Winnipeg. I am now a resident of your fair city, and will be pleased to help you or anyone that needs it in this section of Canada.

Cliff Grey of Oakville, Ont.: Sorry I cannot be near you when you enter the next contest there, but any suggestions to help you by mail will be done.

Gordon Wallace of Vancouver, B. C., has been asked to perform against Tony Canzoneri, former lightweight champion, if the promoters in Ottawa can get Tony to sign for this fight in that city.

Dave Cavadas, Northwestern commentator for this magazine, is going to Montana with the Pahl brothers, who have been making a name in the West, and is also taking along Eddie MacSporran, the welter with nineteen straight K.O.'s to his credit since turning pro.

Bobby Allen, late of the Maritimes, is now campaigning in New England States.

Moncton, N. B., has been quiet this summer since their champion and native son, Kid Hart, was beaten badly by Frankie Martin, the Canadian champion, and rumors are that Hart is going to retire shortly.

Since Toronto's native son, Tommy Bland, took up his residence down East, boxing has boomed in Halifax, N. S., but the class of competition he has met down there has been very ordinary.

THE RING has a lot of good readers in this section of the country and is noted out here in the Wheat Belt as the greatest boxing and wrestling magazine in the world. The article two months ago with reference to Battaglia was very keenly read in the city where the West begins.

Eddie Borden has gone publisher, and we wish him well. His columns in this magazine were widely read and the work he is carrying on now will assist boxing and boxers no end. With the rest of THE RING staff, we wish him the best of luck in the new enterprise.

Toronto is to see some fights in the very near future, if Playfair Brown can get the chance to promote. He certainly has tried to put the game over in the Queen City, but for some reason or other, it's some time since he has been able to put on a paying steady series of pro shows. Benny Stockley, the best and ablest trainer in the game in the Queen City, still runs a business men's gym in the downtown section of Toronto.

Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg, Man., was put to sleep by Leo Rodak, of the Chicago Rodaks. In just two minutes, Frankie succumbed to a left to the belt and a right cross to the chin, after holding Rodak fairly even in the first round. It is not often that Wolfram hits the resin, as he is a tough, rugged boy.

WHITELY EXERCISERS ALWAYS KEEP ME IN PERFECT CONDITION
Benny Leonard

Get CRUSHING MUSCLES! 35 BIG FEATURES ALL FOR $2.98 PLUS POSTAGE

YOU GET ALL "35"

No excuse now for weaklings. You quickly develop huge muscles and master strength defying feats, so easy with this progressive 35 feature outfit. GET STRONG! ORDER TODAY! NOW!

1. 10 sturdy cable chest expander—adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance.
2. Solid steel unbreakable handles.
3. Pair of patented hand grips to develop powerful grips and forearms.
4. Special illustrated charts show way to big results.
5. Autographed photo 5x7 of Benny Leonard (suitable for framing).
6. Wall exercising parts.
7. Head strap develops neck muscles.
8. Foot strap develops leg muscles for speed and endurance.
9. Foot pedal for developing ankle and foot muscles.
10. Skip rope, recommended by every professional trainer.
11. Rowing machine attachment gives stretching workout.
12. Muscle clock gauges weight lifting and pulling strength.
13. How to develop powerful arms.
14. How to develop a Samson-like chest.
15. How to develop a back like the "Village Blacksmith."
16. How to develop a crushing grip.
17. How to develop powerful legs.
18. Complete body developing hints.
19. Guarantee of satisfaction or money back.
20. Shadow boxing develops speed.
21. 60 day training workout.
22. Jiu Jitsu, the famous Japanese wrestling art.
23. Boxing tips.
24. Secret knockout punches.
25. Professional wrestling holds simplified.
26. How to eat.
27. Strengthening stomach muscles.
28. Private suggestions for men only.
29. How to make money out of strength.
30. How to make money boxing.
31. How to make money wrestling.
32. How to do strong man stunts.
33. How to become popular.
34. How to succeed.
35. Last, but not least, all of these features are backed by WHITELY—a name that has stood for highest quality in manufacturing muscle building equipment for over 50 years—BE SURE TO GET A WHITELY HOME GYM.

You Take No Risk . . . . Our Money Back Guarantee Protects You

Don't Send a Cent

Fill in coupon or send postcard. Get this big 35 feature genuine Whitely Exercising outfit return mail. Pay postman $2.98, plus postage. Keep in trim like Benny Leonard . . . Get strong . . . Order now while this bargain offer is open . . . Rush coupon TODAY. Foreign orders, $3.98 cash with order.

WHITELY EXERCISERS
Dept. 212, 267 5th Ave., New York
Rush Coupon *NOW!*

WHITELY-EXERCISERS
Dept. 212, 267 Fifth Ave., New York

Send big package of 35 muscle builders as advertised, by return mail. I'll pay postman $2.98, plus postage. If not 100% satisfied, I'll return everything within 5 days and you'll refund my $2.98.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

NOTE: You can paste this coupon on back of U. S. postcard and mail for 1c.

BOXING IN FLORIDA
By LEW DIAMOND

PROMOTER JIM DOWNING, the leading Floridian promoter, proved that giving the public what they want always pays. This year he has had James J. Braddock, Jack Dempsey, Tom Heeney, Benny Leonard, Jack Britton to referee. He also brought the most outstanding fighters this year. He had Johnnie Jaddick, Eddie Cool, Roger Bernard, Richie Mack, Howard Scott, Red Burman and drew 6000 paid admissions practically every show this season. He has secured the services of Max Schmeling to appear in Florida this season and has eight towns lined up.

Don Sautele of Lakeland, Florida, had Jim Braddock referee there last week for the Billy Hood-Texas Joe Dundee fight which was called a draw. Drew 3500 paid admissions, which was one of the largest gates ever was drawn there. Sautele, who is handicapped with arthritis is forced to use crutches but has them ready for the wise boys at all times.

Turner Scott of Orlando has opened up his club this season for boxing and has done a good job. He is drawing bigger and better gates than ever. Scott is a good hustler and deserves a break.

Captain Peoples of Miami is the only club running at Miami. At present he has new talent shows and is selling out every week. The Captain expects to have some big shows this season and deserves a lot of credit for carrying on successfully.

The American Legion of Sarasota will be ready soon and they're looking for a bigger and better year this season.

Willis Williams, matchmaker for the St. Petersburg American Legion club, will open soon and all good boys who want to box there can get in touch with him at the American Legion at St. Petersburg.

Jack Menges, promoter for the American Legion at West Palm Beach, Fla., had a successful season last winter and put the club over in good style. He will have a better year this year as he is getting organized in good style.

Jimmy Murdock of Jacksonville, promoter of the Arena Athletic Club, is running new talent amateur boxing every week and turning out some good new prospects.

L. L. Ward, promoter of Panama City, has a nice club there and is going to run every week through the winter season.

The American Legion of Pensacola, Florida, is running every week and there are some mighty good local boys being developed there.

Hal Davis intends to start at Ocala soon with boxing. He is a capable man and intends securing the services of some capable boxers.

Chino Alvarez, Southern lightweight champion, knocked out Howard Scott, Stumpy Jacobs, Johnnie Jaddick, Richie Mack and Georgie Levy. Promoter Downing is now trying to secure the services of Lew Ambers for an overweight match for Tampa.

Earl Storch, Palm River welterweight, who has scored three knockouts in the last month, is one of the best looking welterweights in the state.

Jack Britton's son, Bobbie Britton, made quite a hit at Miami. He is an image of his dad, and looks like he is of championship calibre.

Johnny Dean from Charlotte, North Carolina, who is making his home now at Miami, is a big attraction in that city.

Billy Hood of Orlando is going "great guns" now. A middleweight boxing all over the state every week and in Georgia.

Texas Joe Dundee is now making his home in Lakeland, and turning in some good fights.

Jim Bowden of Jacksonville, has met all of the best local boys around this year and has won all of his fights in the light-heavyweight division.

Tony Dominguez, middleweight champion of Cuba, is getting ready for this season and has placed himself under the management of Ben Finkle.

All managers of fighters who intend to come to Florida can get in touch with these promoters as there is plenty of work around.

Harry Kersey, Jacksonville welterweight, is quite an attraction around Florida and Georgia.

"Man Mountain" Stebbins, 265-pound undefeated heavyweight, who won Jim Downing's novice heavyweight tournament from Avon Park, is in New York now with Jack Dempsey and Max Waxman. Stebbins looks like a good prospect and the Floridians feel that he has a chance to make the grade.

It's too bad a boy like Joe Knight, who is capable of holding his own with any of the light-heavyweights around, retired from the boxing game. I am sure, if properly handled, he has a chance to beat the present light-heavyweight champion.

Carl Guggino, Tampa lightweight, is doing very good up in New York City and a lot of credit should be given Al Weill for the way he is handling him, and Jimmie Leto, Tampa welterweight, looks like he is coming around, and we feel sure that he will be a logical contender for the welterweight honors.

James J. Braddock, who has recovered from his illness at Venice, Florida, Pete Norton, sports editor of the *Tribune*, and Ben Finkle were visiting in Tampa most of the time, where he met his friends. Jim Downing was the host to a dinner given in Jim Braddock's honor. Marty McGann, a companion of Braddock, made a lot of friends with his Irish smile.

Tom Heeney, the hard rock from down under, who is the number one referee in the state of Florida, has made a good job of it. Is going to open up a cafe for sportsmen at Miami Beach, and made a big hit as a referee in Tampa.

Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion, made a great hit down South with his refereeing and is always willing to help the younger generation in athletics by instructing them.

Write to the Bay View Hotel, Tampa, any news concerning boxing in Florida.

A Story with a PUNCH

The Most Stirring Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

Revised Edition

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana

with additional chapters, bringing the life story of the most popular fighter since John L. Sullivan's time, up-to-date.

Heaps of pictures—Enjoyable reading. Even if you have a copy of the original edition of this famous book which had a record sale of 16,000 copies, you'll want the latest, newly revised edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana,** for your library.

Ready for distribution on November 15

Send Money Order for $1.25 to **Nat Fleischer, THE RING BOOK SHOP,** 825-8th Avenue, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.

Enclosed find Money Order (Foreign subscribers should make certain that a MONEY Order, not a Postal Order which cannot be cashed in America, is sent) for $1.25 for a copy of Nat Fleischer's Latest, Revised Edition of **Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana.**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC" MITCHELL

RED LODGE—Billy Hyde, Red Lodge, scored a T.K.O. over John (Rocky) Henry, Bloomington, Ohio, in three, in the feature bout. Charley (Concrete) Saastimonen, Red Lodge, threw away his chances for a sure victory when he fouled Joe Mead, Youngstown, Ohio, in the third. Tony Miller, Red Lodge, outpunched Harold Bender, Fort Wayne, Ohio, in four. Walter Robinson, Red Lodge, dropped a decision to Frank (Sailor) Danecki, Indianapolis, in four. Ralph Rickets, Red Lodge, stopped Bill Yates, Henderson, Ky., in three. Johny Barrett, Red Lodge, decisioned Earl Gates, Fort Wayne, Ohio, in four. Ray Shreve, Morganfield, Ky., stopped Jack Mayer, Red Lodge, in four.

Riverton—Dick Demeray, Billings, stopped Raymond Knight, Moorehead, Minn., in the sixth of a ten-round main event. Demeray didn't take Knight very seriously at any time during the fight and could have done the job much quicker. "Lucky" Meyers, Billings, stopped Tommy Chavez, Pueblo, Colo., in three.

Butte—Charley Burns, Butte, stopped Sol Levinson, Denver, in two minutes of the fourth round. Burns never fails to please the crowd and is asking for a shot at Hubert Dennis. Ray Cote, Butte, decisioned Beecher Holford, Spokane, in six. Mickey Connelly, Seattle, Wash., and Ralph Hocking, Butte, drew in six.

Bozeman—Hubert Dennis, "The Bozeman Wild Cat," is still nursing a sprained thumb. Dennis expects to join his new manager in New York City, Sammy Goldman, as soon as the injury will permit. Edw. Buck, manager and matchmaker of the Battle Mountain Boxing Club, deserves much credit for being one of the few in the state operating successfully from a financial standpoint. Get your dope in by the 27th of each month.

Billings—The American Legion Post, No. 4, will sponsor a regional boxing tourney strictly A.A.U., and its winners will be sent to Butte for the all-state tournament.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of The Ring, published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1936.

County of New York } ss.
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Ring Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; A. D. Phillips, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Harold S. Fleischer, 825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the dates shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1936.

FLORENCE BRISCOE,
Notary Public, New York County
New York County Clerk's No. 569
New York Register's No. B785
Commission expires March 30, 1937

ADAM HATS *ON THE AIR* **WHN** 1010 KC. *ALL HIPPODROME FIGHTS DIRECT FROM THE RINGSIDE WITH SAM TAUB AT THE MIKE*

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

THAT Promoter Hugh Benbow has put himself and Houston firmly on the fistic map, is attested to by the fact that construction was recently started on a magnificent fight palace in this fair city. The arena, costing more than $20,000, will be the finest in the entire South, with steam heating in the winter and air cooling systems in the summer. It will bear the name "Olympiad."

Mr. Benbow took control of the local boxing situation April 1st of this year, when it was in a very horizontal position, building it up in the favor of the fans with fine fights, week after week. Packed houses were in order all summer, with the result that the youthful impresario was able to pay spot cash for his new place.

Heretofore, Promoter Benbow has featured club fighters rather than names. In the future, however, he will be interested in contacting both.

The month's outstanding fistic feat was performed by lion-hearted Battling Burroughs, in stopping Marlin Owens. A couple of months, Burroughs was the victim of a tenth round knockout at the hands of the West Texas Cowhand, after leading for nine rounds. In the return meeting, the fans witnessed one of the greatest fights ever for five rounds, when the battler sunk his right wrist deep in Owens' midsection, cracking several ribs.

Burroughs also scored a seven-round K.O. over Evan Ritter in Galveston.

Tom Beaupre, Dallas heavyweight, found the going tough after he broke with Dick Griffin, getting a severe shellacking from Benny O'Dell in his first start. Griffin made and developed Beaupre, only to get the well known double X, Tom going under the management of his brother. Griffin stepped out and started developing another youngster, Max Roesch, who is being handled by the astute Harry Raskin, and Max looks like a better fighter than Beaupre at the present writing, even though lacking in experience. He is a colorful, classy lad of 195 pounds, and should develop into a first class fighting man shortly.

Tommy Blanton, former Birmingham boy, who is now making Houston his home, stands out definitely the best heavyweight in the state. He was returned the victor in his return go with Pat McDuff. It was a very close decision, but anyone who can stay in there ten rounds with McDuff, let alone win, must have plenty!

Gallito Ramirez, 140-pounder from Mexico City, is one of the classiest pieces of fighting machinery to hit these parts in many a moon. He followed up his victory over Bus Breese with a win over Battling Burroughs. It is the writer's opinion that there isn't a dozen welters in the business that can lick Ramirez today. Watch this boy, he'll be heard from in the near future!

Sammy Meadows, sensational Jewish puncher from New York, scored his fifth consecutive knockout in as many starts, locally, nailing Frankie Castillo for the count in four heats. Meadows' improvement was in evidence, as Castillo had held Sammy to a decision in San Antonio some time back.

George Salvadore, the state's leading fighter, returned to his home here after a year's sojourn in New York. He punched out an easy win over Danny Laverne in his first local start.

Marlin Owens, the punching cowboy, evened the score with his old rival, Jack Kirkland, when he flattened Kirkland in eight rounds. Owens is the best right-hand socker in this neck of the woods.

DOTS AND DASHES—Dale Gardener, veteran Florida fight handler, who spent the summer in Texas with his lightweight star, Snag Trowbridge, has returned to his home at Miami, where Snag has won a couple of fights . . . . Jack Thurmond, Texas' leading manager, seems to be getting all the good boys as well as most of the work . . . . he can be reached at 511 N. Jenkins, Houston, and is interested in hearing from unattached fighters . . . . Pepper Smith is this writer's selection for the best referee in the state . . . . Max Swindosky, the best publicity man . . . . Pop Hubley, who developed Lee Ramage, left for the East with Bob Davey, sensational young Houston heavyweight . . . . Davey will prove a hit wherever he goes . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas . . . . always glad to help any member of the fight fraternity.

Other fight results over the state—Mike Pereira beat Earl Capps and Steve Padon; Henry Hooks stopped Kid Laredo; Evan Ritter K.O.'ed Ad Meave; Sammy Meadows knocked out Ray Wallace; Benny O'Dell drew with Jack Rocco and stopped Weldon Waycott; Leo Goodwin beat Lloyd Cude; Jo Jo Passante decisioned Santos Delgado and Earl Capps; Louis Arriola K.O.'ed John Tori and beat Kid Leva, but lost to Steve Padon; Kid Barrelito beat Ernie Epps; Buddy Hart was awarded a duke over Babe Kiser; Frankie Saia beat Santos Delgado and Charley Roque; Billy Pereira beat Clyde Morris, but lost to Rake Moran; Charlie Woods won over Johnny White; White stopped Don Usher; George Thomas beat Walter Jones.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

PETE SARRON, World's Featherweight Champion, was held to a ten round draw at Richmond, Va., by Nick Camarata, a local youngster. The decision was far from a hometown one, with many of the fans contending that Camarata had an edge. In justice to Sarron, it must be pointed out that Pete sustained an injured shoulder that has put him on the shelf for three months with his arm in a plaster cast.

Harry Jeffra knocked out Red Transperanti in seven rounds at Baltimore in a very lopsided bout. Transperanti's only chance was to go the route by making a runaway fight of it. Jeffra finally cornered Red and that ended the uninteresting contest. Young Raspi decisioned Al Eckert in an eight round thriller. Russell Baker beat George Marshall in six heats and Laurence Gunn took a split duke over Jimmy Letto in a six rounder.

California Joe Rivers had a close call in winning over Nick Camarata in ten rounds at Baltimore. In fact, the decision was so unpopular that police had to separate the irate fans after the verdict was rendered. Rivers got off to a slow start with the 19 year Richmond boy landing the cleaner punches for the first five rounds. Rivers hit his stride in the sixth round and had Nick in a bad way at bell time. Camarata won the seventh but Joe came back to take the eight and ninth sessions by wide margins with the final round being a toss up. The fight was the best seen in Baltimore in years and it's a cinch the boys will get back together again. The decision was a unanimous one.

Phil Furr of Washington and Jimmy Letto of Hartford, Conn., went at it for ten rounds in Washington with the lighter Letto taking the duke by a split verdict. Letto made a hit with the Washington fans by his clever foot work and fast punching. The Washingtonians would like to see Jimmy stack up against some good lightweight the class in which he actually belongs.

Billy Nichy of Pittsburg went out in two heats at the hands of Red Burman in Baltimore. Nichy did very well in the first round handing the Baltimore redhead a neat lacing but once Burman got his range it was no time before Billy was a sorry sight.

Frankie Litt and Buckie Taylor, two Baltimore lightweights hooked up in a fast ten rounder in Baltimore with Litt a winner. The bout had plenty local interest and there are still plenty arguments who is Baltimore's best young lightweight.

PICKUPS—Chris Dundee, Virginia fight manager has added another promising boxer to his string already including Ken Overlin, Norment Quarles, Bob Turner and Stumpie Jacobs, in one Nick Camarata former New Orleans amateur boxer. Nick showed that his draw with Pete Sarron was no fluke when he stood up against California Joe Rivers in Baltimore two weeks later and gave the Mexican his toughest fight in these parts to date. Jackie Portney begged off of his 20 round bout with Phil Furr in Washington claiming a bad hand although the Washington Commission insists that Jackie's next fight will be with Phil and the distance will remain 20 rounds. Portney licked Furr a few months back over the 12 round route but Furr was doing plenty good in the final round and has an idea he will catch up with Jackie in the long run. The controversy has caused considerable ill feelings on both sides and it will be an honest to goodness grudge affair when the boys do square off. Heinie Miller, secretary of the Washington boxing commission attended the National Boxing Association's convention at Texas and is now an officer in the Association. The N.B.A. really picked a hustler when they talked Heinie into action and it would not be surprising to see Heinie at the helm of the N.B.A. in another year. Jimmy Erwin with his two boxers Pete Sarron and Buck Everett will sail for Europe before the snow flies. Sarron will in all probability defend his featherweight title while abroad. They contemplate a round the world tour coming back to the States by way of Australia where Pete is one of the most popular boxers ever to set foot thereon. Lou Diamond, veteran manager, who handled Johnny Buff the former flyweight champion, has dug up another potential champion in Chino Alvarez of Tampa, Fla. Diamond was in Washington immediately after Alvarez had flattened Howard Scott at Tampa, Fla., asking Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn to get Tony Canzoneri for Chino but in the meantime Alvarez was willing to box a return affair with Scott or any other lightweight selected.

Nat Fleischer's

Universal BOXING COURSE

A Home Course in Scientific Boxing

« Nine Lessons »

that's all ! ! !

Two Weeks for Each Lesson

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

For $6.00

you get two sets of booklets, either every two weeks until the nine have been sent, or all at one time, according to your choice, and you also get two pairs of boxing trunks and two shirts, one for yourself and one for the pal who is going to train with you.

If you don't want two sets of books, (ONLY ONE), then the price for the complete set of nine books and the two trunks and two shirts is only $5.00.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the nine booklets the same as you are to get.

Study Together *and* Train Together

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

If you don't want the trunks and shirts, then send only $3.98 and get one set of booklets without the trunks and shirts.

The Universal Boxing Course contains also special exercises, such as boxers use to keep in trim and to prepare for the strenuous sport.

In the Universal Boxing Course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY
The greatest fighter of modern times.

TONY CANZONERI
Holder of three championships.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN
The Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 for one set of books and 2 trunks and 2 shirts; or $6.00 for two sets of books) and 2 sets of trunks and shirts; or $3.98 for one set of books, no trunks or shirts.

Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y.

Name .....
(Print)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Size of Trunks ..... Pal's Size of Trunks .....

Size of Shirt ..... Pal's Size of Shirt .....

Here is another treat!

With a complete sell-out of

"MODERN WRESTLING, its Holds and Methods"

A newly revised edition has been printed and now is for sale

Following the requests of many of our wrestling students, we have added several chapters and photographs to our unexcelled wrestling book.

For the same price that you paid for the first edition of our book, you can now buy the

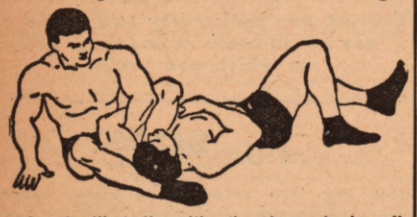
REVISED EDITION

with special chapters on

Frank Gotch's Famous Holds Explained

and Fully Illustrated,

and George Bothner's Hints on Training.



Seventy illustrations like the above, showing all Important Holds, in addition to 80 photographs.

The Most Complete, up-to-the-minute, most thorough book on wrestling ever published.

A training, Muscle Building, Wrestling and History book, all Combined into one.

"Modern Wrestling"

By Jack Curley

Internationally Famous Promoter,

and

Nat Fleischer

***Editor and Publisher of* THE RING**

The addition of the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Invaluable Hints on Training for Wrestling, makes this book the most prized textbook on wrestling ever published.

Nothing like it ever brought out nor attempted before.

A book that tells you all there is to explain on training methods, your gymnasium workouts, how to build up your muscles for wrestling, what to eat and what not to eat when in training in addition to explaining in minute detail the following:

The Various Holds Most Commonly Used.
How to Counter and How to Block.
How to gain a hold on your opponent.

Describes the most famous holds used by the Most Famous wrestlers of all time, and in addition, with the aid of seventy full-page photographs of present-day and old-time stars, shows pictorially how the holds are obtained.

A book that every wrestler should have.

A book that every high school, prep school and college boy should study.

Even if you purchased the First Edition, you can't miss by investing an extra dollar for the New Revised Second Edition of

"MODERN WRESTLING" Its Methods and Its Holds,

You Get Everything that was in the old edition which is now out of print, and new material on Gotch's Famous Holds and Bothner's Training Hints.

You can't beat that for one dollar. Other concerns ask from $2.00 to $5.00 for books on wrestling that cannot compare to "Modern Wrestling." Get on the band wagon now.

Get your copy today by sending $1.00 in money order to

Nat Fleischer

THE RING BOOK SHOP

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARCADE, 8th Ave. and 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS ORDER

Enclosed find $1.00 for a copy of "The Revised Modern Wrestling, Its Holds and Methods," with the chapters on Gotch's Famous Holds Explained and Bothner's Training Hints.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO C.O.D. ORDERS MAILED

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

LOS ANGELES is the best week-to-week boxing center in the world. Hollywood operates every Friday night—rain or shine. It's $4,000 or better every week. Olympic, which seats 10,400, and is one of the best arenas in the country, has been averaging around the $5,000 mark since Joe Waterman took the club over about a year ago.

Eastside Arena, which recently opened with Matchmaker Johnny Keyes at the helm, shows every Monday night. The former Mayor of New York's Chinatown opened with a sensational card between Wally Hally and Frankie Castillo and Midget Wolgast and Perfecto Lopez, which packed the club. Keyes has Henry Armstrong, Bob Nestell, Charles (Killer) Coates, Carmen Barth, Gus Lesnevitch, Glen Lee, Abie Miller and other top flight boxers booked for the winter season.

Lou Daro continues to break box office records with his weekly wrestling shows at Olympic Auditorium. Vincent Lopez and Dave Levin drew $40,000 at Wrigley Field. Six weeks later, they grappled indoors and grossed $20,000. More than five thousand fans were turned away.

Wishy Jones, Irish lightweight of Texas, who won seven in a row in Los Angeles as we sent in our column, is one of the best scrappers to invade southern California in a long time. Pat Wright's "streamlined" Texas tagger defeated Georgie Hansford in a hard-fought battle at Hollywood. His next fight will be a main event there.

"Chief" Paris, Oklahoma Indian, proved to be "Plaster Paris" in one showing at Hollywood. He tossed enough leather to convince a referee he had outscored the new Nebraska wildcat, Glen Lee. The Indian's edge was nothing to brag about. If Lee hadn't received a nasty cut in the stretch he might have got the duke.

Onyx Roach, also an Indian, brought Paris to Los Angeles under wraps. He did not rattle the drums but quietly got the Chief into condition. When his opportunity came to fight Lee he was ready for the job.

"Darby" Kelly, celebrated Chicagoan, has acquired a "piece" of Abie Miller's contract. Miller, new California welterweight champion, is like a story book character. The Jewish welterweight sells his own tickets, makes his own ballyhoo, ushers his gang into the arena and then gives them their money's worth in fighting. Kelly trains Miller. He has done a good job with the black-haired boy. Miller collected $3,800 in bouts with Al Manfredo (twice) and Glen Lee. In his last fight before staging a comeback, Miller grabbed a $75 purse in San Diego.

I saw the pictures of the Joe Louis-Al Ettore fight at a Los Angeles theater in company with Gus Wilson, Suey Welch, Eddie Mead and Al Lang. They are positively the best fight scenes ever filmed. It is done so beautifully that even a baby can study the merciless Brown Bomber and the slashing style with which he butchers his foes. The knockdowns, shown in slow motion at close range, are a revelation. I remained for a second showing.

Baby Arizmendi and Frankie (Kid) Covelli traveled at a fast clip for ten rounds at Hollywood to a draw. The Brooklyn Italian has joined the Eddie Mead stable.

Mat cards at Hollywood Legion Stadium are averaging $2,000 per show. Middleweights and welterweights are featured at the Film City arena. Shows in which action, color and competition stand out have all Hollywood talking about neck snaps, head locks and toe holds.

Bob Montgomery, the hill-billy from the Ozarks; Jack Reynolds, Lord Lansdowne, "Sockeye" McDonald, Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Goodrich are some of the favorites who appear regularly at Hollywood.

Charley (Killer) Coates, the Akron Negro, came back to the wars at Olympic after a layoff of two months to belt out Nash Garrison of San Jose in three rounds of their scheduled ten-rounder. Coates hit the Mexican with a goodnight right on the chin and the counting of Referee Mushy Callahan was a mere formality.

Toby Vigil, Jerry Pelton's Mexican featherweight, one of the best boxers on the Coast, defeated Sonny Valdez, protege of George Blake, in a thrilling ten-round go.

Meyer Grace, veteran Philly welter, who is staging a comeback, and fighting in good form, kayoed Doll Nelson, rugged Negro boy, in three heats of the special event. The Quaker City scrapper laid Nelson among the sweet peas with a left hook.

For any information regarding the San Francisco ring situation, address your inquiries to Sheridan Brown, 444 Fair Oaks Street, San Francisco, and I'll help you out all I can.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

RAY IMPELLITIERRE, the 240-pound New York Italian, looked the part of a first-rate heavyweight star when he outclassed "Parson" Phil Brubaker in a fast ten-round go at Tony Palazolo's Dreamland Auditorium.

Appearing in splendid physical condition, entirely free from the injuries that have dogged his career to date, the "Big Imp" scored a knockdown in the very first round, catching Phil with a right hand flush on the button that sent the Dinuban sprawling on the canvas. He did not take a count but rather came up punching with both hands. However, the Imp was scoring heavily again at the bell.

In the last nine rounds, Impellitierre proved himself complete master of California's leading fistic light. Boxing with steady, machinelike precision, the tremendous New Yorker kept Brubaker off with a punishing left hand and scored frequently with jolting right crosses to the head. When Brubaker did get inside the left, he was outfought in the clinches. In the fifth round the Imp's left opened a gash over Brubaker's left eye and during the remainder of the bout, he worked on the injury effectively. Impellitierre had a clean-cut edge in at least of the ten frames and Referee Jack Downey's decision went unquestioned by six thousand fans.

This victory caused San Francisco sports writers to place the stamp of approval on Harry Lenny's gargantuan protege, and it looks as though Ray Impellitierre, after more than five years of ups and downs, is going to get the recognition he deserves. Of course, the Imp's physical advantages were important factors in his win over Brubaker, but regardless of his physical superiority, he has never looked more impressive. At least, not in any of his starts in the local rings.

Only two weeks previous, the Imp lost a ten-round nod to the aging Tommy Loughran at the Oakland Civic Auditorium. For sheer, stupid injustice, that decision rendered by Referee Jimmy Duffy takes the cork medal. For ten solid rounds the Imp outboxed, outfought and outpunched the dancing master, only to have Duffy hoist Tommy's glove at the termination of hostilities. It was rank, nothing less, and the less said about the whole thing, the better.

Young Corbett III, former welterweight champion, now in the throes of a successful comeback campaign among the middleweights, was awarded a well-deserved decision over Joe Bernal, San Francisco Castillian, after ten rounds of savage fighting in the Fresno ball park. Scoring a knockdown in the ninth round, the 31-year-old Corbett completely outslugged his hard-hitting younger opponent in a thrilling battle, the like of which the valley town hasn't witnessed in many moons. It is true that a sixteen-foot ring reduced Bernal's effectiveness about thirty per cent, and it's equally true that Corbett was fighting in front of a friendly, home town crowd.

Number One Upset of the Month—Lee Savoldi, 183, the hard-hitting St. Paul, Minn., heavyweight, kayoes Ford Smith, 218, in four rounds at Dreamland Auditorium. A left hook to the breadbasket sends the Montana cowboy down and out after Savoldi had floored him in the first round with the same wallop. Outweighed by thirty-five pounds, Savoldi punches Smith all over the ring before dishing out the sleeping potion. When this baby-faced kid hits 'em, they stays hit! A fortnight later, Savoldi belts out Karl Walker, Denver German, in six rounds at the Civic Auditorium. Once again, a left hook does the trick.

OTHER RESULTS—George Theodoratus, up and coming Greek heavyweight, whipped Jack Casper. "Bearcat" Baker, a Negro heavyweight from the Northwest, surprised by stopping Gerard DeClerq, former amateur whiz, with a few well-directed wallops. Pete Pedro, Tommy Cello's Mexican light-heavyweight, knocked out "Irish" Eddie Bradley in one stanza. Eddie Booker, San Jose's colored ex-Simon-pure sensation, continued his upward climb by outfighting Jimmy Wakefield, Hollywood welterweight, in a savage ten-round fracas. Brother Earl Booker, lightweight, was successful in his first main event, trimming "Kid" Ray of Stockton. Eddie Sargota, Young Corbett's heavyweight protege, made his San Francisco debut an impressive one by kayoing Jimmy De Mendalias, Los Angeles Greek, on the Impellitierre-Brubaker card. "Little Tiger" Wade, classy Chicago Negro welterweight, shellacked Mike Barto of Pittsburgh in the semi-windup to the Imp-Loughran tussle at Oakland. Clarence Spencer, Hollister's amateur featherweight star, began his pro career by whipping King Tut II.

HERE 'N' THERE 'N' EVERYWHERE—Monte Attell, one of the greatest of all bantamweights, is an everyday sight on Third Street, peddling his candy and peanuts. Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champ, is a bigwig on the State Boxing Commish. Billy Wells trains young fighters at Dolph Thomas' gym on Turk Street. White-haired Jimmy Britt still recites "The Kid's Last Fight" on all occasions. Joe Rivers is a Los Angeles salesman.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THANKS to the efforts of the Playgrounds Division of the Boston Park Department and the Irish-American A. A. of South Boston, boxing in the Hub is beginning to show some signs of life. First, the role taken by the park department folk, an idea which may have been tried out elsewhere but which might well be followed by municipalities everywhere. To keep the kids off the streets, interested in something tangible and for their general physical development, the department hired several ex-boxers of personal standing and ability to act as instructors at the various city playgrounds during the summer. Thanks to the patience of the instructors and the enthusiasm of their charges, the vast majority of those who went in for boxing rapidly acquired the rudiments. This was further accentuated by minor tourneys staged in the various city gyms and parks.

Finally, that fond parents, kinsfolk and the public in general might see for themselves what had been accomplished, three big tourneys—one for trial rounds, the second for the semi-finals, and third for finals, were staged at the Columbia Stadium, South Boston—free shows for all. Each evening about 25 bouts—three two-minute rounds—big gloves, were put into the ring, the contestants ranging from 85 pounds up to 147. Though all the principals were mere novices—children in many instances, they made a very good impression. As for the public, the total attendance at these three tourneys amounted to about 100,000. The whole thing went over so well that the same program will be followed another season.

While the Boston Park Department is not in the business of developing future fistic material—the physical welfare of the kids being the main stake, the fact remains that some of the youngsters passing through its hands are likely to be heard from later on. The seed has been planted. Better yet, as regards the elders, many who never before had witnessed a boxing bout now know more about it—in short are in a way to become boxing minded. It is the support of such that the sport needs, particularly here in Boston. Entirely aside from the futurity professional angle—the development and restraint of kids who might be running wild being the main objectives, we believe it would well repay various municipalities where such a summer activity is unknown to get in touch with William P. Long, chairman of the playgrounds division of the Boston Park Department, or his assistant, William N. Mullen, under whose able supervision the big idea has proved a 100 percent and plus success. The kids are worth saving and the tax-payers are sure to get a big return in the end on the money expended.

So much for the free outdoor affairs of the Boston Park Department. Right on the heels of the foregoing tourneys, the Irish American A.A., an amateur organization, swung back into action for the 1936-37 season, and at this writing has staged three events, open to all New England amateur boxers, at the Boston Arena. Thus far they have gone over big—there have been some fine bouts and the club is well in the black. The organization plans to stage shows every Monday night at the Arena—Tom Kanaly, for years connected with the B.A.A. acting as manager, while later will come the annual Golden Gloves feature, also a big international event the latter part of the winter.

The success of the foregoing affairs has brought back to life the boxing department of the Boston Garden and, with William G. Brown, son of George V. Brown, the Garden manager, as matchmaker, we may see some real "pro" action here during the season. Matchmaker Brown planned to launch his first show—Dave Castilloux of Maine, vs. Tommy Rawson, Jr., of East Boston—a 12 rounder for the New England lightweight title, but an injury to the former sustained in a recent bout at Quebec, has taken the former out of it. As we are sending along these notes an effort is being made to secure Honey Mellody of Charlestown as a "sub" and, if he is signed, the show will go through. In years gone by when Boston was a boxing centre, whipping together a bout was a cinch. Today, one performer out because of illness or injury, and the matchmaker is practically floored.

For a big show, Matchmaker Brown is fishing for a fight here between Joe Louis and Al McCoy but we fear that neither the bait nor general conditions are just right to land the bout. Ordinarily such a match, despite the big gaps in "pro" boxing in the Hub, would draw a huge "house" and go over very big, but as much as we have written from time to time about McCoy, we suspect the fight would be very much one-sided. McCoy, though weighing around 185 pounds, and technically a heavyweight, is not a true heavy by any means—at least in our opinion. He is merely a bit lazy and over-fed. Down where he belongs, he is a light-heavy. Either McCoy has gone as far as he is going, or he and his management have got to change their ways. As is, at this writing, he is shaping to be just another fighter.

McCoy encountered Charley Belanger at Quebec, Can., in a 15 rounder advertised as for the Canadian heavyweight title. Al went the route and, from what meagre information we have received, merely managed to gain the decision. The "house" was not large and, as the story goes, when it was all over, it being "discovered" that McCoy was not a Canadian, he was denied the ownership of the title. As a matter of fact, McCoy, though of French parentage, was born in Winslow, Me., and rates as an American, something known for several years. Consequently, he had no claim to the Canadian crown.

Jack Dempsey was in town as the referee of a battle royal between wrestlers staged by Promoter Charley Gordon at the Arena—a big gate affair, some talk was made by the former champion that he and Max Waxman would be glad to purchase the McCoy contract. Perhaps it was mere publicity chatter—Dempsey being expected to say something nice about Boston's lone big ringster of any outstanding merit. As McCoy is still a youngster, the Dempsey-Waxman combination might be able to do a lot for him. Whether they attempt making such a connection, however, remains to be seen.

Incidental to Dempsey's visit this way, New England has been very kind to him. The affair with the matmen lasted but 11 min. 42 sec., and was a bit tame in so far as the ex-champion was concerned. Earlier the same evening he refereed a similar mat circus for the same promoter at Worcester—a double-header for that night. Priorily, Dempsey delivered a political speech in Maine, with reported financial returns to him of four figures.

We had Jimmy Braddock, present world's champion, here as a battle royal referee at the Arena the scene of the activity. Coming here from a similar job the same evening at Worcester, Jimmy was a bit weary and the wrestlers took advantage of the fact. While the melee was on in full force, Buck Jones and Dutch Schmidt ganged him. Braddock was pulled to the floor, his shirt was ripped off and he was being mauled when Jack McCarthy and Whitey Hurwitz, two boxers, jumped into the ring and rescued the champion. The show attracted about 8000 cash customers.

Interviewed while he hovered about the sidelines, Joe Gould, Braddock's manager said, "While Jimmy may engage in several minor warm-up bouts, his next scrap of any consequence will be next year with Max Schmeling." "Why not Joe Louis?" we asked. "Schmeling beat Louis and is the better attraction," replied Gould. "Braddock vs. Max would draw far more than Jimmy in there with the Bomber." All of which may be so, but next summer looks a long way off and by that time circumstances may have altered cases.

At this time Johnny Buckley with Lou Brouillard, Frankie Connely, Joe Ricciotti and other members of his troupe are out on the Pacific Coast where all are reported as having bouts coming their way. Should Brouillard win his fight or fights, which seems quite likely, his future calls for a trip to France for a third encounter there with Marcel Thil under the promotion of Jeff Dickson. Inasmuch as Lou, due to a muscle injury, has done very little fighting for some time, it seems probable that Thil, boxing in his home ring will register another win.

Up to the first of October, we were having three wrestling tourneys a week here—more than the town could stand. Messrs. Price and Dellamano, after sticking it out all summer, have been forced to vacate at the Boston Arena, but will continue their activities through a string of outside clubs both in this state and throughout New England. In these smaller spots they have made very good. While Promoter Bowser is away with his harness horses, Eddie Quinn, manager of Yvon Roberts, a titular claimant, is staging mat shows in the Mechanics Building, but without any pronounced success as yet. Promoter Gordon with his outstanding referee attractions at the Arena, is the front impresario at the present time.

The night of Oct. 7, Gordon had "Bossy" Gillis, mayor of Newburyport, Mass., in there handling a battle royal—something most decidedly unique in mat and executive municipal affairs. Though a new activity for Mayor Gillis, the fans turned out in flocks to see the circus—and saw what they paid for. If the ringsters were allowed anything like the same leeway which the matmen enjoy, it is likely that boxing would be a greater attraction here than it is—at least, for a while.

In the very near future we shall have with us—Steve "Crusher" Casey, reputed to be the heavyweight mat champion of Ireland, and George Clarke, who occupies a similar post of honor in Scotland. Both are signed to wrestle here for Promoter Paul Bowser and a series of bouts between them and Danny O'Mahony, Yvon Roberts, the Dusek brothers and other lights of the mat are to be expected.

RELIEF TO ROYALTY
Life of James J. Braddock. Price $1.25
THE RING BOOK SHOP
825 8th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

AT Benjamin Field, Tampa, Fla., six thousand fans voiced their approval as Chino Alvarez, lightweight champion of Dixie, added another pugilist to his knockout column in the person of Cowboy Howard Scott, rated as third best by virtue of his victory over Frankie Klick.

Johnny Dean, star welterweight of Kannapolis, N. C., is now making his home at Miami. A very popular figure, Johnny has taken the fans by storm with his aggressive style.

Carl Knowles, once the peer of the light-heavies in the South, is now campaigning in the East.

J. I. Rollett of 1212 Ninth Street, Augusta, Ga., would like to get in touch with exceptionally good colored leather pushers for appearances in that city . . . . Jimmy Yeates, boxing coach of Tallulah High School at Tallulah, La., is singing the praises of his star colored heavyweight, Oscar Matthews . . . . F. Jurgensen, boxing promoter of the Charleston Athletic Club, begs to inform that he is not managing Barney Brock and Texas Joe Dundee, but merely acting as a representative for J. L. Ward, who has both boys . . . . Another Young Stribling is in the making at Pensacola, Fla., in 13-years-old James Harvey Butler. Tipping the scales at ninety pounds, James has had fourteen encounters to date, winning ten by decision, one by knockout, two losses and one draw. W. L. Wittich, who is guiding the lad's destinies, writes in to state that he sees a future in James.

Thanks, Charles Rose, for your kind letter . . . . Homer Buddy Clayton, 826 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., manager of the late Willie Pal, is seeking colored material to manage . . . . Kid Irish, featherweight flash from Alton, Ill., is challenging Tommy Keene of Savannah to a ten-round bout at that city . . . . Turner Scott is again promoting at Orlando, Fla. . . . . Babe Garete, colored featherweight of Greenville, S. C., shows plenty of promise . . . . Joe Judge, hard-punching heavyweight, wants to invade the South . . . Joe Lipps shaded Loree Wilson at Atlanta while Lipps lost to Berry Baggett at Chattanooga . . . . Little Boy Safrit, star welterweight of the Carolinas, continues to rule his division in these parts.

Please be sure to get your notes in to me before the fifth of each month. The address is 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ONE of the most important happenings of a fistic nature around this section was the alliance between the Olympia, Detroit's premier fight auditorium, and the Arena Gardens, one of the small clubs. An agreement was reached between Louis Giffels of the Olympia and Adam Weismuller of Arena Gardens which will help boxing considerably. They are going in together, big attractions will be run in the Olympia, while the Arena Gardens will be used as a place to develop talent. Louis Newman will be their matchmaker.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids lightweight, found plenty of tough going when he hooked up with Speedy Johnson, Pontiac Negro, in a ten-rounder at Arena Gardens, but won a clean-cut decision. Johnson gave Ramey a very good fight, and will most likely be seen in action against other top-liners.

Tony Lamerato, Italian light-heavyweight of Detroit, returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast, and reported pretty good fortune out there. He had several fights, winning most of them, and he is liked there.

Chuck Woods evened scores with Laddie Tonelli when he won a close decision over the Milwaukee Italian in a headliner at Arena Gardens. This was a very nice bout, many spectators leaning toward the Tonelli side, and they will probably be brought together for a "rubber" meeting. Tonelli beat Woods in Milwaukee some time ago.

Johnny Gallo gained recognition as Michigan welterweight champion when he banged out a win over Ward Snider, good Flint battler, in a Dearborn main bout. Bob Brace, Dearborn promoter, is reported to be drawing good crowds with his weekly shows.

George Burnette, star of the local amateur ranks for the last three years, has been going good as a paid performer. Since turning pro, George has won each one of his six bouts.

Bill Bommer, Detroit light-heavyweight slugger, has been knocking out all of his opponents in Buffalo rings. Bommer has had several bouts in upper New York, and has been victorious in all of them.

MEET THE CELEBRITIES

at

JACK DEMPSEY'S

CORNER

"The Sports Headquarters of the World"

WHERE JACK GREETS YOU IN PERSON

●

Popular Prices

Complete Luncheons from 65c

DINNER

Entrees from 85c

●

DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF
EDDIE ELKINS
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Nightly After 10:30 P.M.

●

Ladies' & Gentlemen's

Bar and Cocktail Room

●

50th St. cor. 8th Ave.

OPPOSITE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By BERT COHEN

THERE has been no lack of boxing excitement during the past month in South African rings and the game is now definitely ready for a boom period, with the start of the Empire Exhibition only a few days off, and a consequent influx of overseas visitors already therefore commencing.

High lights of the past month have been Willie Smith's great comeback in defeating Maurice Holtzer of France on the first card of the newly-formed Union Sporting Club, and Phil Zwick's quick K.O. of Ernst Wohrer, rugged Austrian.

The international contest between Phil Zwick of America and Ernst Wohrer of Austria was held under the auspices of the T.N.S.C. at the City Hall, Johannesburg. Since both men are the possessors of a K.O. punch (both having dropped Laurie Stevens in their fights with him), fireworks were only to be expected. In the first round a vicious left hook from Phil dropped his opponent for a long count. Wohrer, however, fought back hard and survived the round. Phil wasted no time in the second session, but unleashed a perfect right which deposited Wohrer in the resin for the full count.

Weights: Wohrer, 132; Zwick, 129½.

By his display against the Austrian, Zwick demonstrated that Laurie Stevens will perhaps find him a more dangerous proposition in their return fight, when Phil will not be laboring under the handicap of an injured hand, as he was in the latter part of their first clash.

The Union Sporting Club offered as their first card an international featherweight contest between Willie Smith and Maurice Holtzer, champions of South Africa and Europe, respectively. A capacity crowd packed the Johannesburg City Hall and were rewarded by a scintillating exhibition, the pair providing one of the finest bouts of the last few years. Smith, clever and virile as ever, and lacking none of his old speed, fought one of the greatest fights of his illustrious career, and decisively defeated an opponent who was always dangerous, and who captivated the crowd by his aggressive style and good sportsmanship.

The third topliner of the period under review was less successful, Vernon Cormier, Canadian featherweight, being the victim of a poor decision in his initial fight in South Africa. Cormier was pitted against George Anderson, a local feather, who gave a game display, but was lucky to gain the verdict, which Vernon had earned by his aggressiveness and harder hitting.

Weights: Cormier, 9 st. 2; Anderson, 8 st. 10½.

OTHER FIGHTS OF THE MONTH—Les van Rooyen, welterweight champion of South Africa, dropped another decision to Peter Adelaine, but beat Jack Goosen. Babe Smith won over Cecil Haynes. Teddy Braun, Bob Bradley, Bensch and Bushney made their professional debuts during the past month. Nick Swart provided the boxing upset of the year when he knocked out Dave Katzen in the final round of an eight-round contest. Katzen, hitherto considered in a class of his own among South African flyweights, was sent to the boards four times in the final before finally succumbing. Swart, who weighed in at 8 st. ½ lb., showed amazing punching power for a man of his size.

JOTTINGS—South Africa annexed her second Empire boxing championship as a result of Ben Foord's smashing victory over the highly-rated Jack Peterson . . . . Ben's feat was warmly acclaimed by local fight fans . . . . Fans here hope to see the Empire featherweight championship added to the list soon . . . . Spike Robson of Ireland will arrive in South Africa soon to fight Zwick, Cormier or Anderson for the T.N.S.C. . . . . Freddy Miller, America's crack southpaw featherweight, meets Willie Smith at the new Wembley Stadium . . . . Jim Londos will be wrestling here shortly.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

ONCE again the old maxim rings true, "they never come back." Kid Silver, ex-welterweight champ, in his comeback attempt, again lost to the boy who recently knocked the crown from his head, our newly crowned and worthy welterweight king, Lefty Flynn, who flattened the Kid early in the ninth round. Both boys were in splendid condition and gave the fans full satisfaction.

Syd Brown, present leading contender for the middleweight title, scored a victory over Armaldo Culvas of Cuba, a very good punching southpaw. Charley Perez gained an easy victory over Battling Ergus. Breezy Boy lost to Baby Walcott in an overweight match. George Espeut and Reg Fraser wrestled to a draw.

The most able Young Herrera, light-heavyweight ace, maintained his string of successes against all opponents from the U.S.A. and West Indian Islands. Herrera is in the pink of condition.

Baby de la Paz, the Black Shadow of Cuba, sailed for his homeland after his K.O. at the hands of Lefty Flynn, champion welterweight dynamiter.

Negotiations are now being made between the local Tex Rickards—Gladstone DeSouza and Pincho Gutierrez, manager of Kid Chocolate, former world's featherweight champ, to show in Jamaica.

Lefty Flynn, our worthy welterweight champ, is anxious to get going again, having defeated all the boys in and out of his class.

Young Williams, promising lightweight champ, has been inactive for lack of opponents.

Young Chocolate, sterling feather and bantamweight king, who recently lost a close decision to Pete Sarron, world's featherweight champ, is anxious to meet other good boys from the U.S.A. Chocolate is certainly of world's championship class.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—Heavyweight wrestling for the first time was well attended when "Jumping Joe" Savoldi, former Notre Dame gridiron star, knocked the daylights out of Al Karasick, the Russian Lion, after 22 minutes of slam bang wrestling. Karasick failed to come out for the second fall. A hard right smash to the chin, followed with a terrific drop kick to the face all but knocked Karasick unconscious.

The show was promoted by Al Karasick, who is aiming to bring the most talented groan artists from the mainland for local appearance.

In the semi-final was Vic Christie, another mainlander, who won from Harry Kent with a single fall.

Honolulu—Filipino met Filipino in a grudge scrap to decide who was the better man. As a result, it was a battle fast from the start. The decision went to Buenaventura DeGuzman after a fast ten rounds of milling over Young Gildo. DeGuzman proved himself the better fighter by giving Gildo a neat boxing lesson, at times hitting at will. Both boys hit the scale at 125 pounds even.

Kid Moro met his equal in Leonard Bennett in an eight-rounder. Faced with certain defeat, the Fil staged a last-round rally to earn a draw. Tony Leopold won from Young Goldie—very poor fight. Al Silvano won a T.K.O. from Masa Yamashita. Kid Bulldog finished Hensum Frederico in three rounds. Tiger Rosa walloped Kid Mamaclay in the first.

Hilo—Only 300 fans witnessed the best boxing card presented for a long time. Led by agitators, Filipino fans kept away from the Arena, putting Promoter Mark Choo about $1,200 in the red. They are voicing to cut the prices down and there may also be some of promotional jealousies.

In the main event, Joe Velasco, local featherweight champion, was floored three times by Freddie Buck's heavy right to the jaw. However, the champ survived the knockdowns and came back to score a six-round T.K.O. when Buck folded after a hard blow to the mid-section.

Adolph Samuels won easily from Joe Ledesma, flooring him once for a short count in the first round. Catalino Crisostomo beat Harry Katsumoto in four. Kid Salvador Villarez copped an easy win over Kid Yamashita. Bulldog Emilio and Manuel Bochan fought a draw. James Aoki decisioned Pascual Corpuz in the opener.

Kauai—Buenaventura DeGuzman won an easy decision from Chick Delaney in an eight-round main event. The Fil champion coasted all along winning by a considerable margin through his superior boxing.

In the semi-windup, Larry Santana shaded Kid Felipe.

Honolulu—Kid Moro proved to more than 3,000 fans that he's the better man of the two by winning easily from Leonard Bennett in a ten-rounder at the Civic Auditorium.

Tony Roccaforte failed to finish Packo Pass, whom he floored twice in the fifth round with a hard right. However, Tony captured the decision easily. Young Tony scored a smashing kayo victory over Henry Callejo in the first heat in 1 minute 49 seconds with a hard left to the jaw. Cris Crispin beat Hitoshi Tanaka in a fast exchange. Benny Dawson was held to a draw by Kid Waianae. Al Silvano won from Gilbert Minn.

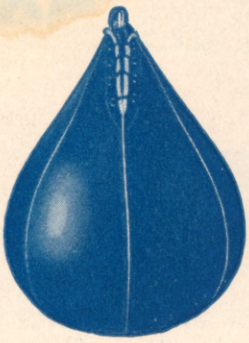
Maui—Small Montana, world's flyweight leader, was too much for Abe Konaaihele. Despite his victory, Montana failed to impress the gallery.

Kid Bulldog was awarded the fight on a foul by Referee Ferreiro over Manuel Telles in the second. Kid Waialua walked away with the decision over Satoru Umetsu. Satogi Hotta flattened Young Frederico in the second frame.

SPECIAL VALUES

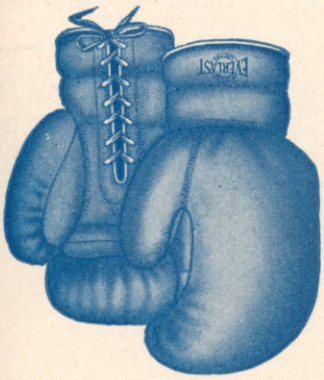
in EVERLAST EQUIPMENT

NOTE THESE STRIKINGLY LOW PRICES



RB 10 STRIKING BAGS $4.45

SOLID COLOR TIGHTS 59c



E 39 14-oz. GLOVES $8.95 set

BOXING SHOES $2.95

JSR	Skipping Ropes	Regularly	$ .75	SPECIAL PRICE	$ .39
SR	Skipping Ropes	"	2.00	" "	1.39
R 20	Boxing Shoes	"	5.00	" "	3.95
R 160	Boxing Shoes	"	3.50	" "	2.95
RKWP	Knuckle & Wrist Protector	"	10.00	" "	6.95
RHB	Handbandages	"	1.00	" "	.59
R 4	Striking Bag Gloves	"	2.00	" "	1.25
R 5	Striking Bag Gloves	"	4.00	" "	2.25
RB 60	Striking Bag	"	7.00	" "	3.45
RB 10	Striking Bag	"	6.00	" "	4.45
1596	Striking Bag Bladder	"	1.00	" "	.59
R 1	Earguard	"	4.00	" "	1.95
RH 2	Earguard	"	5.00	" "	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	" "	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	" "	.79
RBP	Sweat Pants	"	2.00	" "	1.39
E 39	14-oz. Training Gloves	"	16.50	" "	8.95
JD 1	12-oz. Jack Dempsey Training Gloves	"	12.00	" "	7.45
RBGT 2	Gene Tunney Boxing Gloves	"	6.95	" "	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum Cup Supporter	"	3.00	" "	1.45
REB	Supporter—Elastic	"	.50	" "	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	" "	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—All Colors	"	1.50	" "	.59
OFFICIAL	Boxing Trunks	"	2.50	" "	.95

No Discounts Allowed from These Special Prices

Be sure to give number, size and color.
No C.O.D. orders filled unless accompanied by a deposit of 25% of the amount of order.
Add 5% to cash orders for postage.
On foreign orders send full amount by postal or express money order.

Get Your Copy of the 1936 Record Book TODAY!

On Newsstands 25c, by Mail 35c

FREE CATALOG!

Send your name and address for a copy of this free list of bargains in boxing equipment. Or ask us to include one with your order.

29 W14th St. **EVERLAST** New York City

"Give Me Your Measure and I'll Prove in the First 7 Days You Can Have a Body Like Mine!"

No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

I'LL give you PROOF in 7 DAYS that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Just think of it! Right in the first week under my guidance you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly instructions arrive in your home you continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. By the end of three months you are the owner of a powerful body that you will be proud to display anywhere, anytime! People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, your broad shoulders, and they will seek your company. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while the others wonder how you did it!

Write your name and address carefully on the coupon below. I'll send you, absolutely free, a copy of my new book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength.*" It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound flat-chested weakling into a husky fellow who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" against all comers! And it shows how I can build you into an "Atlas Champion" the same way.

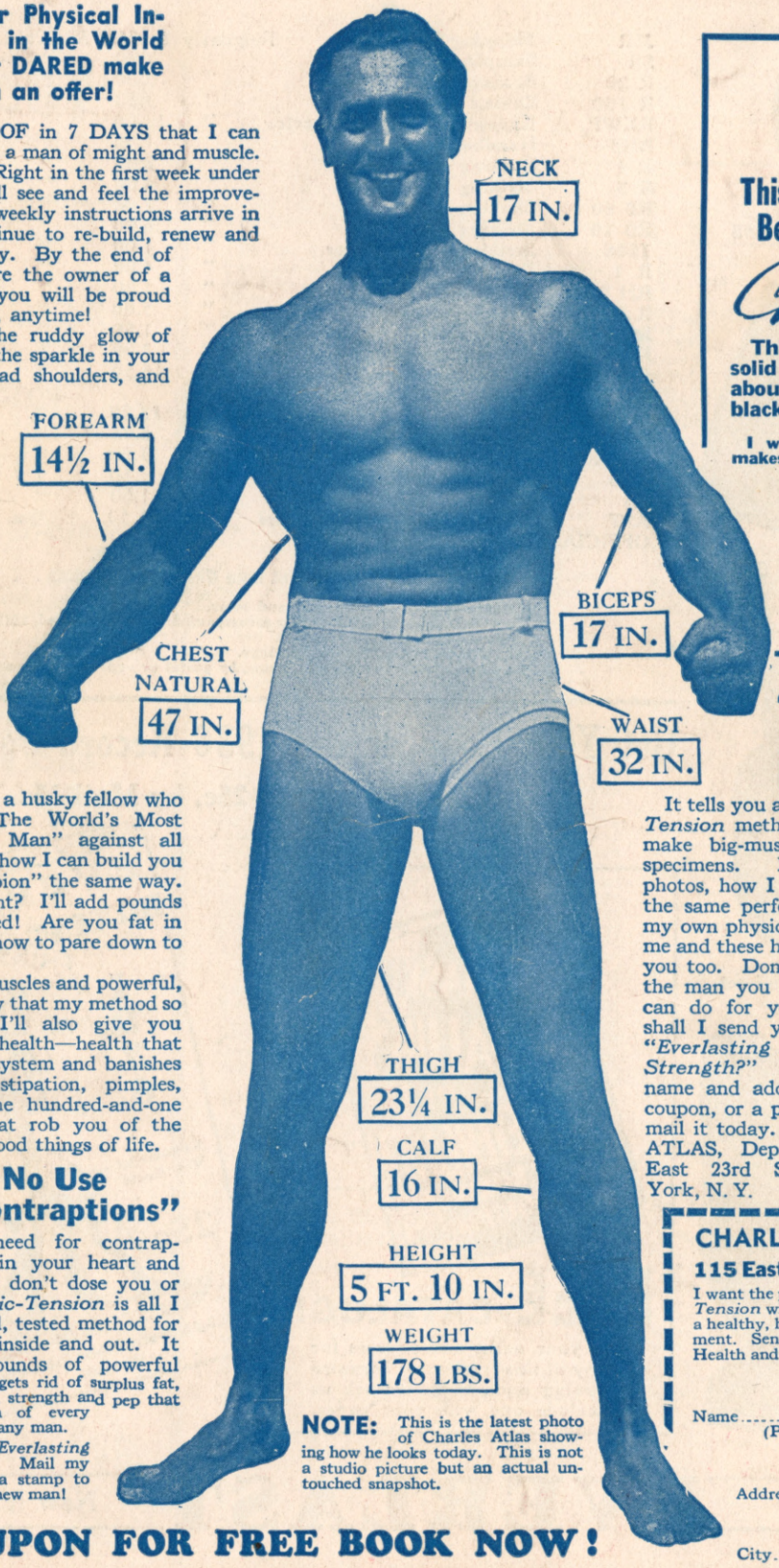
Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where they are needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and the hundred-and-one similar conditions that rob you of the good times and the good things of life.

I've Got No Use At all for "Contraptions"

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. *Dynamic-Tension* is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of surplus fat, and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.

Get my free book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*"! Mail my coupon today. Gamble a stamp to prove I can make YOU a new man!



NOTE: This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

This Sterling Silver Cup Being Given Away by

Charles Atlas

This valuable cup, made of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base.

I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be *now*, you have an *equal chance* to win this cup for *permanent* possession—and with YOUR name engraved on it!

Get my free book by mailing coupon below!

48-PAGE BOOK FREE

It tells you all about my special *Dynamic-Tension* method, and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. It shows you, from actual photos, how I have developed my pupils to the same perfectly balanced proportions of my own physique. What my system did for me and these hundreds of others it can do for you too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN be! Find out what I can do for you. Where shall I send your copy of "*Everlasting Health and Strength?*" Put your name and address on the coupon, or a postcard, and mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80M
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK NOW!